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Knox had made important researches in ethnology and other subjects while serving as an army surgeon at the Cape, 1817–20. He had studied anatomy at Edinburgh under John Barclay, after whose death, in 1826, he took the first rank as anatomical lecturer, and was the best customer of the 'resurrectionists'. He became involved in the obloquy of the murderers Burke and Hare, and was savagely attacked in the literature of the day, but an influential committee believed him innocent of anything worse than indiscretion. Later his popularity declined, partly owing to his sarcastic habits of speech; and he ended as pathologist to a London hospital. He may be ranked among the greatest anatomical teachers, though, owing to his disappointments and eccentricities, he failed to produce works of permanent value. (D. N. B.)

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THE RACES OF MEN.

THE

RACES OF MEN:

A FRAGMENT.

BY

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"The proper study of mankind, is man."—POPE.

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HENRY RENSHAW, 356, STRAND.

MDCCCL.

PREFACE.

THE "Fragment" I here present to the world has cost me much thought and anxiety, the views it contains being wholly at variance with long-received doctrines, stereotyped prejudices, national delusions, and a physiology and a cosmogony based on a fantastic myth as old at least as the Hebrew record.

That human character, individual and national, is traceable solely to the nature of that race to which the individual or nation belongs, is a statement which I know must meet with the severest opposition. It runs counter to nearly all the chronicles of events called histories; it overturns the theories of statesmen, of theologians, of philanthropists of all shades—from the dreamy Essayist whose remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, is summed up in "the coming man," to the "whitened sepulchres of England," the hard-handed, spatular-fingered Saxon utilitarian, whose best plea for religion, and sound morals, and philanthropy, is "the profitableness thereof"—impostors all! to such the truths in this little work must ever be most unpalatable. Nevertheless, that race in human affairs is everything, is simply a fact, the most remarkable, the most comprehensive, which philosophy has ever announced. Race is everything: literature, science, art — in a word, civilization, depends on it.

Each race treated of in this little work will complain of my *not* having done *them* justice; of all others they will

admit that I have spoken the truth. The placing the Slavonian and Gothic races foremost amongst men, first and greatest in philosophy, will much, I believe, astonish the men of other races; the Saxon and Celt; the Italian and Sarmatian: the inordinate self-esteem of the Saxon will be especially shocked thereby; nor will he listen with composure to a theory which tells him, proves to him, that his race cannot domineer over the earth—cannot even exist permanently on any continent to which he is not indigenous —cannot ever become native, true-born Americans—cannot hold in permanency any portion of any continent but the one on which he *first* originated. Physiologists will dispute with me the great laws I have endeavoured to substitute for the effete common-place of the schools; geologists will think me hasty in declaring the æra of Cuvier at an end; theologians——but here I stop; a reply shall not be wanting. As to the hack compilers, their course is simple: they will first deny the doctrine, to be true; when this becomes clearly untenable, they will deny that it is new; and they will finish by engrossing the whole in their next compilations, omitting carefully the name of the author.

Lest my readers feel surprise at the repetition of so many of the woodcuts, I have to observe, that this was rendered necessary by the nature of the work. These woodcuts are from drawings made expressly for this work by my friend, Dr. Westmacott, an accomplished artist, in whose praise I need say nothing. They are much more expressive of the true character of race than will at first appear to the careless observer.

R. K.

London, 1*st July*, 1850.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE outlines of Lectures now presented to the Public, I have designated "A Fragment." I disclaim all pretensions of attempting a complete history of mankind, even from the single point of view from which I contemplate Human history. No materials exist for such a history. Of man's origin we know nothing correctly; we know not when he first appeared in space; his place in time, then, is unknown. Still thought to have been coeval with the existing order of things, this theory will require revision, now that the dawn of the present organic world, even as it now stands, can be shown to have an antiquity agreeing ill with human chronologies. In the meantime how worthless are these chronologies! How replete with error human history has been proved to be.

The basis of the view I take of man is his Physical structure; if I may so say, his Zoological history. To know this must be the first step in all inquiries into man's history: all abstractions, neglecting or despising this great element, the physical character and constitution of man,

his mental and corporeal attributes must, of necessity, be at the least Utopian, if not erroneous. Men are of various Races; call them Species, if you will; call them permanent Varieties; it matters not. The fact, the simple fact, remains just as it was: men are of different races. Now, the object of these lectures is to show that in human history race is everything.

Of the minute physical structure of most of the races of men we know nothing, anatomical inquiries having as yet been confined to the investigation of a very few European races; I may almost say, merely to the Saxon and Celtic. When some superficial observer has made a few remarks on the skeleton of a race, he fancies he knows its anatomy! But from my own, I admit very limited, observations, I feel disposed to affirm, that the races of men, when carefully examined, will be found to show remarkable organic differences. In a dark or coloured person, whose structure I had an opportunity of observing, the nerves of the limbs were at least a third less than those of the Saxon man of the same height. M. Tiedemann, of Heidelberg, informed me that he had every reason to believe that the native Australian race differed in an extraordinary manner from the European: that this is the case with the Hottentot and Bosjeman race has been long known.

The mind of the race, instinctive and reasoning,

naturally differs in correspondence with the organization. What wild, Utopian theories have been advanced—what misstatements, respecting civilization! The most important of man's intellectual faculties, the surest, the best,—the instinctive, namely,—has even been declared to be wanting to human nature! What wild and fanciful theories of human progress, of human civilization! Look at Europe; at either bank of the Danube; at Northern Africa; at Egypt; at the shores of the Mediterranean, generally, and say what progress civilization has made in these countries since the decline of the Roman Empire. Is Ireland civilized? In Cicero's time the Island of Rhodes presented a civilization which no part of Britain can pretend to: what is its state at this moment?

But, it may be said, Christianity has done much. This I doubt; but admitting it to be the case, its progress is not evident: to me it seems to lose ground. It presents also a variety of forms essentially distinct: with each race its character is altered; Celtic, Saxon, Sarmatian, express in so many words, the Greek, Roman, Lutheran forms of worship. M. Daubigny has expended many words in explaining the rejection of the Reformation by certain nations, its adoption by others; let him look to the map, and he will find that, with a slight exception, if it *really be one*, the Celtic race universally rejected the Refor-

mation of Luther; the Saxon race as certainly adopted it. There need be no mystery in stating so simple a fact.

The *morale* of a race has little or nothing to do with its religion: I offer the English invasion of Hindostan in proof—the invasion of Scinde and Affghan, the plunder of China. A profitable war is a pleasant thing for a Saxon nation; and a crusade against the heathen has always been declared praiseworthy.

The study of the races of men—the tracing, at least, some of those great events, distinguishing their national histories, to their physical and moral natures—has ever been with me a favourite pursuit. I early examined the work of Blumenbach, of which the laborious writings of Dr. Prichard were an extension—an imperfect work, leading to no results; teaching a physiology as old as Herodotus and Hippocrates. More than thirty years ago, observation taught me that the great question of race—the most important, unquestionably, to man—had been for the most part scrupulously, shall we say purposely, avoided—by the statesman, the historian, the theologian; by journalists of nearly all countries. Unpalatable doctrines, no doubt, to dynasties lording it over nations composed of different races.

Empires, monarchies, nations, are human contrivances; often held together by fraud and violence: Ireland, for example, and England; Prussia

and Posen; Austria and Hungary. Does an *emeute* take place in Canada? See with what anxiety it is attempted to be shown in Parliament that it is not a fight of race against race! All in vain! The terrible question cannot be concealed any longer. The savage rule of the Tedeschi will no longer be endured in Italy; the Saxon-German detests the Slavonian, who repays his hatred with defiance. Long-headed statesmen, like Metternich and Guizot, who knew so well the nature of the races they governed, would fain mystify the question, ascribing the war of race to a wild spirit of democracy—to peripatetic agitators; in Ireland, to the smallness of the holdings; and perhaps, in Canada, to the largeness of the holdings! Profound observers, who could pass their lives amongst a race of men without discovering their nature! Let the Norman government of England look to it. Its views and policy are antagonistic to the Saxon race it governs; 1888 may complete what 1688 left imperfect, and an Anglo-Saxon republic, looking again towards Scandinavia, may found a European confederacy, against which the dynasty-loving Celt and the swinish, abject Cossaque, may strike in vain. Then, and not till then, will terminate the evil effects of the conquest of England by the Normans.

Human history cannot be a mere chapter of accidents. The fate of nations cannot always be

regulated by chance; its literature, science, art, wealth, religion, language, laws, and morals, cannot surely be the result of merely accidental circumstances. If any one insists with me that a Negro or a Tasmanian accidentally born in England becomes thereby an Englishman, I yield the point; but should he further insist that he, the said Negro or Tasmanian, may become also a Saxon or Scandinavian, I must contend against so ludicrous an error. And yet errors like this are committed daily by well-educated and well-informed persons. With me, race, or hereditary descent, is everything; it stamps the man. Setting aside all theories, I have endeavoured to view mankind as they now exist, divided as they are, and seem always to have been, into distinct races. As the origin of these races is lost in the past, I trace them from the present towards the past; from the partially known to the totally unknown. Well-meaning, timid persons dread the question of race; they wish it left where Prichard did, that is, where Hippocrates left it.[1] But this cannot be: the human mind is free to think, if not on the Rhine or on the Thames, at least on the Ohio and the Missouri.

The greatest difficulty I have experienced in the drawing up these lectures, whether as lectures delivered to public audiences, or written, as they now are, for publication, has been,

to decide on the arrangement best calculated to submit my views briefly, yet intelligibly, to the public. After various trials I have decided on the following; it may not be the best: it is not systematic; it is not methodical; but it seems to me adapted to a very numerous class of readers, who, though highly educated, are yet not scientific. To place the great physiological principles regulating human and other living beings before them in an intelligible form, has been of course my main difficulty. This, I trust, I have now overcome.

The races of men as they now exist on the globe constitute a fact which cannot be overlooked. They differ from each other widely—most widely:—but that such differences exist, and important ones too, has not been denied; the word, *race*, is of daily use, applied even to man: since the war of race commenced in continental Europe and in Ireland, no expression is of more frequent occurrence than the term race. It is not, then, a new phrase I use, but I use it in a new sense; for whilst the statesman, the historian, the theologian, the universalist, and the mere scholar, either attached no special meaning to the term, for reasons best known to themselves; or refused to follow out the principle to its consequences; or ascribed the moral difference in the races of men to fanciful causes, such as edu-

cation, religion, climate, &c.—and their physical distinctions sometimes to the same hap-hazard influences—sometimes to climate alone—sometimes to climate aided by a mysterious law—such as that imagined by Prichard, that the fair individuals of any family separating themselves from the darker branches would with each successive generation become fairer, and the darker become darker, forgetting that this theory was refuted by the very first fact from which he starts, and which actually forms the basis of his whole theory—namely, that individuals having a specific tendency towards different races are constantly being born in every family;—or, lastly, ascribing to mere chance and hap-hazard, as in the story of the short-legged American sheep, the production of the permanent varieties of man:—I, in opposition to these views, am prepared to assert that race is everything in human history; that the races of men are not the result of accident; that they are not convertible into each other by any contrivance whatever. The eternal laws of nature must prevail over protocols and dynasties: fraud,—that is, the law; and brute force—that is, the bayonet, may effect much; have effected much; but they cannot alter nature.

The reader, no doubt, will already have an idea of the plan I intend following in the publishing of these lectures: certain great physical

or physiological principles will be discussed when speaking of each particular race; the principle may apply, no doubt, to all, but I leave its application to my readers: the chief applications will be made, in order to avoid repetition, to the race whose history I at the moment discuss.

I have also very carefully considered the question as to "the race" with which I should commence the history of man. Here, again, great difficulties presented themselves. We know not the history of any one race on the earth. All is conjecture, pretension, error, obscurity. The most illustrious name applied to any race has been the Roman, and yet it does not appear that there ever was any distinct *race* to which this name could be applied! This is human history! Abstract terms have been invented to express relations which do not exist: such, for example, as the term Teuton, used by Dr. Arnold in a sense which all history, ancient and modern, refutes.

But I need not further enlarge on the course laid down, it will unfold itself as I proceed. Nor even at this moment, whilst I write this Introduction, have I fully made up my mind as to the race with whose history I shall commence this work. No race interests us so much as the Saxon, or as I prefer calling him, for reasons to be afterwards explained, the Scandinavian. He

is about to be the dominant race on the earth; a section of the race, the Anglo-Saxon, has for nearly a century been all-powerful on the ocean; the grand tyrants by sea, the British; as the Muscovite has been the grand tyrant by land: so said Napoleon, that mighty intellect, an over-match for the world. I may probably, then, commence with the Physiological history of the Saxon, tracing the moral and physical characteristics which distinguish him from all other races of men—his religious formulas, his literature, his contempt for art, his abhorrence for theory—that is, for science and scientific men, his acquisitive and applicative genius, tracing all to the eternal, unalterable qualities of race. It will be my endeavour to show him in all climes, and under all circumstances; how he modifies for the time being his natural but unalterable character to suit the existing order of things; to prove to you how the Hippocratic theory of man is, like most other medical theories, wholly untrue; inapplicable to the Saxon, and, indeed, to every other race. Forget for a time the word *nation*, and ask yourselves whence come the people composing any ancient assemblage called a nation, a state, a republic, a monarchy, an empire? Ask yourselves this plain question, are they indigenous to the soil, or have they migrated from somewhere else? and if so, have they altered in structure, in character?

How perfectly does the modern Scandinavian or Saxon resemble the original tribes as they started from the woods of Germany to meet Cæsar on the Rhine! Whether, under Pretorius, in Southern Africa, he throws out a defiance to the military despot, the irresponsible agent of a dynasty, ruling a Saxon race by laws hateful to their nature, antagonistic of their feelings; or, demanding in Upper Canada free institutions; or driving that same dynasty, with its sham constitution, from the mighty continent of America for ever; establishing in the place of its hateful and paltry thraldom, a republican empire, destined some future day to rule the world; everywhere is he the same; nature's democrat—the respecter of law when the law is made *by himself;* —but I anticipate my first lecture. Let me conclude, therefore, without delay, an Introduction already too long.

As a living and material being, the history of man is included in the history of the organic world. He is of this world; he did not create it, he creates nothing; you cannot separate his history from the organic world. Apart no doubt he stands; but all species stand apart from each other quite as much as he does from them. He has his specific laws regulating his form, but these are in perfect accordance with all nature's works. By the unity of organization is he connected with all life — past, present, and to come. Other animals

have but one history, their zoological; man has two, the zoological and the intellectual. The latter must ever, to a certain extent, be regulated by the former. Like other animals, he is found to occupy only a portion of space and a fraction of time—that is, of the continuous succession of events. It seems as if there was a period when he existed not, and, to believe Geologists, a long period too. I do not hold this to be quite proved in any sense; but grant it at present, he holds in this respect the identical relation to time and space which we find all other animals do. This is their history. There was a period when they existed not in space, or cannot now be discovered; they next appear to run their determined course, they then cease to be. Judging by the past, this must also be the fate of man. But now my reader will readily perceive that I again digress from the business in hand, which is to bring this Introduction to a close; this I shall do by a few remarks on the history of the lectures themselves.

The obvious differences in the races of men attracted my attention, as I have already observed, from my earliest years. In my native country, Britain, there have been, from the earliest recorded times, at the least *two* distinct races of men; I am disposed to think *three*. I do not allude to the sprinkling of gipsy, Jew, and

Phœnician races, who still hold their ground in various parts of the island, nor to some traces of others, as of the Huns, visible amongst the hop-gatherers of Kent; but to three large bodies of men, of sufficient numerical strength to maintain, if not political power and unity, at least their integrity as a race distinct from others, in sufficient numbers to resist the aggressive action of the admixture of race by intermarriage; to neutralize, to a great extent, such intermarriages, and to render that admixture comparatively unimportant. These races are the Celtic, Saxon, and Belgian or Flemish. They inhabited, in the remotest period, different parts of the country, as they still do, from a period, in fact, beyond the historical era. I cannot find any era in history when the Celtic races occupied the lowlands of England and of Scotland; I believe this theory to be completely erroneous—a dream, a fable. The story of the arrival of the Saxons in England, of the Jutes and Angles, Danes, Swedes, Holsteinians—let us say at once Saxons or Scandinavians—is a very pretty story, true enough as regards that horde and that date, but altogether false if it be pretended that this was the first advent of the Scandinavian into Britain. Again, it was not the barbarous Celt whom Cæsar met in Kent; nor did he meet the Germans, whom he knew well; he met the Flemings, deeply inter-

mingled with the Phœnicians. When had the Celtic races war-chariots? Did the Dictator encounter any such in Gaul?

These and other reflections occurred to me early in life; that is, so soon as, in 1814, I looked attentively at the population of Southern England. I have been ever anxious to get at elementary knowledge, knowing its vital importance; by this I do not mean the sort of information given to children, consisting wholly of words, without a meaning, but to the great elements of knowledge on which human thoughts and reflections are to be engaged. Now here is one of these elementary, all-important facts, which is either true or not; if true, its consequences are without a limit; if not true, it ought to be distinctly refuted. To me the Caledonian Celt of *Scotland* appears a race as distinct from the Lowland Saxon of the same country, as any two races can possibly be: as negro from American; Hottentot from Caffre; Esquimaux from Saxon. But statesmen, historians, theologians, have not only refused to acknowledge the importance of this fact; they have gone further; they have denied its existence and purposely falsified history: the fact has been carefully excluded from the high educational institutions of the country. An English clergyman, an Oxonian, a gentleman, and a scholar,

remarked to me, about two years ago, "So, then, it really does appear that there are two distinct races of men in Scotland!" I was confounded; but allowing him to proceed, I found that he had just made this notable discovery in the columns of *The Times!* The journalist had also just discovered the fact, and had actually had the courage to hint that there might also be two races in Ireland! The proprietors sent a reporter to Ireland who made out this fact: nothing additional that I am aware of, unless it be that he ascertained that the middlemen and landlords were mostly Celtic also! Profound observer! Why did he pass St. Giles's? Marylebone? Whitechapel? Yet, true to his trade, within a year the editor throws this fact and all its consequences overboard; describes the Celtic rebellion of Scotland as a national rebellion of Scotland against England; knowing at the same time that there was scarcely a Scottish man, properly speaking, in the Stuart army. The Caledonian Celtic race, not Scotland, fell at Culloden, never more to rise; the Boyne was the Waterloo of Celtic Ireland. If the French Celt recovers from the terrible disaster of 1815 it will cause me surprise. Napoleon, whom he betrayed, whom he sold to England and to Russia, is dead: the Celt now reaps the fruits of his treachery.

Whilst still young I readily perceived that the

philosophic formula of Blumenbach led to no results: explained nothing: investigated no causes. It was the external-character naturalist trying "his method" on man. It left every great physiological question unanswered; nor was it until certain great philosophic and original minds returned to the grand principles already sketched for them by Leibnitz, Newton, and others, that philosophy once more recovered its hold of physiology. This movement I trace, not to the Scandinavian or North German, but to the Slavonian, or to the south and middle German; to Oken and Goethe, Spix, Von Martius, and a host of others: but not to Berlin, nor to Heidelberg; nor to any section of the Scandinavian or true German race. In a word, transcendental anatomy, which alone, of all systems, affords us a glimpse and a hope of a true "theory of nature," seems to me of Slavonian origin strictly; no Saxon could ever have imagined it; scarcely comprehend it: the low transcendentalists of England are a diverting crew, who nibble at a question they cannot refute, yet dare not adopt.

Whilst tracing the progress of events all over the world since the period I mention, I have seen the question of race tested in a great variety of ways; its strength especially; its endurance. The evidence in its favour, up to 1844, enabled me to predict the coming war of race against race,

which has convulsed Europe during the last two years. This I did in various courses of lectures delivered in 1844-45-46 and 47, as I shall presently explain. So early as 1830, I asked the persons who called themselves Germans to point out *Germany* to me on the map; to tell me who are the Germans? I asked them if the Viennese and the Bohemians were Germans? If they thought they would ever become so? If the inhabitants of Posen were Germans? If the Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, were Germans? To these questions I could never get a rational reply. The educated men to whom I spoke were quite aware that, strictly speaking, there was no such place as Germany, and no single race to which the word German could apply? They knew that the countries which at various times have figured on the map as the German Empire, Germany, Prussia, Saxony, &c., contain within them various races of men; the Saxon or classic German of Roman writers; the Slavonian, the Sarmatian, and another race, not yet well described; they were quite aware of this; they knew well that such conflicting elements could never agree. Accordingly, in 1845, I foretold the breaking down of the iron despotisms of Hapsburg and Brandenburg as a necessary result of a war of race: it came in '47. The gold of England, and the sword of Russia, either thought invincible,

could not amalgamate the dark-haired Fleming with the Saxon-Dutchman: 700 years of absolute possession has not advanced by a single step the amalgamation of the Irish Celt with the Saxon-English: the Cymbri of Wales remain as they were: the Caledonian still lingers in diminished numbers, but unaltered, on the wild shores of his lochs and friths, scraping a miserable subsistence from the narrow patch of soil left him by the stern climate of his native land. Transplant him to another climate, a brighter sky, a greater field, free from the trammels of artificial life, the harnessed routine of European civilization; carry him to Canada, *he is still the same;* mysterious fact. I beseech you, you great essayists, Utopians, universalists, and shrewd fatalist statesmen, to explain the facts if you can; if not, why not admit them to exist. The habitans, le bas Canadian, is a being of the age of Louis Quatorze. Seigneries, monkeries, jesuits, grand domains; idleness, indolence, slavery; a mental slavery, the most dreadful of all human conditions. See him cling to the banks of rivers, fearing to plunge into the forest; without self-reliance; without self-confidence. If you seek an explanation, go back to France; go back to Ireland, and you will find it there: it is the race. Even in the states, the free United States, where if a man remain a slave in mind it is his own affair, the Celt is distinct

from the Saxon to this day. The progress of the question of race cannot be for a moment mistaken: the question will some day test the strength of the "Declaration of Independence;" for the Celt does not understand what we Saxons mean by independence: a military leader he understands; a faction-fight; a fortified camp, for a Capital is his delight. But I again forget that I am busy, or ought to be, with the introduction to my lectures, and not with the lectures themselves.

As my opinions became more matured, strengthened by daily observation and research, I resolved to submit them to the public in one form or other. It is true that I should have greatly preferred examining still further into the history of the races composing the heterogeneous empire of Austria, and more especially the actual position of the Slavonian race, using the term in its most extensive signification.[2] This journey across Europe I could not, however, accomplish, and hence I remained, with most others, I presume, but little acquainted with the actual position of the Slavonian race. But I at least avoided the errors into which most of my countrymen have fallen; I never mistook them for Germans; neither did I suppose that they would be transformed into Germans by merely living under a German dynasty and breathing German air: I never mistook the Florentines or Milanese for Tedeschi,

merely because they had been for some centuries under the abhorred dominion of Austria. With me the Anglo-Saxon in America is a Saxon, and not a *native:* the Celt will prove a Celt wherever he is born, wherever he is found. The possible conversion of one race into another I hold to be a statement contradicted by all history.

In making my opinions known I resorted first to the method most familiar to me—namely, by public lectures; and accordingly the sum and substance of these lectures were delivered, about five years ago, to many of the Philosophical and Popular Educational Institutions of England; in Newcastle, Birmingham, Manchester, &c.

My first course was delivered before the Philosophical Society of Newcastle—an institution remarkable for the number of distinguished men it includes. The lectures were briefly reported at the time by the public press. They were soon after repeated at Birmingham and Manchester, before the members of the Royal Institution, and at the Athenæum. Here ample reports were made of my lectures, and published in the newspaper press of Manchester. This was fully two years before the occurrence of any of the extraordinary events which, during the last two years, have shaken the stability of the artificial governmental arrangements of men and families, dynasties and protocols. At that time I had the great question of race,

the all-absorbing question of the day, wholly to myself. Europe was tranquil![3] Highly-educated men asked me if the French were Celts!—if there were *two* races of men in Britain and in Ireland! —and supposing there were two races, how it was that they could not agree!—who were the Slavonians! and such other questions as satisfied me that they and I viewed human history from two different points; they, as a chapter of accidents, and I, as tracing human character, individual, social, national, to the all-pervading, unalterable, physical character of race.

Of the brief reports of my lectures thus made known by the provincial press, the London press took no notice. I scarcely at first expected this. The nations, it is true, were, according to their views, tranquil, consolidated, happy, free, contented, flourishing, under the treaties of Vienna and the Quadruple Alliance! Still I expected to have met with, on all hands, a stout denial of the premises on which my conclusions were founded, and an attempt, at least, at a refutation of the conclusions themselves. Did the neglect to notice my lectures arise from their having some doubts themselves of the future tranquillity of Europe? Or, seeing the matter perhaps in the same light with myself, they had yet thought it prudent to avoid all such dangerous topics, opinions, predictions of events which might not occur for centuries?

I know not; but such was the case. For two years at least I had the whole question of race to myself. In a kingdom composed of disunited races, the press adopted, no doubt, the more prudent course; and they were bound, moreover, to consult the feelings of their contributors and readers—the English people, strong in their *nationality*, despising alike all other nations and races; some for their race, others for those very qualities of race which they most prize in themselves. Then burst forth the mighty convulsion of the Celtic race of France; the Italian races rose against the barbarous savage Tedeschi, who, under the assumed name of Germans, to which they have not the most distant claim, lorded it over Italy; then arose the Saxon element of the German race in Austria, demanding freedom, and a division from the barbarous Slavonian; then fell that miserable drum-head monarchy of Prussia, and the grand duchy of Posen furnished the field of contest between the German and Slavonian races.

The views I had so long adopted of human nature, human history, and the future, had led me long ago to foresee the approaching struggle of race against race. The evidence appeared to me so clear that I felt greatly disappointed on finding so few disposed to acquiesce in the views I had adopted. But now that the question can be no longer concealed, the London press has

honoured me with a notice I did not, I confess, aspire to. One leading journal, at least, has fairly reprinted nearly all my views in the form of leaders, to which, of course, no name was attached. As these views had been delivered in public lectures at least three years previously; as they had been reprinted in the provincial press; and as they were then reporting in the *Medical Times* journal,—I scarcely expected in an English newspaper so barefaced a piracy. My friends have complained of it to me frequently; they have called on me to denounce and expose the parties. I leave the matter in the hands of the public.

In presenting this first complete edition of my *Lectures on the Races of Men* to public criticism, I have weighed most anxiously the form of the publication, and the order or method to be followed in arranging the lectures. It has indeed been my great difficulty. Materials for a systematic history of the races of men are wholly wanting; the great problem of human nature has scarcely been touched on in any previous history of race. The illustrious Prichard, with the best intentions in the world, has succeeded in misdirecting the English mind as to all the great questions of race. This misdirection has told, as we have seen, even on the scholar and on the scientific man. As a consequence of its misdirection, on the mere mention of the word race, the popular mind flies off

to Tasmania, the polar circle, or the land of the Hottentot. Englishmen cannot be made to believe, can scarcely be made to comprehend, that races of men, differing as widely from each other as races can possibly do, inhabit, not merely continental Europe, but portions of Great Britain and Ireland. And next to the difficulty of getting this great fact admitted to be one, has been an unwillingness to admit the full importance of *race*, militating as it does against the thousand-and-one prejudices of the so-called civilized state of man; opposed as it is to the Utopian views based on education, religion, government. Two courses were open to me; the first, and that I should have preferred, was to commence the history of race by inquiring into the history of man as he stands related to the organic world; thus attempting at once the solution of the great problem—man's existence on the earth. But the failure of Alexander von Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, and the obscurity of the Slavonian transcendentalism of Oken and his school, even admitting, as I do, that its basis is in truth, finally deterred me from this course, even after I had arranged my lectures in accordance with it.

A word or two more, and I have done with this introductory matter. The timid, of all sects, as well as the members of the primitive catholic church, have thought my views of the Jewish race

open to doubt: some have thought them not orthodox. It is difficult in the present day to ascertain precisely what is orthodox and what is not. Some of my views, and those the more important, coincide strictly with those of some eminent divines.* Of this I was not aware at the time I published my lectures. On the other hand, I have been assured that this does not avail, as the same objection, heterodoxy, lies against their opinions as against mine. Here I must leave the matter in the hands of the theologian, upon whose province I neither must nor mean to intrude.

2. Many have thought and said that the character I have given the Celt was overdrawn and exaggerated. I wish I could think with them. For the Celtic race I have the highest regard and esteem; but as an inquirer into truth, I have of necessity been compelled to adhere to facts. In my first lecture, delivered five years ago, I said that the Celtic race does not, and never could be made to comprehend the meaning of the word liberty. My readers will have the goodness to recollect that the opinion I gave had no reference to recent events, but was deduced from past history: the histories of '92, of '15, of '32; add now the events of '48 and '49, and say, have I erred in the estimate I formed of this race? On four

* M'Neile and others.

eventful occasions the supreme power has returned into the hands of the Celtic men of France: never was the destruction of a dynasty more complete. What use have they made of this power? Have the conscript laws been abolished? Have the passport laws for Frenchmen ceased to exist? Is the press free? Paris open, and unfortified? The population peaceably armed? Or is it true that they have turned their capital into a fortified camp?—elected as a military leader the nephew of the greatest of men, whom they betrayed?—conscription, passports, all in force. I appeal to the Saxon men of all countries whether I am right or not in my estimate of the Celtic character. Furious fanaticism; a love of war and disorder; a hatred for order and patient industry; no accumulative habits; restless, treacherous, uncertain: look at Ireland. This is the dark side of the character. But there is a bright and brilliant view which my readers will find I have not failed to observe. What race has done such glorious deeds? Still it is never to be forgotten that the continental Celt deserted and betrayed the greatest of men, Napoleon, thus losing the sovereignty of the world: here the fatal blow was struck from which the continental Celt cannot hope to recover. Culloden decided the fate, not of Scotland, as the *Times* has it, but of the Caledonian Celt: the Lowland Saxon Scotch took part against them:

Celtic Ireland fell at the Boyne; this was their Waterloo. Sir Robert Peel's Encumbered Estate Bill aims simply at the quiet and gradual extinction of the Celtic race in Ireland: this is its sole aim, and it will prove successful. A similar bill is wanted for Caledonia, or may be required shortly: the Celtic race cannot too soon escape from under Saxon rule. As a Saxon, I abhor all dynasties, monarchies and bayonet governments, but this latter seems to be the only one suitable for the Celtic man.

A short time ago a pseudo-philosophical work excited much conversation and prejudice against the transcendental theories of the origin of man; the theory of development in time. It jumbled up the theory of human progress with the theory of development; its critics, the church and colleges, compelled its anonymous compiler to seek a refuge in the doctrine of final cause; a doctrine which the whole scope of the work repudiated. The doctrines of Geoffroy were in this work* misstated, to serve a purpose; those of Humboldt and others withheld. But the public mind has now been disabused in respect of this work, and of its power to do mischief, so that further criticism seems unnecessary.

I doubt all theories of human progress in time:

* Vestiges of Creation.

they are refuted by history: I question the theories of progress in time, if by progress be meant improvement as regards all animals; some at least of the extinct organic world were equal, if not superior, to that now existing. Man was probably there also; it is these and other such questions which Jesuits of all denominations—for they are not confined to the Roman-catholic world—declaim against. Hence, also, their dislike to the geologist and the anatomist.[4] Science has nothing to do with such persons; and but for the frequency of their open and insidious attacks, I should deem it lost time the giving to them even a passing thought. The history of the terrestrial globe, and of all that it contains, perhaps even of the universe, points to a past, a present, and a future. "If we look into space with a telescope, we may perceive a star so distant that light from it would require a million of years to reach this globe; thus showing a past as regards that star, of at least a million of years." How is it with the globe itself? "If we dissect and examine the strata of this earth, science shows the fossil remains of former organic worlds imbedded in these strata; of countless races of animals now extinct; but it shows us more than this. It displays strata requiring for their formation countless thousands of years.

The earth, then, is old, very old. Here there is a past and a present, and a probable future. What a mass of idle, wild, visionary speculation did not Hutton overthrow! See what a single anatomist did!—one shrewd truth-loving observer! Before Hutton appeared, what were the theories of the schools? Before the anatomist spoke out, what was geology? He (Cuvier) showed the past and the present. Lastly; and this discovery exceeds all others;—"When we look into animal structure, say the human embryo, or of any other mammal, we discover a past and a present; and we conjecture a physical future." We discover structures in the embryo not persistent but transitory, evanescent; we see that the individual is in fact passing through a series of metamorphoses, expressed briefly by the term development; passing through forms which represent the permanent forms of other adult beings belonging to the organic world, not human, but bestial; of whom some belong to the existing world, whilst others may represent forms which once existed, but are now extinct; or, finally, forms which may be destined some day to appear, running their destined course, then to perish as their predecessors. Thus in the embryonic changes or metamorphoses of man and other animals, are shadowed forth, more or less completely, all other organic forms; the fully developed, or grown-up brute forms of birds

and fishes, of reptiles and mammals, are represented in the organic structures of the human embryo; whilst this again, in its short and fleeting course from a simple vesicle or cell, as it may be, to birth, represents in its ever-varying types the history of all organic existences from the beginning of time to the present day. Thus is man linked by structure and by plan to all that has lived or may yet live. One plan, one grand scheme of nature; unity of organization; unity in time and space; hence, here also we see the past and the present, and we conjecture a future. This discovery, the unity of the organization, the laws of development, the laws of formation and deformation, we owe entirely to the south German, or perhaps I should say, to the Bohemian or Slavonian race. France contributed a little towards its history; England, not at all. Even in philosophic Paris, where the transcendental theory was first mooted by Geoffroy, following in the steps of Oken and Spin, of Goethe and Leibnitz, it was extinguished at once by the sarcasms of Cuvier and his adherents. The history of this affair merits a place in the annals of science: we shall speak of it shortly: in the meantime let me explain, by a few examples and illustrations, the real nature of that transcendental theory which first gave thinking, reasoning man a glimpse of the great system of nature. A few

illustrations must suffice: this is a mere fragment I write, and not a systematic work: time and materials are wholly wanting to attempt so great an undertaking as the zoological history of man.

Place yourself in the midst of any considerable assemblage of people, and a little careful observation will convince you, that although a general resemblance pervades all, provided they be of one race, there is yet in each an individuality not to be mistaken: or that, in short, he or she differs in a hundred ways from all around. If men of other races be present, the differences are at once striking, and not to be overlooked. In what these differences consist we shall afterwards consider. They have been described with a painfully fastidious detail of petty circumstances by zoological formulists; the causes of these differences have been as carefully avoided, as if man, all-important man, were not a fit object of inquiry—man, the only really important animal to man, was to be let alone; Providence or chance had been pleased to make men as they are; from white she had turned some to black, others to brown; some olive, others yellow; "call it climate, or anything you like, but do not inquire into the cause:" the inquiry, in fact, is not a legitimate one.[5] But why, in that case, inquire into any science? What signifies truth? Water will not rise higher in a pump-well, whether we

know the philosophy of atmospheric pressure or not. According to these persons it is sufficient for us to know that it will rise to a certain height in a pump-well. It is to universities, colleges, and schools that we owe the perpetuation of error; of neatly-formuled untruths. I was taught that the round head of the Turk depended on his wearing a turban: it was repeated, on the authority of Blumenbach, that the small hands of the Hottentots as compared with the Caffres was caused by a scarcity of food! And but lately I read, in one of those miserable, trashy, popular physiologies,* that the Dutch owe their dulness and phlegm to their living amongst marshes? And to this day, I verily believe, this is the physiology of the schools. The spindle form of the English legs, so slender, ill made, disproportioned to the torso, I have repeatedly heard ascribed, by Sir Charles Bell, to the early use of heavy shoes or clogs: the vigorous calf of the French woman's leg ascribed to there being no side pavements in Paris: and in a country where, at any hour of the day, you may meet with numbers of persons of all ranks in whom the facial angle equals the best of the antique, the same excellent man not only persisted in overlooking the fact, but denied its possibility.

* Combe.

I return to my first proposition. If the assemblage observed be composed of different races, the differences will be still more striking; explained away they may be, but they cannot be overlooked. And now, should an opportunity occur, to look more narrowly into the differences characterizing the individuals forming this motley group, other extraordinary circumstances will be discovered. It will be found, that some cannot extend their arms or limbs to the due degree or to full extension: that some have two or more fingers and toes webbed: that some have no arms, but merely hands: others, no legs, but merely feet: or the thighs are too short: or the arms: and in some the back is perfectly straight, instead of being arched and curved: some have the nails round, others have them pointed like claws: hare-lip with cleft palate may be seen among the crowd: on the finest necks of the adult man or woman may occasionally be seen some exceedingly small openings, marking the vestiges of branchial arches or gills, which all animals, man as well, have in their fœtal state: these, and others to be mentioned, are so many illustrations of one great law—the law of unity of organization, as exhibited in the embryo: the existence of this unity proved by the various arrests of developments named above. For all, or nearly all, the varieties here mentioned, are simply fœtal or embryonic condi-

tions, which ought to have been evanescent, had the law of perfect formation or of species prevailed; but from circumstances not rightly understood, these embryonic forms had persisted in the individual, and grown up with him to the adult state. For every mammal embryo, human or otherwise, in passing through the various developments, part of the great scheme of nature, no doubt, exhibits such forms as I have spoken of. Cleft palate, webbed fingers, absence of arms and legs, straight spine; at a later period, semi-flexed arms and legs, branchial openings in the neck, leading to vessels arranged in tufts, a structure belonging to the adult state of fishes; temporary in man, permanent in the fish: one type then for both —for all; not two types, but one. The mechanical utilitarian cannot comprehend this—his mind is so full of animal mechanics; the carpenter, the watch and clock-maker, comes out on all occasions. Socrates and his followers, from Philo Judæus and Galen, to Derham and Paley, knew nothing of the great law of unity of the organization; they seemed to fancy every animal made for itself, and on a separate type; by final causes, in which the uneducated mind sees the explanation of every doubt. But why should there be two or more types of organized beings? Cuvier thought that there must at least be two—the vertebrate and the avertebrate. Newton seemed to think

that there existed but one kind of matter; he was amongst the earliest to announce the doctrine of unity of the organization. His vast mind foresaw the truth, to be afterwards more fully brought out: Divine mind! in advance of his age by a century at least.

Certain varieties then, in human form, are produced by the law of unity of the organization; for every individual living form grows up influenced, regulated by two contending principles. The law of unity of organization, ever present, ever active, ever ready to retain the embryonic forms: the law, in fact, of deformation as we naturally view it; for, as the human faculties are constituted to look for and to admire the perfect form, so every deviation from this perfect form, the standard and type of which exists in every rightly formed mind, is regarded with a certain dislike. It is to this type that nature as constantly leans in carrying out the development of every individual; the law in fact of individuality; of species. Without it we should have no distinct species of men or animals on the earth; the law of deformation or unity would perpetually alter every form. Nothing could be recognised. Hence, as a part of the great scheme of Nature, arises the law of speculization leading to the perfection of the individual: in the human race, to the absolutely perfect and the beautiful, as we naturally

esteem the human form—woman's form, the only absolutely beautiful object on earth.

To be brief, and so conclude.—What is race, and what is species? These terms are easier understood than defined. That the idea of distinct species and of race is fast passing away from the human mind, may, or may not be true; the old doctrine has been deeply shaken; still species and race exist for us; for man, at least; in space, though not in time. In time there is probably no such thing as species: no absolutely new creations ever took place; but, as viewed by the limited mind of man, the question takes another aspect. As regards his individual existence, time is a short span; a few centuries, or a few thousand years, more or less: this is all he can grasp. Now, for that period at least, organic forms seem not to have changed. So far back as history goes, the species of animals as we call them have not changed; the races of men have been absolutely the same. They were distinct then for that period as at present. Are they commutable into each other? Are these causes in constant operation, slowly yet surely altering and changing everything? Or does this happen by sudden cataclasms or geological epochs? Of one thing we are certain, entire races of animals have disappeared from the surface of the globe; other seemingly new creations occupy their place.

But is it really a new creation? This question we shall also discuss.

Look more narrowly into the races of men, and you will find them to be subject to diseases peculiar to each; that the very essence of their language is distinct; their civilization also, if they have any. Trace the matter further, and you will find that transcendental anatomy can alone explain these mysterious circumstances: how all embryos should resemble each other; how they should resemble the primitive forms of life when the world was yet young; how deviations in form or varieties, not intended to be permanent, should repeat primitive forms, as proved by fossil remains; or present human or bestial forms; or take unknown shapes, referring, no doubt, to the future: lastly, and that is the most difficult question, how specializations should ever appear at all, and be, for a time at least, permanent. Two questions remain, beyond, I fear, human enquiry:—1st, The origin of life on the globe; 2nd, The secondary laws, for they must be so, and can be nothing else, which create out of primitive forms, the past, the present, and the future organic worlds, clothing them with beauteous scenery. Endless, but defined variety of forms, adorn the earth, the air, the waters; the scheme of creation, in fact, in so far as man's feeble reason can judge; not the object of creation; not the object of man's creation, which, though won-

derful, is not more so than that of any other form; not then the object of man's creation as an intellectual being; this has been revealed to us by divine minds. But I must view this last question also as an anatomist and physiologist, confining my remarks to man merely as a material being; the most perfect, no doubt, that exists. In woman's form I see the perfection of Nature's works: the absolutely perfect; the beautiful, the highest manifestation of abstract life, clothed in a physical form, adapted to the corresponding minds of her race and species.

LECTURES

ON

THE RACES OF MEN.

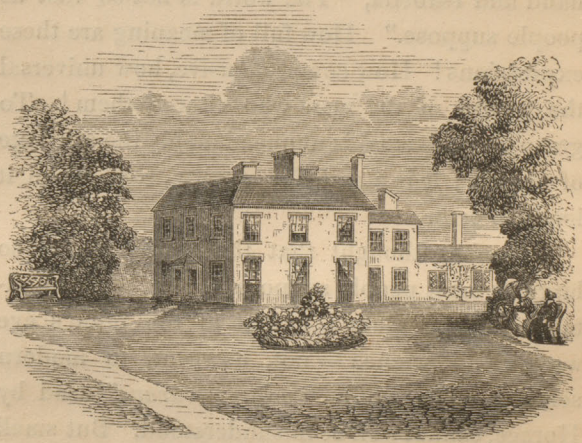
LECTURE I.

HISTORY OF THE SAXON OR SCANDINAVIAN RACE.

It was Columbus, I think, who said to Ferdinand and Isabella, "The world is not so vast as people suppose." How full of meaning are these expressions! How comprehensive, how universal the genius of the man who uttered them! To grasp the universal is unquestionably the attribute of genius; it is a god-like quality, even when it leads to error.

Columbus thought that the world is not so large as most people suppose it to be. This limitation of the globe's extent to the mind's eye we owe to science — not, however, to modern science. The words "*orbis terrarum*," used by Horace, cannot well be misunderstood. But small though it be, comparatively, it is yet large enough to meet the wants of all organic beings which

have hitherto figured on or in it. At no period does the world seem ever to have been overloaded with life, overpeopled with human beings. The production of life is no doubt inconceivably great, but so also is its destruction, or rather its restoration to primitive forms, for it is questionable how far life can be destroyed, in the strict sense of the term. *Why* animals are made to prey on each other — the devouring and the devoured — is a question I leave for a future section; at present our business is with man. St. Cyril, who wrote, I think, about the fifth or sixth century of the Christian æra, defends the institution of nunneries and monasteries on this special ground, that, even in his time, the world (meaning, I have no doubt,



[*A Saxon House; standing always apart, if possible, from all others.*]

the town and district he lived in) was already too densely populated! Ingenious priest and Jesuit! subtle casuist! In modern times, a descendant of your craft* has proved to the faithful that the over-production of life, the destruction of the young, man himself included, by famine, pestilence, and disease; the savage warfare of the devourer against the devoured all over the world; the multiplication of the flesh-eating animals, and of the grass-eating animals to feed them,—was a grand stroke of nature's polity, to increase pleasure by multiplying life. Diverting casuist! who can extract any meaning from any text! You undertook to fix the æra of the Mosaic deluge, and you wrote a quarto volume about troops of antediluvian hyænas, which never existed but in your own imagination. Where are your theories now? Ignorant of Hebrew, you tamper with the books of the Hebrews! Had you not better leave the Jews to themselves, it being but fair to suppose that they best understand their own writings?

Although man be antagonistic to the organic and living world in all forms which serve not immediately his own ends, he has not yet succeeded in destroying all nature's works, although he labours hard to effect this. His existence seems to depend on his success in the war of extinction he carries on against the *wilde*. By superior cunning and

* Buckland, Dean of Westminster.

powers of combination, he soon disposes of the animal world. The vegetable world is more obdurate, more difficult to be overcome: the heath, the bog, the forest, are ever ready to return upon him, should his incessant labour cease but for an instant. Hence it is that certain regions of the earth are more desirable for human residence than others. Unprofitable, untillable seas cover the greater part of the globe's surface; hence may arise a struggle for certain regions in preference to others. But, be this as it may, I cannot find that the earth was ever, as St. Cyril has it, overpopulated. When Babylon was, London was not; the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, which were equal to the support of millions, are no longer cultivated; the plains of Troy are desert, Mongolia a wilderness. This is human history. Successive races of men appear on the globe; the space they occupy is of course too small for them, whether it be England or France, New York or Calcutta, Moscow or Rome (I mean ancient Rome)—they find the space always too narrow for them; from Point de Galle to the Himalah, from the Bay of Bengal to the Persian Gulf, it is always too confined. At times the plea is commerce, legitimate commerce; Hindostan and China are grasped at; it is quite legitimate—we do not want their territory, we only want to trade with them. At other times the pre-

meditated robbery is glossed over with a religious pretence—the conversion of the heathen—a noble theme for declamation. A national insult will also serve the purpose, as at Algiers. A wish to serve Africa forms the excuse for an expedition to the Niger, the real object being the enslaving the unhappy Negro, dispossessing him of his lands and freedom. I prefer the manly robber to this sneaking, canting hypocrisy, peculiar to modern civilization and to Christian Europe.

Now, whether the earth be over-populated or not, one thing is certain—the strong will always grasp at the property and lands of the weak. I have been assured that this conduct is not at all incompatible with the highest moral and even Christian feeling. I had fancied that it was, but I have been assured of the contrary. The doctrine which teaches us to love our neighbours as ourselves is admirable, no doubt; but a difficulty lies somehow or other in the way. What is that difficulty, which all seem to know and feel, yet do not like to avow? It is the difference of race. Ask the Dutch Boor whence comes his contempt and inward dislike to the Hottentot, the Negro, the Caffre; ask him for his warrant to reduce these unhappy races to bondage and to slavery; to rob them of their lands, and to enslave their children; to deny them the inalienable right of man to a portion of the earth on which he was born? If he be an

honest and straightforward man, he will point to the fire-arms suspended over the mantelpiece—"There is my right!" The statesmen of modern Europe manage such matters differently; they arrive, it is true, at the same result—robbery, plunder, seizure of the lands of others—but they do it by treaties, protocols, alliances, and first principles.



[*The modern Greek and the Muscovite, or Sarmatian; both of the Caucasian race! Mark their resemblance!*]

When the word race, as applied to man, is spoken of, the English mind wanders immediately to distant countries; to Negroes and Hottentots, Red Indians and savages. He admits that there are people who differ a good deal from us, but not in Europe; there, mankind are clearly of one family. It is the Caucasian race, says one; it is the primitive race, says another. But the object of this work is to show that the European races, so called, differ from each other as widely as the Negro does from the Bushman; the Caffre from

the Hottentot; the Red Indian of America from the Esquimaux; the Esquimaux from the Basque. Blumenbach and Prichard have misled the public mind so much in this respect, that a century may elapse before it be disabused. I need not repeat here the antiquated division of mankind by Blumenbach, nor its modification by Prichard: it leads to no results. With the history of the Saxon or Scandinavian race, I shall commence the physiological history of man.

SAXON OR SCANDINAVIAN RACE.

Of the origin of the Saxon race we know just as much as we do of the origin of man; that is, nothing. History, such as it is, shows us that in remote times a race of men, differing from all others physically and mentally, dwelt in Scandinavia—say, in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Holstein—on the shores of the Baltic, in fact; by the mouths of the Rhine, and on its northern and eastern bank. Cæsar met Ariovistus at the head of a German army on the Rhine. The Germans, as the Scandinavian and other transrhenal races were then called, had crossed the river, making excursions into the territories of their Celtic neighbours, inhabiting Old Gaul. The dictator defeated them, compelling them to recross the Rhine into their own territories. But he did not follow them into their native woods: the Romans

never had any real power beyond the Rhine. At no period did they conquer the Saxon or true German, that is, Scandinavian, race.

What had induced the ancient Scandinavians to cross the Rhine in Cæsar's time? What had led them long before into Italy, where they encountered Marius? Ask the South-African Saxon Boor what induces him to spread himself over a land, one twentieth part of which could easily maintain him in comfort and affluence. What urges him against Caffraria—against Natal? It has been said, that the Scandinavian or Saxon tribes were pressed for space; that more numerous barbarous tribes pushed them on. The over-populousness of their woods and their retiring before another force do not well agree; there is some contradiction here. But the Cape Boor of Saxon origin has no such excuse for spreading himself in a few years over a vast region, which he leaves uncultivated; neither has the Anglo-Saxon American. To me it seems referrible simply to the qualities of the race; to their inordinate self-esteem; to their love of independence, which makes them dislike the proximity of a neighbour; to their hatred for dynasties and governments; democrats by their nature, the only democrats on the earth, the only race which truly comprehends the meaning of the word liberty.

The Scandinavian or Saxon (I avoid the words

German and Teuton, as liable to equivoque) was early in Greece, say 3500 years ago. This race still exists in Switzerland, forming its protestant portion; whilst in Greece, it contributed mainly, no doubt, to the formation of the noblest of all men —the statesmen, poets, sculptors, mathematicians, metaphysicians, historians of ancient Greece. But from that land nearly all traces of it have disappeared; so also from Italy. It is gradually becoming extinct in France and Spain, returning and confined once more to those countries in which it was originally found—namely, Holland, West Prussia, Holstein, the northern states of the ancient Rhenish Confederation, Saxony Proper, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The Saxon of England is deemed a colonist from Jutland, Holstein, and Denmark. I feel disposed to view the question differently. He must have occupied eastern Scotland and eastern England as far south as the Humber, long prior to the historic period, when the German Ocean was scarcely a sea. The Saxons of these northern coasts of Scotland and England, resemble very closely the natives of the opposite shores; but the Danes and Angles who attacked South England, already occupied by a Flemish race, did not make the same impression on the population. They merely mingled with it; the country, that is, South England, remains in the hands of the original in-

habitants to this day. South England is mainly occupied by a Belgian race, and were it not for the centralization of London, it is by no means improbable that much of the true Saxon blood would have disappeared from south Britain, by that physiological law which extinguishes mixed races (a people composed of two or more races) and causes the originally more numerous one to predominate,



[*Contrast the Cherokee head with that of the Apollo* (*Frontispiece*), *the noblest of all human heads; and belonging to a Scandinavian race, with a dash of oriental blood.*]

unless supplies be continually drawn from the primitive pure breeds. This important law we shall consider presently. Following out the geographical position of the Saxon race, we find him in Europe, intersected but not amalgamated with the Sarmatian and Slavonian, in eastern Europe; with the Celtic in Switzerland; deeply with the Slavonian and Flaming in Austria and on the Rhine; thinly spread throughout Wales; in possession, as occupants of the soil, of northern and eastern Ireland; lastly, carrying out the destinies of his race, obeying his physical and moral nature, the Anglo-Saxon, aided by his insular position, takes possession of the ocean, becomes the great tyrant at sea; ships, colonies, commerce—these are his wealth, therefore his strength. A nation of shopkeepers grasps at universal power; founds a colony (the States of America) such as the world never saw before; loses it, as a result of the principle of race. Nothing daunted, founds others, to lose them all in succession, and for the same reasons—race: a handful of large-handed spatula-fingered Saxon traders holds military possession of India. Meantime, though divided by nationalities, into different groupes, as English, Dutch, German, United States man, cordially hating each other, the race still hopes ultimately to be masters of the world.

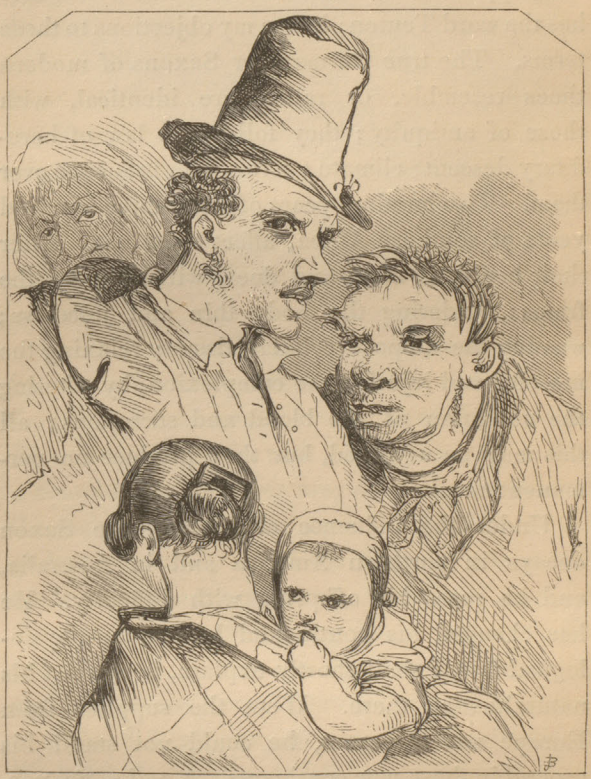
But I have not yet spoken of the physical and mental qualities of the Saxon race; these words include all, for "the Chronicle of Events" which have happened to them, whether in England or elsewhere, is a mere chapter of accidents, influenced deeply by the qualities of the average men of the race. So soon as I shall briefly have described these, it will be proper to consider the import of two great physiological laws already mooted—namely, Can a mixed race be produced and supported by the intermingling of two races? Can any race occupy, colonize, and people a region of the earth to which they are *not* indigenous?

In all climes, and under all circumstances, the Saxons are a tall, powerful, athletic race of men; the strongest, as a race, on the face of the earth. They have fair hair, with blue eyes, and so fine a complexion, that they may almost be considered the only absolutely fair race on the face of the globe. Generally speaking, they are not a well made or proportioned race, falling off most in the limbs; the torso being large, vast, and disproportioned. They are so described by Livy, and have never altered; the mistake of Prichard, and the difficulty experienced by the illustrious Niebuhr, the greatest of all historians, respecting the complexion of the *modern German* differing from the ancient, arises simply from this, that

the middle and south German belong to another race of men. They are not Scandinavians or Saxons at all, and never were. The mistake centres in the abuse of the word German; it has been applied to two or three different races: so also has the word Teuton; hence my objections to these terms. The true Germans or Saxons of modern times resemble, or rather are identical, with those of antiquity; they follow the law of hereditary descent; climate exercises no influence over them. Two hundred years of Java, three hundred years of southern Africa, affect them not. Alter their health it may, and does, withering up the frame; rendering the body thin and juiceless; wasting the adipose cellular tissue; relaxing the muscles and injuring the complexion, by altering the condition of the blood and secretions; all this may be admitted, but they produce no permanent results.

Under the influence of climate, the Saxon decays in northern America and in Australia, and he rears his offspring with difficulty. He has changed his continental locality; a physiological law, I shall shortly explain, is against his naturalization there. Were the supplies from Europe not incessant, he could not stand his ground in these new continents. A *real native* permanent American, or Australian race of pure Saxon blood, is a dream which can never be realized.

The Saxon is fair, not because he lives in a temperate or cold climate, but because he is a Saxon. The Esquimaux are nearly black, yet they live amidst eternal snows; the Tasmanian



[*A Celtic groupe; such may be seen at any time in Marylebone, London.*]

is, if possible, darker than the negro, under a climate as mild as England. Climate has no influence in permanently altering the varieties or races of men; destroy them, it may and does, but it cannot convert them into any other race; nor can this be done even by act of parliament, which, to a thorough-going Englishman, with all his amusing nationalities, will appear as something amazing. It has been tried in Wales, in Ireland, in Caledonia — and failed. Explain it, ye Utopians, as you choose; I merely mention the fact. When I lectured in Liverpool, a gentleman, of the name of Martineau, put forth a discourse, in which he maintained, that we had forced Saxon laws upon the Irish too hurriedly; that we had not given them time enough to become good Saxons, into which they would be metamorphosed at last. In what time, Mr. Martineau, do you expect this notable change? The experiment has been going on already for 700 years; I will concede you seven times 700 more, but this will not alter the Celt: no more will it change the Saxon, to whom I return.

Thoughtful, plodding, industrious beyond all other races, a lover of labour for labour's sake; he cares not its amount if it be but profitable; large handed, mechanical, a lover of order, of punctuality in business, of neatness and clean-

liness. In these qualities no race approaches him; the wealthy with him is the sole respectable, the respectable the sole good; the word comfort is never out of his mouth—it is the beau ideal of the Saxon.

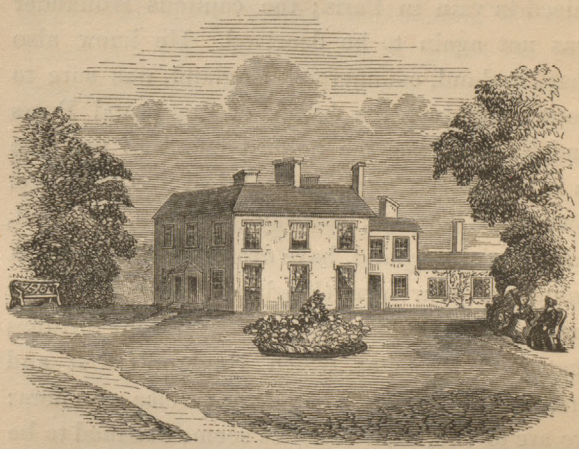
His genius is wholly applicative, for he invents nothing. In the fine arts, and in music, taste cannot go lower. The race in general has no musical ear, and they mistake noise for music. The marrow-bones and cleaver belong to them. Prize fights, bull-baiting with dogs; sparring matches; rowing, horse racing, gymnastics: the Boor is peculiar to the Saxon race. When young they cannot sit still an instant, so powerful is the desire for work, labour, excitement, muscular exertion. The self-esteem is so great, the self-confidence so matchless, that they cannot possibly imagine any man or set of men to be superior to themselves. Accumulative beyond all others, the wealth of the world collects in their hands.

Our good qualities when in excess become foibles and even vices. I need not dwell on this: my notes to this Lecture will supply the deficiency. The social condition of the Saxon can only be seen in the free States of America, which I have not yet visited. In Britain he was enslaved by a Norman dynasty, antagonistic of his race. His efforts to throw it off have not yet succeeded, though oft repeated. On the Con-

tinent, the Saxon race, broken up into petty monarchies, without wealth or power; miserably enslaved and crushed down by the dynasties of Hapsburgh, Brandenburgh, and a host of others, presents a condition seemingly hopeless. In their last struggle for liberty, or in other words for institutions suited to their race, they were not joined by the Scandinavian nations, the very best of their blood. Holland, too, would have risen, but she remembered the Celtic treachery; the betrayal of the cause of liberty by the French Celt in '92; the plunder of Europe by a body of disciplined savages under Napoleon; so she responded not to the Celt. The cap of liberty was raised in vain in Paris; the cautious Hollander was not again to be deceived. He knew also that England, commercial England, was sure to betray him into the hands of the brutal Pruss and Russ. Thus the noblest blood of the race is in abeyance: sunk into political insignificance. Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holstein, Holland, commercial England, have overshadowed you. A colony of your own (England), your first, your greatest colony, has exercised over your fortunes that fatal influence which England's first and greatest colony may some day exercise over hers: we are to you, what America seems destined to be to us. Of the same race, commercial, naval, the only really good sailors in the world, our American

colony already disputes with us the empire of the seas; a future Paul Jones may yet repay Britain the affair of Copenhagen; but it must come from a Saxon race, for the Saxons alone are sailors.

The results of the physical and mental qualities of a race are naturally manifested in its civilization, for every race has its own form of civilization. The historian, the talented statesman, Guizot, for example, who failed in forty years to learn the character of the race amongst whom he lived and ruled, he of all others, (always excepting the Prince of Bunglers, Metternich,) the most outrageously mistaken, has written a work about European civilization; about an abstraction which



[*An Anglo-Saxon house; it always, if possible, stands detached.*]

does not exist. Each race has its own form of civilization, as it has its own language and arts; I would almost venture to say, science; for although exact science, as being based on eternal and indisputable truths, must ever be the same under all circumstances and under all climes, it does not follow that its truths should even be formuled after the same fashion. Civilization, or the social condition of man, is the result and test of the qualities of every race; but it would be unfair to judge the European Saxon by this standard, seeing that the entire race, insular and continental, is crushed down by dynasties antagonistic of their race. What is effected at Berlin and Vienna by the bayonet, is usually accomplished in London by the law. Hence, notwithstanding the wealth of the Anglo-Saxon, no nation presents such a frightful mass of squalid poverty and wretchedness, rendering it doubtful whether such a form of civilization be a blessing or a curse to humanity. I lean with Tacitus to the latter opinion.

No race perhaps (for I must make allowances for my Saxon descent,) no race perhaps exceeds them in an abstract sense of justice, and a love of fair play; *but only to Saxons.* This of course they do not extend to other races. Aware of his strength of chest and arms, he uses them in self-defence: the Celt flies uniformly to the sword.

To-day and to-morrow is all the Saxon looks to; yesterday he cares not for; it is past and gone. He is the man of circumstances, of expediency without method; "try all things, but do not theorize." Give me "constants," a book of constants; this is his cry. Hence his contempt for men of science: his hatred for genius arises from another cause; he cannot endure the idea that any man is really superior in anything to himself. The absence of genius in his race he feels; he dislikes to be told it: he attempts to crush it wherever it appears. Men of genius he calls humbugs, impostors. His literature is peculiar to himself, and must not be confounded with modern German literature: this latter is chiefly of Slavonian origin, mingled with the race occupying central Europe and stretching into Flanders. Uncertain as to their nature, I have called this race Flemish or Belgian; but the modern Belgians do not well represent them. I believe them peculiar; an off-set perhaps of the Slavonian race; at all events not Saxon or Scandinavian. The word German, and the equivoque it admits of, has greatly confused a very simple matter. It misled Arnold; it misled Niebuhr, and a host of others: my countrymen have confounded the literature of the middle, south German, and Slavonian races with the Scandinavian or north German; nothing was ever more distinct.

All that is free in Saxon countries they, the Saxons, owe to themselves; their laws, manners, institutions, they brought with them from the woods of Germany, and they have transferred them to the woods of America. They owe nothing to any kings or princes or chiefs: originally, they had neither chief nor king; a general in war was *elected* when required. In their ideas of "property in land" they differ also from other races; they do not admit that any class or family, dynasty or individual, can appropriate to himself and to his hereditary heirs, any portion of the earth's surface. Hence their abhorrence for feudality, tenures, hereditary rights, and laws of primogeniture. Soldiers and soldiering they despise as being unworthy of free men: the difficulty of teaching them military discipline and tactics, arises from the awkwardness of their forms and slowness of movement, and from their inordinate self-esteem. But when disciplined, their infantry, owing to the strength of the men, becomes the first in the world. In the chapter on Germany, I shall examine more carefully into some of these points, characteristic of the race; concluding this section with some observations on the present position and future prospects, that is, destiny of the race. The failure of the Continental Saxon during the late struggle for liberty, I ventured to foretel at the commencement. They desired to be united, free; disenthralled from the

hideous iron despotism which crushes them down: in a German unity, a race mustering at least sixty millions, they hoped to find a counterpoise to Celtic France, and Swinish Russia; that is, to the two *dominant races* of Europe, the Celt and the Sarmatian. But true to their selfish nature, they had not the soul to offer the same freedom to the Slavonian, whom they neglected and despised. They fought with the Slavonians in Posen; they resisted them in Bohemia; they contended with them in Austria; liberty for the German was the war-cry; slavery for all the rest. They now reap the fruits of their selfish nature; hopeless slavery for centuries: the dynasties are in the ascendant: they have alarmed the holders of *property*, always timid, always cowardly: as a class, the property men are sure to back any dynasty if well supported by the bayonet. No sympathies can be extended to a selfish grasping race, without feelings for others. To their eternal dishonour, they suffered an infamous coward, the first who fled from Potsdam to Windsor, to return and butcher their brethren in Baden and Saxony. When the imbecile House of Hapsburgh fled from Vienna, then was the time to have said to the Slavonian race,—"Arise, and form a nation." But *self* prevailed with the Saxon, and ruin followed. The words of Napoleon have now been verified; Europe is "all Cossaque." All fear of a *Celtic Re-*

public has vanished: the character of the Celt is now fully understood. Rome has settled the question for a time. Celtic liberty is now well comprehended by all Europe. The world thought Celtic France a great and free people; but the world was wrong if they did, for the world forgot the element of race in its calculation on the probable destinies of the French Celt; that element, duly weighed, would have shown them, that a race being composed of individuals resembling each other must, even in its greatest efforts, merely shadow forth the character of the individual. When the French Celt drove out the insupportable and paltry Orleans dynasty, they were merely a fighting clan without a chief; having no self-esteem, how could they act without a leader? That leader had not then, and has not yet, appeared.

The introduction of the Saxon element of mind into civilized Europe is, no doubt, a remarkable event in history: the literature and arts of the Roman world had been already influenced by the Celtic mind; the Gothic or Slavonian followed next; then came the Saxon. Its first result was to produce the dark ages. What the race had been doing since the beginning of time it is impossible to say, but being without inventive genius, I see not how they could originate any but the lowest forms of civilization, such as I have seen in Southern Africa amongst the Dutch, that is, Saxon,

Boors, and such as I have heard prevails in "the far west." Man sinks rapidly in the scale of civilization when removed from the great stream. They are wrong who fancy otherwise. At the third generation the Saxon Boor, in a remote land, sinks nearly to the barbarian; active and energetic, no doubt: still a Saxon, but not the less a boor and a vulgar barbarian.

The remarkable, and almost prophetic, saying of Gibbon, seems about to be verified. As a statesman and a historian, a chronicler of the social and political histories of nations, he applies his remark to England; but it is strictly applicable to the European Saxon, wherever found; insular or continental; applicable to the descendants of those free and bold men who originally brought with them, in all their migrations from Scandinavia, those free institutions under which freemen alone can live, namely, that of trial by jury, and equality before the law, protection of life and property; a race who obeyed no king nor chief; who resisted oppression in every shape, and to whom the most abhorred of all despotisms, a feudal nobility with laws of primogeniture, were unknown: amongst whom all were equal; all noble alike. Such were the ancient Scandinavian or Saxon, called Germans occasionally by some Roman writers—and confounded in later times, even by the immortal Niebuhr, with the middle

German or Upper Danubian race: occasionally, even with the Slavonians.

To all this race, now crushed down by the Sarmatian and Celtic races of Europe: broken up, dispersed, enslaved: their lives and properties placed at the mercy of some five or six brutal families or dynasties: the very best blood of all the race, the Jutlander, the Saxon, the free man of Baden and of Wirtemberg, lorded it over by a few paltry families, unknown to fortune or renown; to all this race Gibbon's remarks apply; to Celtic republican(!) France they now know they need not look for aid in their next struggle for liberty; let Rome be a lesson to them; to all this race, and not to England alone, does this prophetic passage in Gibbon's works apply.

"Should it ever happen," says the immortal historian, whom I quote from recollection, "that in Europe brutal military despots should succeed in extinguishing the liberties of men, threatening with the same unhappy fate the inhabitants of this island (England), they, mindful of their Saxon origin, would doubtless escape across the ocean, carrying to a new world their institutions, religion, and laws."

PHYSIOLOGICAL QUESTION.

SECTION I.—*Do races ever amalgamate? What are the obstacles to a race changing its original locality?*

I have heard persons assert, a few years ago, men of education too, and of observation, that the amalgamation of races into a third or new product, partaking of the qualities of the two primitive ones from which they sprung, was not only possible, but that it was the best mode of improving the breed. The whole of this theory has turned out to be false:—1st. As regards the lower animals; 2nd. As regards man. Of the first I shall say but little: man is the great object of human research; the philosophy of Zoology is not indeed wrapt up in him; he is not the end, neither was he the beginning: still, as he is, a knowledge of man is to him all-important.

The theories put forth from time to time, of the production of a new variety, permanent and self-supporting, independent of any draughts or supplies from the pure breeds, have been distinctly disproved. It holds neither in sheep nor cattle: and an author, whose name I cannot recollect, has refuted the whole theory as to the pheasant and to the domestic fowl. He has shown that

the artificial breeds so produced are never self-supporting. Man can create nothing: no new species have appeared, apparently, for some thousand years; but this is another question I mean not to discuss here, although it is obvious that if a hybrid could be produced, self-supporting, the elaborate works of Cuvier would fall to the ground. The theory of Aristotle, who explained the variety and strangeness of the animal forms in Africa, on the grounds that a scarcity of water brought to the wells and springs animals of various kinds from whose intercourse sprung the singularly varied African Zoology, has been long known to be a mere fable.



[*Bosjeman, or Yellow African Race.*]

Nature produces no mules; no hybrids, neither in man nor animals. When they accidentally appear they soon cease to be, for they are either non-productive, or one or other of the pure breeds

speedily predominates, and the weaker disappears. This weakness may either be numerical or innate.

That this law applies strictly to man himself, all history proves: I once said to a gentleman born in Mexico,—Who are the Mexicans? I put the same question to a gentleman from Peru, as I had done before, to persons calling themselves Germans—neither could give a distinct reply to the question. The fact turns out to be, that there really are no such persons; no such *race.*

When the best blood of Spain migrated to America, they killed as many of the natives, that is, the copper-coloured Indians, indigenous to the soil, as they could. But this could not go on, labourers to till the soil being required. The old Spaniard was found unequal to this; *he could not colonize the conquered country;* he required other aid, native or imported. Then came the admixture with the Indian blood and the Celt-Iberian blood; the produce being the mulatto. But now that the supplies of Spanish blood have ceased, the mulatto must cease, too, for as a hybrid he becomes non-productive after a time, if he intermarries only with the mulatto: he can no longer go back to the Spanish blood: that stock has ceased; of necessity then he is forced upon the Indian breed. Thus, year by year, the Spanish blood disappears, and with it the mulatto, and the population re-

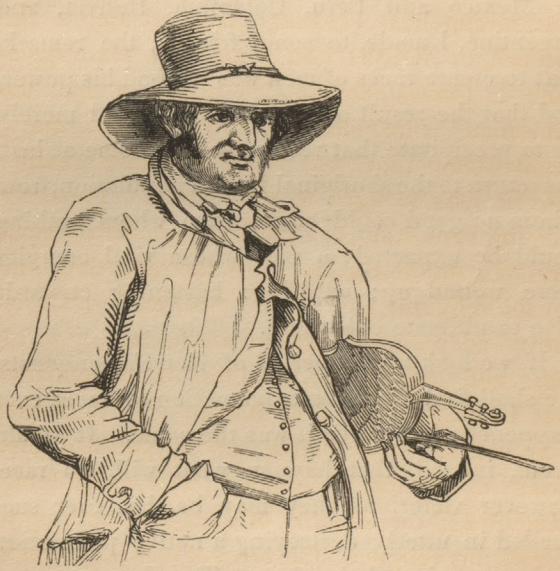
trograding towards the indigenous inhabitants, returns to that Indian population, the hereditary descendants of those whom Cortes found there; whom nature seemingly placed there; not aliens, nor foreigners, but aboriginal. As it is with Mexico, so it is with Peru.

When Mr. Canning made his celebrated boast in Parliament, that he had created the republics of Mexico and Peru, Columbia, Bolivia, and Argentine, I made, to some friends, the remark, that to create races of men was beyond his power, and that the result of his measure would merely be to precipitate that return, sure to come at last, the return to the aboriginal Indian population, from whom no good could come, from whom nothing could be expected; a race whose vital energies were wound up; expiring: hastening onwards also to ultimate extinction.

If we look to the period of Rome's conquests, we shall find that no amalgamation of races ever happened; in Greece it was the same. It would seem, indeed, that happen what will, no race, however victorious they may be, has ever succeeded in utterly destroying a native population and occupying their place. Two laws seem to me the cause of this. Should the conquering party be numerous there is still the climate against them; and if few, the native race, antagonistic of the conquerors, again predominates; so that after

most conquests the country remains in the hands of the original race.

Let us turn now to the ancient world, to Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and inquire into the history of the pretended amalgamation of races; the extinction of one race and the substitution of another; for these two questions may be considered together.



[*The Welsh Celt, or Kymraig.*]

There has been no amalgamation of the Celtic and Saxon races in Ireland. They abhor each other cordially. When I publicly asserted this

some years ago, I was as publicly contradicted. I call on those persons now to say whose opinion was the correct one; the Irish Celt is as distinct from the Saxon as he was seven hundred years ago. There is no mistaking the question now. Mr. Macaulay, in his Chronicles of the English People, will have it that the pitiable state of the Irish is owing to their religion; but the Caledonian Celt is an Evangelical Protestant, and so also is the Cymbrii, or Welsh: now I ask this plain question: Is the Caledonian Celt better off than the Hibernian? is he more industrious? more orderly, cleanly, temperate? has he accumulated wealth? does he look forward to to-morrow? Though a seeming Protestant, can you compare his religious formula with the Saxon? It is the race, then, and not the religion; that elastic robe, modern Christianity, adapts itself with wonderful facility to all races and nations. It has little or no influence that I can perceive over human affairs, further than a great state engine serving political purposes; a tub for the whale. The great broad principles of the morality of man have nothing to do with any religion. The races of men still remain distinct—the gipsies mingle not, neither do the Jews. In Swedish and Russian Lapland, the Lappes remain apart; the Fins are Slavonians, they mingle not with the adjoining Saxon race; the Saxons remain distinct from the Slavonians

in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and in all eastern Prussia. An attempt was made by the Germans to destroy the Slavonian race in Bohemia; it was a thirty years war, conducted by the savage and imbecile House of Hapsburgh against the Bohemians. It utterly failed, and the inhabitants are still Slavonian. The Muscovite has grasped all northern Asia, yet he has not succeeded in destroying any race, neither do they amalgamate with the Russ. The French Celt has never yet been able to live and thrive in Corsica; Algeria, he can, I fear, hold only as a military possession: a colonist, in the proper sense of the term, he never can become. On the banks of the Nile still wander in considerable numbers the descendants of the men who built the pyramids, and carved the Memnon and the Sphynx. Yet Egypt is in other hands, as if the destinies of the Coptic race had been decided. No one has yet clearly explained to the world the precise nature of the dominant race in Egypt; I mean here, the character of the great bulk of the population. They do not seem to increase in numbers; if this, then, be the case, their ultimate possession of Egypt may be doubted: the Coptic blood still lingers in the land, waiting the return of an Amenoph, a Sesostris, a Leader.

Let us attend now to the greatest of all experiments ever made in respect of the transfer of a

population indigenous to one continent, and attempting by emigration to take possession of another; to cultivate it with their own hands; to colonize it; to persuade the world, in time, that they are *the natives* of the newly occupied land. Northern America and Australia furnished the fields for this, the greatest of experiments; already has the horse, the sheep, the ox, become as it were indigenous to these lands. Nature did not place them there at first, yet they seem to thrive, and flourish, and multiply exceedingly. Yet, even as regards these domestic animals, we cannot be quite certain; will they eventually be self-supporting? will they supplant the llama, the kangaroo, the buffalo, the deer? or, in order to effect this, will they require to be constantly renovated from Europe? If this be the contingency, then the acclimatation is not perfect. How is it with man himself? The man planted there by nature, the Red Indian, differs from all others on the face of the earth; he gives way before the European races, the Saxon and the Celtic: the Celt-Iberian and Lusitanian in the south; the Celt and Saxon in the north. Of the tropical regions of the new world I need not speak; every one knows that none but those whom Nature placed there can live there: that no Europeans can colonize a tropical country. But may there not be some doubts of their self-support in milder

regions? take the Northern States themselves. There the Saxon and the Celt seem to thrive beyond all that is recorded in history. But are we quite sure that this success is fated to be permanent? Annually from Europe is poured a hundred thousand men and women of the best blood of the Scandinavian, and twice that number of the pure Celt; and so long as this continues he is sure to thrive.



[*Cherokee Head—that is, Native American. Barton Smith foretold that the United States men would ultimately come to this. But it can never be: extinction is the word—not conversion.*]

But check it; arrest it suddenly, as in the case of Mexico and Peru; throw the *onus* of reproduction upon the population, no longer European, but native, or born on the spot; then will come the struggle between the European alien and his adopted father-land. The climate; the forests; the remains of the aborigines not yet extinct; last, not least, that unknown and mysterious degradation of life and energy which in ancient times seems to have decided the fate of all the Phœnician, Grecian, and Coptic colonies. Cut off from their original stock they gradually withered and faded, and finally died away. The Phœnician never became acclimatized in Africa, nor in Cornwall, nor in Wales; vestiges of his race, it is true, still remain, but they are mere vestiges. Peru and Mexico are fast retrograding to their primitive condition; may not the Northern States, under similar circumstances, do the same? Already the United States man differs in appearance from the European: the ladies early lose their teeth; in both sexes the adipose cellular cushion interposed between the skin and the aponeuroses and muscles disappears, or, at least, loses its adipose portion; the muscles become stringy, and show themselves; the tendons appear on the surface; symptoms of premature decay manifest themselves. Now what do these signs, added to the uncertainty of infant life in the Southern States,

and the smallness of their families in the Northern, indicate? Not the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon into the Red Indian, but warnings, that the climate has not been made for him, nor he for the climate. See what even a small amount of insulation has done for the French Celt in Lower Canada. Look at the race there! small men; small horses; small cattle; still smaller carts; ideas smallest of all; he is not even the Celt of modern France! He is the French Celt of the Regency; the thing of Louis XIII. Stationary, absolutely stationary, his numbers, I believe, depend on the occasional admixture of fresh blood from Europe. He has increased to about a million since his first settlement in Canada; but much of this has come from Britain, and not from France. Give us the statistics of the original families who keep themselves apart from the fresh blood imported into the province; let us have the real and solid increase of the original habitans, as they are pleased to call themselves, and then we may calculate on the result. Had the colony been left to itself, cut off from Europe for a century or two, it is my belief that the forest, the buffalo, the *wilde*, and the Red Indian, would have pushed him into the St. Lawrence, from the banks of which he never had the courage to wander far; amalgamating readily with the Red Indian by intermarriage, (for

the Celt has not that antipathy to the dark races which so peculiarly characterize the Saxon);—amalgamating with the Red Indian, the population would speedily have assumed the appearance it has in Mexico and Peru; to follow the same fate, perish or return to the original Indian; and finally, to terminate in the all but utter destruction of the original race itself.

LECTURE II.

PHYSIOLOGICAL LAWS REGULATING HUMAN LIFE.

In the rapid sketch of the dominant races of men I am about to submit to you (of the Saxon I have already spoken), I have endeavoured to comprise an outline of their history, viewed, as I have long been in the habit of viewing them, not as *nations*, but as *races*. I am well aware that when these lectures were first delivered, about five years ago, the opinions they contained were opposed to all the received opinions of the day. The world was so *national*, and *race* had been so utterly forgotten, that for at least two years after delivering my first course of lectures at Newcastle I had the whole question to myself. But *now* the press, even in insular England, has been, most reluctantly I believe, forced to take it up; to make admissions which I never supposed could have been wrung from them; to confess it to be possible that man, after all, may be subject to some physiological laws hitherto not well understood; that *race*, as well as "democracy,"* or

* Guizot.

socialism,* or bands of peripatetic demagogues,† or evil spirits,‡ may have had something to do with the history of nations, and more especially with the last revolutions in Europe. It is true that Englishmen will not admit its application to Ireland or to our *colonies*. "Persons," say they, "situated as the Irish, so favoured by Divine Providence as to be permitted to live under our glorious institutions in church and state, should dismiss from their minds all questions of race; such questions may and do apply to the continental people, but we happy islanders have nothing to do with them." Of the various ways in which, with a view to suit the English palate, the great question of the day, the question of race, has been touched on by ponderous quarterlies and sprightly weeklies, some admitting most of my views as already proven, others qualifying them in a variety of ways, they are yet unanimous, I think, on this one point, that the physiological laws proposed by me are not applicable to the Irish nor to the Jews—tabooed races, which must not be touched. But the question with me is simply, What is truth? Man, Celtic or Judean, is either subject to physiological laws or he is not. By a happy conceit, the Jew has been withdrawn from the influence of these laws;

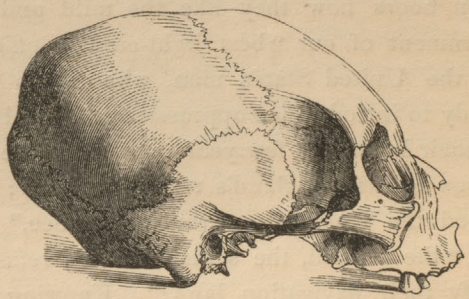
* English aristocracy. † Russell.
‡ Metternich.

and English statesmen and English men cherish the fond belief that the Celtic natives of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, may yet be converted into good Saxons, by means of the "Estates Encumbered Bill," aided by Divine Providence. The latter, no doubt, is an all-powerful auxiliary, could they but calculate on it; the former is also a powerful measure, and may do much. The extent of soil in Celtic Ireland to be converted from Romanism (Paganism?) is limited, measured. It is not a continent; it is an island. Sell the island to Saxon men. It is a powerful measure. It has succeeded seemingly against some of the dark races of men, whom it has brought to the verge of destruction. Caffre and Hottentot, Tasmanian and American: why not against a fair race—the Celtic natives of Ireland, Wales, and Caledonia, for they must be classed together? They are one; the same fate, whatever it be, awaits all. Placed front to front, antagonistic in fact with a stronger race, our reason, aided, as it would at first appear, by past history, might hastily decide in foretelling their extermination and ruin. On the other hand, the more I inquire into the history of race, the more I doubt all theorists who neglect or despise this grand element; who speak of "European civilization and a Caucasian race;" of all nature's works being unalterable, excepting man, who is ever

changing.* But man is also a part of nature; he must obey certain laws. The object of the present inquiry is to discover these laws. They have never been honestly sought for, but conjecture offered instead; from the climatic theory of Hippocrates to the Caucasian dream of Blumenbach — wild hypotheses have been assumed as truths. Instinctive, animal man, a part and parcel of nature's great scheme, has been lost sight of; because he has built ships and cities, it has been surmised that his nature changes with circumstances!—that under a wise and liberal government his mind and frame expand! Look at France; look at Ireland; look at Canada; at Southern Africa. Ask Pretorius and his bold Saxon boors how they like the mild and free government of our "best light-cavalry officer!" Ask the United States men, who forces them already to introduce an oppressive and cruel tariff into their laws? A few years ago they were clamorous against England's restrictive laws; they blamed the English government. "See," said they, "the British, the selfish British, refuse to modify their navigation laws!" Knowing well *the race*, I ventured, even then, to declare the whole to be a false pretence, a delusion, and a mockery. They were Saxons; that was enough — they

* Quarterly, Nov. 1849.

wanted no free tariff. A commercial war against the world is what they aim and aimed at; but it served their purpose to declaim against England; hypocrisy and unscrupulous selfishness are blemishes, no doubt, in the Saxon element of mind; they lead to sharp practices in manufactures, which have, somehow or other, a strange connexion with dishonesty; they give to Saxon commerce a peculiar character, and to Saxon war a vulgar, low, and mercenary spirit, cold and calculating; profitable wars, keenly taken up, unscrupulously followed out. The plains of Hindostan have been the grand field for Saxon plunder: the doings there are said to be without a parallel in history.



[*The Cherokee Head. Men with crania similarly formed were said by Hippocrates to inhabit the shores of the Black Sea.*]

Scarcely five years have elapsed since I announced the general principle, that he who would

not or could not see, in the dominant races of Europe, distinct elements of mind, could never read aright the history of the past, understand the present, nor rightly guess the future. And now the truth of this principle, so stoutly denied by the chronicler of the *Times*, is already fully admitted. There is still an unwillingness to admit some other laws announced at the same time: the physiological laws which regulate the destinies of mankind and of race. Let me here consider some of these laws.

PHYSIOLOGICAL LAWS.

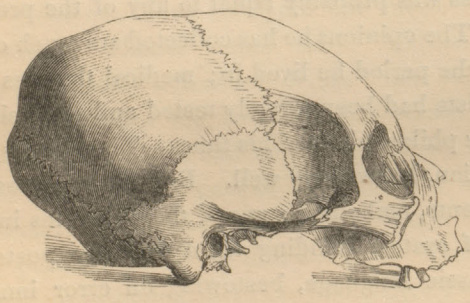
It was Hippocrates who wrote that pleasing fiction, which, embodying the scattered notions of his day (for he was a compiler, and a most extensive one, too), gave to theories, based on no proofs, a *quasi* philosophic character. He assumed that external circumstances modified human structure and human character. His actual observations were few, and made on a narrow field — Greece, I presume, and a portion of Asia Minor. Like most medical men, he was a great theorist, and has the credit of having first separated medicine from philosophy. And so I think he did, much to its disadvantage. What it was before this unlucky event can scarcely now be known; since then it has almost rivalled theology

in the wildness of its conjectures, its contradictory views, its conflicting theories. Let us return to Hippocrates.

That the minds and bodies of men are influenced, *to a certain extent*, by external circumstances, I see no reason to deny. But this is not the real question: the question is, *to what extent?* Let us first consider the effects of climate. Hippocrates was enough of a philosopher to see that it was not merely to the atmosphere that was to be assigned the supposed influence exercised by external circumstances over man's form and mind. Accordingly, he entitles his work, Περι υδατων, αερον, και τοπον—which may be thus translated, On the Influence of the Atmosphere, the Waters and the *Locality*, over Man. These heads were meant to include all possible physical elements affecting man. Man's mind he traces to his bodily frame; if he believed in a heaven and a future state, he had no faith in Olympus, nor in a thundering, material Jove, nor Styx, nor Pluto. He was a sort of anatomist, and had probably seen the brain—a sight of which tends no doubt to remove many prejudices.

That the hypotheses sanctioned by his great name existed long before his period we need not doubt; it is sufficient for our present purpose to trace them to him. In his writings we find hypotheses — 1st, That climate or external circum-

stances make men brave or cowardly, freemen or slaves; in other words, that man's *mind* was the result of *climate*. 2ndly, That to climate and to other external circumstances, summed up in the expression, "Air, Water, and Place," (Hippocrates!) might be traced all differences in the form, complexion, and mental qualifications of men; the varieties, in short, observable everywhere in their physical structure and mental dispositions; that race, in short, depends on climate. And 3rdly, That such alterations in form and mind, the result of external influences, thus constituting a race, become in time permanent, transmissible by hereditary descent, and so independent of their original producing causes; and lastly, that the head itself, the very brain, by means of which we lay claim to the character and title of intellectual beings, might be so altered



[*The Cherokee cranium. Men with crania similarly formed were said by Hippocrates to inhabit the shores of the Black Sea.*]

by mechanical means, by external pressure, as scarcely to be recognisable for a human head; and that this most extraordinary of all forms, once produced, becomes transmissible by hereditary descent, requiring no longer the influence of the mechanical cause producing it.

To Hippocrates was ascribed the honour of having first separated medicine from philosophy; these are some of the results of this disunion—hypothesis heaped on hypothesis, unsupported by observation, based on no truths. To him, or at least to those from whose works he compiled, we owe some, at least, of these conjectures. He is supposed (for in ancient history all is supposition) to have flourished some 470, say 500 years before the present æra, that is, at the least, 2300 years ago: he has been usually called a physician —to me he seems to have been a surgeon, and his success was probably equal to any of the present day. The opinions he has collected are much older than the period he lived in; medical theories and theorists had been already tested and appreciated by the philosophers of his times—Thucydides, the historian, knew them well. But Hippocrates, at all events, embodied some of these theories into a sort of system, handing them down to posterity in classic language, bestowing on error immortality. That his mind was philosophic on the whole, cannot be questioned; but so was that of

Descartes, of Pythagoras, of Voltaire; all philosophic minds, all impatient of the calm investigation of physical truths. Like many great and good men, some modern fanatics have accused him of atheism; those, in fact, and they belong to all denominations, who accuse of atheism all who refuse joining their outrageously ridiculous anthropomorphical notions of a First Cause. He denied the discrepancy of divine and physical causes, merging them in one; he treated all phenomena as at once divine and scientifically determinable. This doctrine he applied to disease: my object is to apply it to all living nature—to man, the most important of all—to man, the antagonistic animal of nature's works; to that animal who wages perpetual war with nature's fairest productions. It is in vain that theologians endeavour to divert the attention of men's minds from this great question, How are the races of men produced? whence come they? whither tend they? Already a learned divine* has stretched the link between the 2nd and 3rd verses of the Mosaic record to a coil so extended, so elastic, as to leave on the part of the scientific nothing to desire; and whilst I write this passage, a friend has pointed out to me that a learned theologian, if not an orthodox divine,† who writes on a sub-

* Buckland.

† British Quarterly, for Nov.—Editor, Rev. Dr. Vaughan.

ject of which I fear he does not know much,—"the Unity of Man"—cautions his readers not to mistake the chronology of Bishop Usher for the true chronology of man, which he candidly admits has never yet been discovered: he prepares his readers for a lengthening of the *period* to account for the different races! I knew it must come to this—another version of the Mosaic record to the hundreds already existing. For the present, I leave the chronological part in their hands, proceeding with the inquiry into the physiological laws regulating human life.



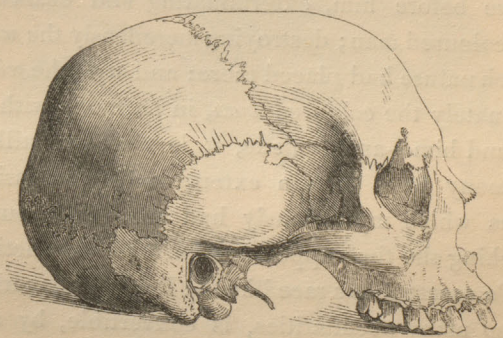
[*Bosjeman playing on the gourah.*]

That by mere climate, giving to the expression its utmost range of meaning, a new race of men can be established in perpetuity, is an assertion

which for the present is contradicted by every well-ascertained physiological law, and by all authentic history. On the limited habitable territory of the Cape of Good Hope, shut in by deserts and by the sea, lived, when the Saxon Hollander first landed there, two races of men, as distinct from each other as can be well imagined, the Hottentot, or Bosjeman, and the Amakoso Caffre. To these was added a third, the Saxon Hollander. What time the Bosjeman child of the desert had hunted these desert and arid regions, for what period the Hottentot had listlessly tended his flocks of fat-tailed sheep, how long the bold Caffre had herded his droves of cattle, cannot now be ascertained: the Saxon Hollander found them there 300 years ago, as they are now in respect of physical structure and mental qualifications, inferior races, whom he drove before him, exterminating and enslaving the coloured man; destroying mercilessly the *wilde* which nature had placed there; and with the *wilde*, ultimately the coloured *man*, in harmony with all around him—antagonistic, it is true, but still in harmony to a certain extent; non-progressive; races which mysteriously had run their course, reaching the time appointed for their destruction.

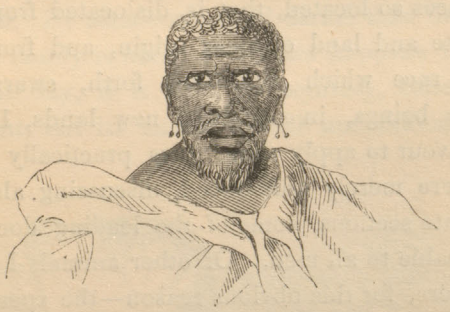
To assert that a race like the Bosjeman, marked by so many peculiarities, is convertible, by any process, into an Amakoso Caffre or Saxon Hol-

lander, is at once to set all physical science at defiance. If by time, I ask what time? The influence of this element I mean to refute presently: the Dutch families who settled in Southern Africa three hundred years ago, are now as fair, and as pure in Saxon blood, as the native Hollander; the slightest change in structure or colour can at once be traced to intermarriage. By intermarriage an individual is produced, intermediate generally, and partaking of each parent; but this mulatto man or woman is a monstrosity of nature—there is no place for such a family: no such race exists on the earth, however closely affiliated the parents may be. To maintain it would require a systematic course of intermarriage, with constant draughts from the pure races whence the mixed race derives its origin. Now, such an arrangement is impossible. Since the earliest recorded times, such



[*Caffre Skull.*]

mixtures have been attempted and always failed; with Celt and Saxon it is the same as with Hottentot and Saxon, Caffre and Hottentot. The Slavonian race or races have been deeply intercalated for more than twice ten centuries with the South German, the pure Scandinavian, the Sarmatian, and even somewhat with the Celt, and with the Italian as conquerors: have they intermingled? Do you know of any mixed race the result of such admixture? Is it in Bohemia? or Saxony? or Prussia? or Finland?

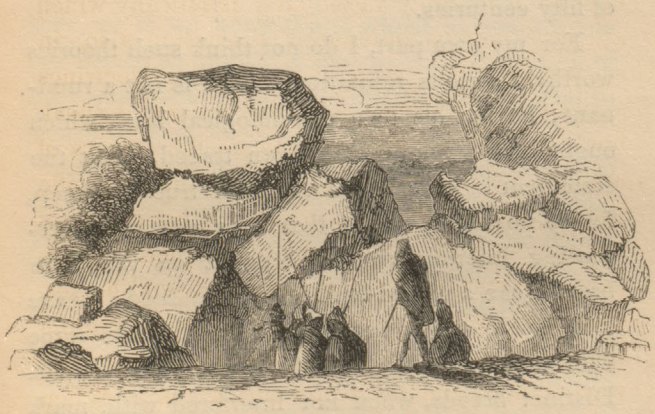


[*Caffre Race.*]

This seems to be the law. By intermarriage a new product arises, which cannot stand its ground; 1st, By reason of the innate dislike of race to race, preventing a renewal of such intermarriages; 2nd, Because the descendants will of necessity fall back upon the stronger race, and all traces, or nearly so, of the weaker race must in time be

obliterated. In what time, we shall afterwards consider. If a pure race has appeared to undergo a permanent change when transferred to a climate materially differing from their own, such changes will be found, on a closer inquiry, to be delusive. It has been asserted of the West-Indian Creole; of the Mexican, Peruvian, and Chilian Creole; and of the North-American or Saxon Creole, now called a United States man; but the pretended changes we shall find are either trifling, or not permanent, or do not exist. When speaking of the races so located, that is, dislocated from the climate and land of their origin, and from the pure race which sent them forth, swarms of living beings, in search of new lands, I shall endeavour to apply those laws practically which are here merely announced, discussing also, in separate sections, some of the leading doctrines applicable to all men. Of other animals I speak not here, for this obvious reason—the species of animals as they now exist, have their specific laws regulating their existence. What is true of one may or may not be true of another. Sheep have their specific laws; so have cattle and horses, pigs and elephants. Some of the laws regulating their existence are applicable to man in a general way—others, and the greater part, are not. When I am told that there is a short-legged race of sheep somewhere in America, the product of accident,

my reply is simply—I do not believe it, even although, to make the story look better, it has been also added, that from among the few short-legged sheep *accidentally* produced in the flock, the owner was careful to extrude the long-legged ones, and so at last his whole flock became short-legged, and he *had no more trouble with it.* It is the old fable of Hippocrates and the Macrocephali reduced to something like a scientific formula; transferred from sheep, it has been made the basis of a theory of race, of mankind—reducing all to *accident.* By accident, a child darker than the rest of the family is born; when this happens in the present day, it is also, by courtesy, called an accident, but its nature is well understood; not



[*The savage Bosjemen;—Troglodytes; who build no house or hut; children of the desert.*]

so in former times. This dark child, a little darker than the others, separates, with a few more, from the rest of the family, and sojourns in a land where a hot sun enbrowns them with a still deeper hue. In time they become blacker and blacker, or browner and browner. Should they travel north instead of south, it is all the same, for extreme cold produces the same effect as extreme heat! This is ancient and modern physiology! it is the old fable of Hippocrates revived. Men's minds seem to move in circles, ever reverting to ancient errors; it is as the struggle of a small body of men against the gloomy forest, the bog, the spreading desert; lovers of truth vainly endeavouring to clear away the accumulated ignorance of fifty centuries.

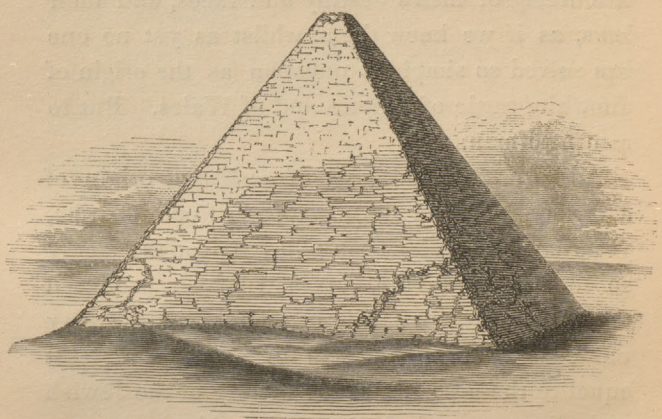
For my own part, I do not think such theories worthy a serious refutation. Man is not a ruminant; he has his own physiological laws, which ought long since to have been traced. But the statement in question is not even true of sheep, for by no effort, saving that of a *constant* never-ceasing intermixture, or draught on the pure breeds, can a mixed breed be maintained. Leave it to itself, and it ceases to be. It is the same with man; with fowls; with cattle; with horses. Distinct breeds, when not interfered with, mark them all. Man can create nothing permanent;

modify, he may for a time, but he can create no new living element. It is said that the cattle fed on the pampas of South America have assumed three distinct forms; be it so—the fact proves nothing, for they are constantly interfered with by man. I have been assured that our domestic cattle, imported into New Zealand and New Holland, return after a generation or two to the primitive breeds—nothing more likely, this, in fact, being the physiological law. In Britain we have a white breed of cattle, confined within the domains of two wealthy families; they remain *white*, merely because all calves which show other colours are destroyed. See how difficult the simplest physiological question becomes. We talk freely of men's destiny and races, and their laws, as if we knew them, whilst as yet no one has solved so simple a question as the origin of the white cattle of Britain and of Wales. But to return to man.

Add to the hypothesis of *accidental* origin of a variety in family, its separation from its tribe, yet even this explanation will fail; for the family so separated, by the very law which produced the variety, will be fertile in other varieties; they therefore must also appear in numbers at least equal to the others. In the history of the Jewish and Gipsy races I shall consider this question at

greater length, and endeavour to show that the application of the doctrines of transcendental anatomy made in this direction is also false.

"Time and development change all things;" this is my own belief: but what is the time required? when was man different from what we find him now? Development is positive: time has no existence. The existing order of things we see, though imperfectly; of the past, but little has been preserved in human records—that little is not understood. One thing, however, is certain—the Pyramids exist, and the ancient tombs of Egypt; the ruins of Karnâc; the paintings on the walls of these tombs; some Etruscan remains; the Egyptian mummies; the Cyclopean walls—



[*Egyptian Pyramid.*]

these are nearly all the sure data which man has to depend on whilst tracing back his history, and the history of the existing order of life, towards that unknown past from which he sprung. Now what do these amount to? What do they prove? They are but as yesterday, compared with the period through which the globe has rolled in space; through which life has undergone its ever succeeding developments; yet they announce one fact at least, that man, up to the earliest recorded time, did not differ *materially* from what he is now; that there were races then as now; that they seemed to be identical (but of this we are not quite certain) with those now existing, and that neither over them, nor over the living world around, has climate or external circumstances effected any serious changes, produced any new species, any new groups of animal or vegetable life, any new varieties of mankind. To the important fact, if it really be one, thus made out, the illustrious and cautious Cuvier first drew men's attention; but his reserve, his position, his habitual caution, induced him to omit all mention of man. So long as he excluded him from his line of observation, the Sorbonne, he was aware, cared not what he did with the rest. It was his practice to leave untouched whatever he thought speculative, unsafe, transcendental—whatever he fancied shocked too much the present feelings.

Satisfied with the refutation of St. Fond and the geologists of his day, he desired to proceed no further. "He had formed an æra—he constituted an æra:" to his positive opinions and well-ascer-



[*Bust of the young Memnon: British Museum.*]

tained facts were tacked theories by the theologico-geological school of England, which he never acknowledged, which he never admitted, which he never sanctioned by word or writing. We shall consider these matters in a future section; in the meantime one thing remains certain, which he either did not notice or avoided mentioning—man has changed no more than other animals: as they were in Egypt when the pyramids were built, so are they now, men and animals: man seems different, it is true: at first it would appear as if a race had become extinct; we shall find it is not so. The Coptic race is no more extinct than is the ancient Mexican, and even now it is questionable whether the mixed barbarian and savage race of slaves, now called Egyptians, will ultimately stand their ground, fed though they be by imports from Nubia and the White Nile—from Greece and Asia Minor. They are not Arabs: a motley crew, as I understand, destined to cease when the imports are withdrawn, and to assume a form traceable to the dominant blood now circulating, be it Copt or Arab, Nubian or Negro.

But in claiming for the races of men an antiquity coeval with the historic period, and with man's earliest appearance on the earth, I venture to caution you from accepting of this deduction or that of M. Cuvier in respect of animals, as being rigorously accurate. Neither men nor

animals seem to have changed; as regards the latter, Cuvier asserted that they had not in the slightest degree. Admitting the expression to be sufficiently accurate for his and our purpose, yet I think it strong, perhaps too strong. Data sufficiently accurate and extensive are wanting to enable us to institute a very rigorous comparison. I do not mean to cavil at the expression: the changes undergone in five or six thousand years are so small as to escape notice; but it does not absolutely follow that no changes whatever have taken place. On the tombs of Egypt, the most valuable of all existing records, there stands the

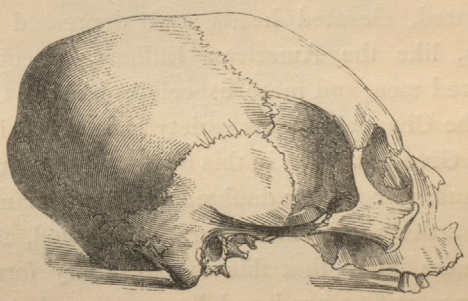


[*A Persian Lady; from an original drawing, presented to me by Dr. Charles Bell.*]

Negro, the Jew and Copt, the Persian, the Sarmatian, nearly as we find them now; this is enough for our purpose. Herodotus says that the Egyptians of his days were black men: very possibly; but neither before nor since his period has this remark been found to be true. The paintings on the tombs and the mummies entombed alike refute his assertion, if extended beyond his period. He gossiped, I am afraid, like some other travellers, and talked a good deal about what he did not understand. Was he ever in Egypt? I feel disposed to doubt it. His story about the Persian skull reminds me of the next assertion of ancient and modern physiologists, of the supposed influence of external, even mechanical, means over the human form.

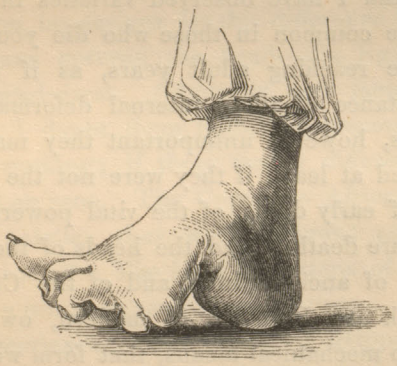
It is to Hippocrates we owe the story of the Macrocephali, inhabiting at that time the shores of the Euxine. They were a race with narrow, elongated, elevated heads and depressed foreheads, like the American Indians, or copper-coloured race, and more especially like the Carib and the Chenook. This variety in form the illustrious Greek explains in this way—for of the unity of mankind he never doubted any more than any other strictly scientific man: he fancied, for it was mere fancy, that this extraordinary form of head was at first produced by pressure, but that in time this pressure became unnecessary, the

malformation becoming permanent by hereditary descent. Two hypotheses in a breath, both opposed to well-ascertained physiological laws. That the Carib and Chenook, and the ancient Macrocephali, fancied that by pressure they could give to the human head what form they chose, is certain enough; but does it follow that they could do so? The form of the head I speak of is peculiar to the race; it may be exaggerated somewhat by such means, but cannot be so produced: neither will such deformation become hereditary. For four thousand years have the Chinese been endeavouring to disfigure the feet of their women: have they succeeded in making the deformation permanent? Corsets have been worn time out of mind: Galen complains of them; he ascribes to them all sorts of bad results, deformities of spine and chest. Have such become hereditary? All



[*The Cherokee Skull.*]

matrons still produce virgin daughters. For how long have the Jews, with most African and Eastern nations, practised circumcision? Has the deformation become hereditary? Is there any instance of such accidental or mechanical deformities becoming transmissible by hereditary descent?



[*Foot of a Chinese Woman; from the Collection in King's College, London.*]

The varieties of form classed under the law of deformation, and dependent on the operation of the great law of unity of organization, belong to a different category, as will be explained in a distinct chapter on that head; but even they are kept in constant check by the laws of specialization, restoring man and animals to their specific

shapes, else what would life terminate in? Varieties in form proceed only to a certain length — they are constantly checked by two laws, the laws maintaining *species as they exist*— 1, the tendency to reproduce the specific form instead of the variety; 2, non-viability or non-reproduction, that is, extinction. This it is which checks deformations of all kinds, and I even think I have observed varieties in form to be more common in those who die young than in those reaching adult years, as if the very circumstance of these internal deformations or varieties, however unimportant they may seem, coincided at least, if they were not the efficient cause of early decay of the vital powers and of premature death. Had the heads of the Macrocephali of ancient times, and of the Carib and Chenook and Peruvian of modern, owed their forms to mechanical means, that form would and must have ceased with their immediate descendants, or the race would have perished. How much more singular is the *fact*, that there should exist naturally men with heads and brains so singularly shaped; that it should be in their nature; that the form should still persist—unalterable, dependent on no climate, Asiatic—American; ancient and modern. This curious question we shall discuss when speaking of the American race; let us in the meantime bring

this lecture to a close: the great laws announced in it will fall to be examined again in their application to race and to human history.

It was Herodotus who said, that on a field of battle it was easy to distinguish the Egyptian from the Persian skull, the former being hard, the latter soft. Herodotus must, I think, have studied medicine; he gives a reason in such a pleasant, off-hand way for all natural phenomena. The reason he assigns for this difference is, that the Persians covered the head—the Egyptians used no head-dress. Admitting both facts to be true, and I doubt them both, the reason given explains nothing; if there was a difference, it depended on race. The Copt was African; the Persian, Asiatic: they were different races of men—that is all. The *black* Egyptians of Herodotus have not been seen since his time.

The theories and the errors of Hippocrates and Herodotus linger in the physiological schools to this day. M. Foville, for example, ascribes to mechanical pressure on the head of the infant, the wide hollow groove occasionally traversing it over the region of the vertex, and so frequently persisting to the adult state — a deformation wholly independent of such a cause, and occurring in all countries. The late Mr. Key persisted in blaming tight and short shoes for the most common deformity of the feet; and Dr.

Combe,* still lingering on the gossip of Herodotus, finds a Bœotia in Holland, with all its presumed results — a marshy, foggy, wet, and heavy land, giving rise to phlegm and dulness— the grave and witless, plodding Dutchman. I put these three observations, but not the writers, under the same category; the last is refuted by every observation, and is below notice. But to return.

To Hippocrates, then, as representing the entire class of physiologists, we owe most of the medical, philosophical, and theo-philosophical notions of the present day; the theories which teach that cities looking to the west differ very materially from cities looking to the east, as also their inhabitants; the reason why Asiatics differ from Europeans—not one word of which is true; how in a country where the seasons and climates differ much, the inhabitants also must differ much, the reverse of which is nearer the truth: to him we owe the theory, that people living under a monarchy are servile and cowardly, whilst republicans are bold and brave—a doctrine which certainly has some little show of truth, and which we may afterwards discuss. His theories he transmitted to the scholars of Greece; they affected even Aristotle, a master mind, who ought

* Combe on Digestion.

to have known better; but it is difficult to shake off the prejudices of centuries and of education. Aristotle assigns as a cause for the variety of strange and fantastic forms of animal life with



[*The young Memnon; representing the Coptic Race.*]

which Africa abounds, and abounded also in his time, the scarcity of water, which, bringing to the same wells and springs all sorts of animals, gave rise to an endless variety of offspring! And this reminds me of a mysterious law in nature, not yet fully investigated, to which I next beg to call your attention. I know that I have little or no occasion now to tell you, that climate in no way influences man's form or colour permanently; some of the exceptions to this statement, which will no doubt occur to you, fall to be explained in the next section.

SECTION II. *Can a race of men permanently change their locality—say Continental, or rather Terrestrial Zone? Can a Saxon become an American? or an African? Can an Asiatic become a European? Can any race live and thrive in all climates?*

The earth was made for man, and man was made for the earth. The one proposition is quite as intelligible as the other. That it was not always so we now know, thanks to anatomical research and true science. The necessary conditions of his existence were not always present; his tenancy of the globe, according to the most orthodox and best received doctrines, has been but of short duration. This is not my opinion;

but I promised to consider first, in as far as I could, man as he is now, tracing him back into the unknown past as far as truth and science enable us to go.

Can any race of men live and thrive in any climate? Need I discuss this question seriously? Will any one venture to affirm it of man? Travel to the Antilles, and see the European struggling with existence, a prey to fever and dysentery, unequal to all labour, wasted and wan, finally perishing, and becoming rapidly extinct as a race, but for the constant influx of fresh European blood. European inhabitants of Jamaica, of Cuba, of Hispaniola, and of the Windward and Leeward Isles, what progress have you made since your first establishment there? Can you say you are established? Cease importing fresh European blood, and watch the results. Labour you cannot, hence the necessity for a black population; your pale, wan, and sickly offspring would in half a century be non-productive; face to face with the energetic negro race, your colour must alter—first brown, then black; look at Hayti: with a deepening colour vanishes civilization, the arts of peace, science, literature, abstract justice; Christianity becomes a mere name, or puts on a fetichian robe—why not? The Roman robe was, and is, Pagan; the Byzantine, misnamed Greek, has an outrageous oriental look; the Protestant

is a calculating, sober, drab-coloured cloak; why may not the fetiche be attached to the cloak as well as the mitre and the incense-box? Is the one superior to the other? The European, then, cannot colonize a tropical country; he cannot identify himself with it; hold it he may, with the sword, as we hold India, and as Spain once held Central America, but inhabitants of it, in the strict sense of the term, they cannot become. It never can absolutely become theirs; nature gave it not to them as an inheritance; they seized it by fraud and violence, holding it by deeds of blood and infamy, as we hold India; still it may be for a short tenure, nay, it may even be at any time measured. Withdraw from a tropical country the annual fresh influx of European blood, and in a century its European inhabitants cease to exist.

Mr. Canning made his celebrated boast in the English Parliament, that if he had lost the influence and support of Old Spain, he had created the South American Republics — free states, whose traffic (it is always traffic with an English statesman)—whose traffic with England would amply supply the loss of that influence! But where are these free states now? Mr. Canning was too high a statesman to take into calculation the element of race. When the boast was made, I put this plain question to myself and others—

Who are the Mexicans? the Peruvians? the Chilians? the Argentines? the Brazilians? Whence do they spring, and what are the vital forces supplying their population? Applying the physiological laws, which seemed to me sufficiently well ascertained, I had little difficulty in arriving at the following results. Man has found it difficult to destroy a race of man, nor do I think that he has yet succeeded even in this; still it is a possible event apparently, but he has not yet succeeded in effecting it. To *create* a race of men or animals is entirely beyond his power. A Mexican nation may be formed by a protocol, a treaty, a victory; an illustrious robber may found a nation; an iron despot may chain together the free Saxon and the slavish Pruss; another may yoke in common chains the Slavonian and the German, the Italian and the Hun; but will such things have a permanence? Consult history, and you will find that it cannot be. Still less can any power create a Mexican or Peruvian people, or race. Look at the elements of Mr. Canning's free states; analyse them; try them by any of the physiological laws I have spoken of, and observe the result. A Celt-Iberian and Lusitanian population make a descent on America; Old Spain and Portugal send forth their emigrants—men of a race already decaying, men of a province of Rome, an off-set of Car-

thage — a combination of races themselves in decay, and tottering to their fall. These, under some bold leaders, seize on Southern and Central America, consolidate their power as masters, and enter on absolute possession of the soil; one-half a vast continent becomes thus a mere province of two paltry European states. During this period of 300 years, all things were favourable for an absolute consolidation with Spain and Portugal—undisturbed possession, peace, continual emigration, wealth. Where are they now? When the act of separation from the so-called mother country took place, the population of Mexico and Peru consisted of— 1, pure Spaniards, whether European or Creole it matters not; 2, pure Indians, that is, the original and only true American—the native; 3, a motley crew, composed of a mixture of these, more or less tinged; 4, a sprinkling of Negro blood, pure, or mixed with the Indian and the European. By the act of disunion, the influx of European blood, by which alone the pure race could be maintained against climate, and against the continual aggression of the other more numerous races, was suddenly withdrawn; even now it rapidly disappears, and in a century it will have become extinct, for in these climates a European race cannot labour, cannot appropriate the soil to themselves, cannot multiply their offspring. But, secondly, with the

cessation of the supply of European blood, the mulatto of all shades must also cease; he cannot extend his race, for he is of no race; there is no place for him in nature. So soon as he has no longer the pure blood of some other race to intermingle with, he ceases to be, receding towards the black, or advancing to the white, as the case may be; thus the population I speak of lost by Mr. Canning's act, or will lose in time, the main-spring of their population, falling back on the *native*, that is, the American Indian—the race implanted there by nature—the race in unison with the forest and the climate, the soil, the air, the place—the race of whose origin man knows nothing, any more than he does of the lama and the tapir, the cavia and the condor—the vegetable and animal world of that continent on which Columbus gazed with such delight. All these he found distinct from the rest of the world; and so was the American man from his fellow man, as different as is the nandu from the ostrich, the lama from the camel.

But this last element of population, on which the Mexican and Peruvian and Chilian no doubt were thus thrown back, had already mysteriously run its course; they were on the decline when Cortes landed; they had passed through their determined eras and civilization; on the curved line indicating their course they seemed to have

passed the zenith; their population then, as it is now, was on the wane—was gradually becoming extinct. This the motley group called Mexicans and Peruvians now feel—they are instinctively conscious that the period approaches when all again must become desert or Indian—a moral or a physical desert; absence of life or absence of mind. But for the Saxon invasion from the north, it might have happened in Mexico and Peru, and in Chili, that the desolation of these



[*Cherokee.*]

countries—say a hundred years hence—would have burst on Europe as an astounding and inexplicable fact. The man of the United States, who as yet delights in no name, might have walked into the land without any interruption or hindrance from any race. Penetrating to the centre of the so called Empire, he might have once more seen the sacrificial fires kindled on the pyramids of Cholula. A native population of nearly pure Indian would once more have regained its ascendancy, to perish ultimately—to return to that nothing out of which they came.

But now the Saxon, grasping at more wealth, more land, comes in as a new element upon the already effete creations of Canning. Will he fare better? Will he be able to extinguish a race—the Indian of South America—and put himself in its place? I believe not, in that climate at least. Will he succeed even in North America? Is the boasted Union to be permanent? The pettifogging politicians of the day say, seriously and gravely, that in their opinions it must come to a monarchy at last! Profound politicians! A half-dozen monarchies at last—a king of New York, a Leopold installed in Kentucky, an Otho in Michigan, a liberal despotism under a prince of the noble house of Brunswick or Brandenburg. But you forget that these people are Saxons—democrats by their nature. Look at the Dutch Saxon at

the Cape, a handful of Boors—yes, a mere handful of Boors—bearding your best cavalry officer at the head of six regiments. You have yet to discover the true nature of the *Saxon;* you will not yet understand it, and yet you received a sharp lesson at Boston and at New Orleans, losing the mightiest colony ever founded by any race or nation. Australia comes next; then South Africa; your Norman government cannot profit by experience. But to return.

As the Southern States of America become depopulated by the operation of the physiological laws laid down, that vast land will fall an easy prey to the Saxon and Celtic races now occupying the northern States. That they will ultimately seize on them there cannot be a doubt, driving before them the expiring remains of native and Lusitanian, Celt-Iberian and Mulatto —a worthless race—effete, exhausted, before even Hannibal and a handful of Carthaginians held the country from which they sprung as a mere appendage of Carthage. A single Roman legion was enough for Old Spain; it could hold it yet. The United States men, the descendants of Anglo-Saxon, the Fleming and Celt, with a sprinkling of South and Middle German, are now in possession of Northern America—it seems to be absolutely theirs: they form a union—they begin to talk of natives and foreigners—they have forgotten who

they are, and fancy themselves *Americans* because they choose to call themselves so; just as our West India planters might have assumed the name and title of native true-born Caribs. The "United States man" believes himself to be independent of Europe, by which, if he means anything, he must mean independent of the *race* or races from which he sprung.

Now, before I apply this great question to the present United States men, trace back with me the narrative, the chronicle of events called history. If history be philosophy (which I doubt) teaching by examples, it should enlighten us somewhat on such questions as these—the extinction of one race by another, and the substitution of one race for another. The world, with man on it, is said to be not old; and yet the end of the world we are told approaches; the millennium is at hand; the Jews are becoming Christians; the Celtic Irish abandoning pagan Rome, and adopting the Saxon ritual, as by law established! Do not believe those who tell you so. Nature alters, no doubt; but *physical* changes must precede the *moral*, and I see no symptoms of such.

The chronicles called histories tell us that the Roman empire extended from the Clyde and Forth to the Tigris and Euphrates. Northern, extra-tropical Africa was said to be thoroughly Roman; Italy, of course, was Roman to the core.

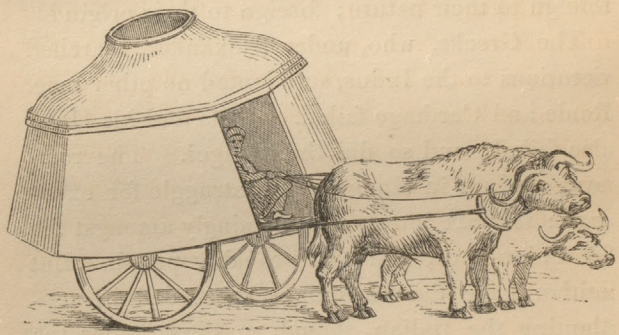
Where are the Romans now? What races have they destroyed? What races have they supplanted? For fourteen centuries they lorded it over the semi-civilized world; and now they are of no more note than the ancient Scythians or Mongols, Copts or Tartars. They established themselves nowhere as Romans. Perhaps they never were a race at all. But be this as it may, they destroyed no other race, supplanted no other race: and now look over the map of their empire, and tell me where you find a physical vestige of the race; on the Thames or Danube, Rhine or Guadalquivir, Rhone or Nile. Italy itself seems all but clear of them. Southern Italy was Græcia Magna before they invaded it; and Sicily is even now more Greek than Italian. Byzantium was a Roman city, and so was York. And so it is with other conquering races. Northern Africa never was Phœnician, properly speaking, any more than Algiers is Celtic now, or India English. Even in Corsica the Celtic race of France have failed to establish themselves, though, from its proximity to France and presumed analogy of climate, and, as has been erroneously asserted, of races, there seems no reason why Corsica should not become Celtic or French. But it is not so. The Corsicans are not Celts, they are not Frenchmen; nor are the Sardinians Italians, properly speaking. It is not merely the empires

of Rome and Carthage which have become extinct in Northern Africa; it is the races which founded these empires that are no longer to be found there. It may perhaps be urged, that Northern Africa never really was either Carthaginian or Roman; but this does not affect the question, which is, Can one race supplant another on a soil foreign to their nature; foreign to their origin?

The Greeks, who, under Alexander, marched victorious to the Indus, supplanted no other race. Rome and Carthage failed. Attila and his Huns also failed; and so did the Mongol. The remnant of Huns in Hungary now struggle for existence; they are interlopers seemingly amongst the Slavonian race, and will probably perish. But neither have the Slavonians succeeded in supplanting the Italian, though masters, under the name of Austrian and German, of Italy for nearly ten centuries. For at least two thousand years have the Scandinavian and South Germans made war on the Celtic race in the west, and made head against the Sarmatian and Slavonian races in the east, without advancing a single step, in so far as I can discover. These races hold the same position to each other which they did in the remotest period of authentic history.

The whole force of the so-called German Empire, headed by Austria, could not dislodge the Slavonian from Bohemia; the Norman, though he met

in South England a kindred race, could not destroy the *Saxon race* of North England. To this day the country seems to be divided between them, notwithstanding the centralizing influence of Flemish London. The Celts still hold the western limits of Britain and Ireland, just as they did before the period of authentic history.



[*The Mongolian, travelling to this day on the Steppes of Asia, with his tent on a cart; precisely as in the days of Herodotus: the race has never altered in any way.*]

But it may be said, England is a colony from Scandinavia, from Holstein, and Jutland; Ireland seemingly of Spain; the Celtic colony has not been prosperous; nevertheless, numerically it has thriven; the Saxon colony has succeeded to admiration. The parent country of the Anglo-Saxon, ancient Scandinavia, has withered in presence of the blighting influence of the abhorred Sarmatian (Russ and Pruss) and Slavonian (Haps-

burg—Gotho-Austrian) governments. Why may not, then, the Celt prosper in Africa—the Saxon in Australia, in Southern Africa, in Northern America? Do we not see how the Saxon thrives in these countries? Look at the population of the States! Mark its progress; and then admit the fact that man was made to thrive everywhere." Should this argument fail, the Utopian falls back on a final cause: "Vast regions are deserted; why not occupy them? Is it not clear that they were intended to be occupied by man?" Lastly, they go ack on the humanities, and claim for a suffering, over-stocked population, the sad privilege designed them by a wise Providence, to quit the land of their birth, and seize on the soil of any other race who promise the richest spoils with the least resistance. This is the Utopian, the man of final causes, of necessities, humanities, and expediencies. What has science to do with such notions?

The question of the destruction of one race by another—that is, by violence—is distinct from that of natural causes, leading to the supplanting one race by another; and, of consequence, the successful transplanting of a race of men from one continent to another, from one zone of the earth to its opposite, or even to one seemingly analogous, is one merely of *fact*, and has nothing whatever to do with moral, metaphysical, or theological

theories; it is an inquiry into the physical or physiological laws regulating man's existence on the globe.

"All nature is fixed but man, who is for ever changing."* In this effective passage there are more errors than words. For if by *nature* the writer meant the living world, then we have the evidence of Cuvier and all anatomists that it has not changed since *that period* to which the writer assigns "the creation of all things;" and 2ndly, man never changes any more than other living beings, belonging, as he evidently does, to the same category with them. The existing order of things did not always exist; this is now a *fact* which the "effective writers" just quoted resisted to the very last. Nature changes, no doubt: the æra of the Saurians is gone and past; and the semi-barbarous modern Celt and money-loving Saxon deems the descendants of ancient Rome unworthy the treatment of men! Still I hold that neither Celt nor Roman is essentially changed from what he was, as time will show.

The isothermal lines of the northern and southern hemispheres may be analogous, but they are not identical. When first discovered, each continent and large island was found to have its own zoology and botany—its fauna and its flora. What Britain was prior to the historic period we

* Quarterly for Nov. 1849.

know not; but there is no reason for viewing it otherwise than a portion of continental Europe, perhaps united to it, or separated by shallow water-basins, of muddy water, of brackish pools, not affecting greatly the climate of the country; not more at least than Northern Holland and large portions of Denmark are to be viewed as distinct from the present continental atmospheric constitution. Of Ireland and Wales it may be said that their relation with Spain must have been most direct; Cornwall also. But the relations of South England must have been with Flanders and Northern and Western France. That colonies from the opposite shores, crossing merely an inland sea, should succeed in establishing themselves on its margins or coasts, need not excite any surprise. But when the same or other races attempt the colonization of another and a different region—a zone of the earth distinct from theirs, a group of land and



[*Arm and hand of the fossil Saurian, which Sir C. Bell and the "final cause" philosophers imagine to be formed on a plan or scheme distinct from all existing forms of life. But this opinion is erroneous in the highest degree.*]

water on which originated a distinct group of life, animal and vegetable—the case is widely different, as all history proves. I have already alluded to Corsica and to Sardinia. These countries seem not to have belonged originally to the European or African continents, but to a Mediterranean group distinct from all others. Hence the failure of the Celt and Italian in Sardinia. The Maltese are not Italians; and the races of the Spanish Isles have yet to be examined.

But be this as it may, the invasion of Africa by the Celtic race, and their attempt on Algiers, although a momentous question, is not a new one, as modern journalists would have you to suppose: it is a question older than Rome. Its solution was tried by the Phœnician and the Roman; next poured in the barbarous tribes of Gaul and Germany; they wrought with their Christianity, St. Cyril and the "humanities;" yet all would not do. Then followed other invasions of Africa, European and Asiatic. Still the Levantine remains; the man of the Mediterranean group, who is neither Arab nor Turk, Roman nor Celt, Goth nor Visigoth. So soon, indeed, as the emigrant supplies were withdrawn which fed the original colony, the race expired, or became so feeble as scarcely to claim an existence. It must be the same with Algiers: a Celtic population may be supported there by a constant influx of fresh

emigrants from old France; fresh Celtic blood will supply the waste of life, maintain a Celtic ascendancy in a seeming French civilization; or prudence may suggest the transfer of negro labourers to the soil, and France may then for a few centuries govern Northern Africa, as we do India and Ceylon. But in the absence of this alternative, not likely to occur, the Celt, forced to depend on his own resources, must fail in time; the period may be long or short, but come it will. A war on the Rhine might hasten it by a century; for the continental Celt could not, single-handed, maintain a war against a European race and an African at the same time; more especially as, in the latter case, the war must of necessity be carried on against climate and race.

Turn for a moment to the position of the Turcoman in Europe; his decreasing influence and population gradually expiring or going back to the original races. Turn to Spain and Portugal: their population does not exceed nor equal what it did in the time of the Romans. Is it *luxury* which destroys the population of Old Spain? the luxury to live on chestnuts and mouldy cheese? When was the Spaniard an intemperate and luxurious man? A week's supplies of our beef-loving army would have fed Madrid for a month! Yet the population does not increase. Of the Slavonian race I have already

spoken; they occupy their original ground, nor has any other race been able to supplant them. Trodden down by the Sarmatian, the German, the Roman, the Turcoman, the Hun, they occupy still the same ground they did before all history. Their eastern origin is a fable. Twice I think did the Hun and the Turcoman penetrate to Vienna, across and through the great mass of the Slavonian race, and twice has the Crescent returned from the Slavonian native land, leaving no traces of their passage.

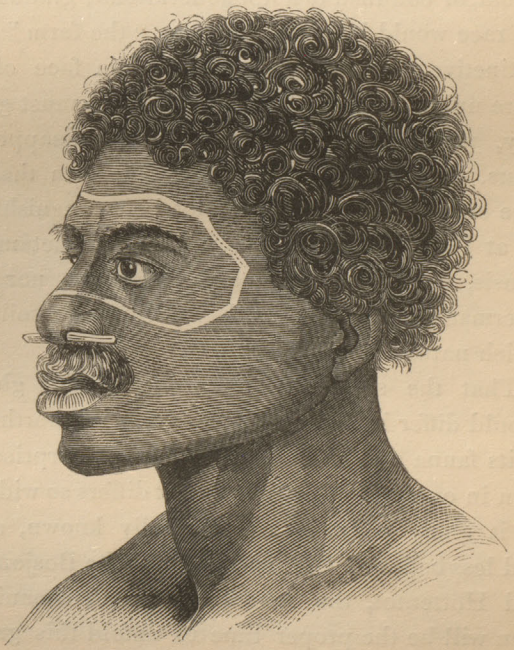
Now this great race, the most intellectual of all, occupy, as I have said, as nearly as may be, at the present day, the same countries as in the remotest periods; at times advancing, at times receding; assailed by Roman power; overrun by the terrible Attila and his Cossaques; crushed down by the Mongol; oppressed by the Turcoman; cruelly butchered in Bohemia, and Posen, and Prussia, by the Sarmatian and German races; decimated by the Russ in Poland,—there they still remain, aboriginal occupiers of the soil; no change in features or form, but always recognisable by the surrounding races: Gothic, no doubt; high-minded, original, inventive, mystical, transcendental. The Turcoman left in Hungary a portion of his race, the Magyars, but they cannot hold their ground, noble though they be; nor can there be a doubt that their existence depends

on the admixture by marriage with Slavonian families.

Napoleon, at the head of his Celtic army, swept over their land: what impressions remain? Could a Celt thrive on the banks of the Theiss, even had he retained their country? I do not believe it; but even if he could, a Celtic colony on the banks of the Danube or Theiss must in time become extinct; its success would be merely individual, or confined to a few generations; gradually the race would lose its energies, "the form" its distinctive element of youth; in the face of a more numerous race, the less numerous must give way, until nearly all traces would disappear. Thus, happen what may, it would seem that a race cannot be changed, cannot be extinguished; or at least certain races; neither by metamorphosis, nor by conquest and the sword, nor by intermarriage, so long as they occupy the soil on which nature first placed them.

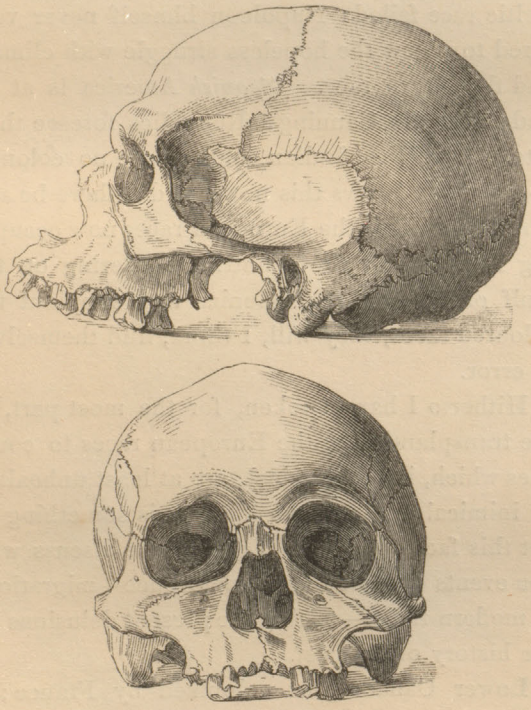
That the southern hemisphere of this globe should differ in many respects from the northern in its fauna and its flora, will cause no surprise to men in quest of truth; but that it differs so widely as it really does, is not generally known, and still less believed. When I describe the Bosjeman and Hottentot, the Australian and Tasmanian, then will be the proper time to unfold this great fact: that the races of everything living, from man

to the whale; from the whale, to the zoophyte, to the entomostraca, which serve as food to the so-called herring of the Bay of Islands, differ from the northern. And yet not always, if we trust fossil geology. But it is sufficient for us that it differs now, and has differed for thousands of years: that is enough for man. Of the exceptions, real or only seeming, I shall speak hereafter; the most remarkable being the asserted identity of the Red Indian



[*The aboriginal native of Australia: from Peron.*]

throughout the entire range of continental America: this I doubt, but avoid discussing the doubt here. Sufficient for our purpose is the fact, that nature placed in the southern hemisphere another form of life, not perhaps altogether dependent on its being a southern hemisphere, but with other geographical arrangements, of which we know but



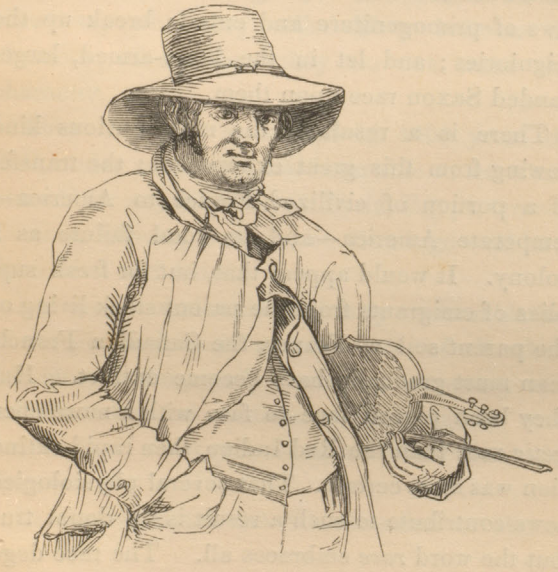
[*Australian Cranium; from the Collection in King's College, London.*]

little. Now, it is into this southern hemisphere that the European has penetrated at last; he tried Northern Africa, but it would not do; next he tried Central or Tropical Africa—the failure here was disastrous and decided. Of India we need say nothing; nobody, not even Lord Russell, proposes colonizing India. In the Antilles the Celtic race failed: Napoleon himself never ventured to renew the hopeless struggle with climate and the Negro race. *Spanish* America is at an end; and the Canning's Republics foresee their fate. Our West Indian colonies are no colonies —every one knows this now; and if there be any who believe that the European races now occupying Florida and the countries bordering on the Gulf of Mexico can colonize and supplant the coloured races, they will, I think, find themselves in error.

Hitherto I have spoken, for the most part, of the transplanting of the European races to countries which, if not tropical, are at least unhealthy or inimical to European life. It is something to get this fact admitted. Let me now discuss with you events of more recent occurrence—migrations of modern times—testing the present delusions by the history of the past.

Lower Canada was colonized by France; a Celtic race, a highly civilized people; the most highly civilized people on the earth, transferred

to a vast country, a boundless land, a portion of their people. This was no helter-skelter, pell-mell, go-ahead, Saxon rush; no Californian rout; it was an emigration of a portion of a Celtic race, with all their household gods, their monkeries and mummeries, their nunneries and seigniories, feudality and primogeniture; with every other law and influence which feudalism and religion could devise to enslave the souls and bodies of men. It was to be old France on a small scale; and so it became very speedily, with this difference, that,



[*The Cymrais, or Welsh Celt.*]

being withdrawn from the vast body of their race, and being composed of men whose nature is of the slowest progressive character, they remained nearly agricultural, as France was when they migrated, so that a traveller on landing might fancy himself suddenly translated back in time to the period of Louis Quatorze or even of the Regency itself: little men with sky-blue coats, like dreamy half-crazed fiddlers; little women; little horses and cattle; little carts; still smaller ideas. To clear them out of "New France," *le bas Canada*, all that was wanted was to repeal the laws of primogeniture and entail; break up the seigniories; and let in the large-armed, large-handed Saxon race upon them.

There is a result of the most curious kind flowing from this great experiment; the transfer of a portion of civilized France to America—temperate America—and its total failure as a colony. It would appear that, but for fresh supplies of emigrants from the parent stock living on the parent soil of France, the Canadian Frenchman must gradually have become extinct. Had they been placed face to face with a more energetic race than the Red Indian, then rapid extinction was most certain. That several physiological laws contribute to such a result is no doubt true, but the word *race* embraces all. The race degenerated; the *habitans* submitted to a mere handful

of English troops; they could not strike one blow for their country. They had sunk so low that when the glorious name of Liberty inscribed on her colours enabled Old France, in a period so brief as to appear incredible, to strike down, for a time at least, the monstrous dynasties of Europe, the Canadian Celt remained quiescent, with the noblest republic for his next neighbour the world ever saw. Race is everything. Seigniories and monkeries, nunneries and feudality, do not form, neither do they modify, the character of any people; they are an *effect*, not a *cause*, let *chroniclers** say what they will. They indicate the character of a race — they do not make that character.

Thus it would seem that in 4000 years the Celt, under no climate, has been able to substitute himself for any other race: Syria, Egypt, Greece, Corsica, Algiers, Canada, St. Domingo—all have been tried and failed.

Let me conclude this section by an examination of the pretensions of another race, of all others the most outrageously boasting, arrogant, self-sufficient beyond endurance, holding in utter contempt all other races and all other men—the Saxon.

In remote times the Scandinavian or Saxon

* Macaulay, and the "effective" journalists of the day.

attempted Gaul, Sarmatia, and Slavonia. They have been constantly defeated. The Austrian empire is not Saxon — it is not even German. They next attempted Italy and Greece, with no better success. Malta is not English, any more than Cephalonia. In western tropical Africa, the "season" generally reduces England's efforts at colonization to a dozen or two white men, the result of a century's exertions on the part of England. Mighty England, with her fast-growing race, cannot colonize a single acre of a tropical African country; her flag, however, still waves over it, no African seemingly thinking it worth while to pull it down. The experiments on this head are not altogether before the public; the springs and causes of action seldom reach the surface so as to be visible. Two bold attempts at least were made in my own time to convert Central Africa into another India; to discover in Central Africa a "mine of patronage;" but it would not do. The first attempt, in my own recollection, was to fill the country with troops; commerce would have answered better, but our Norman government always prefers the bayonet to any other form of progress. They first tried the bayonet; troops were sent in large numbers, composed of men who, having deserted, had commuted their sentence of punishment into enlisting into what was called a con-

demned regiment—that is, a regiment serving on the west coast of Africa. Condemned they were, no doubt, for few escaped the effects of the deadly climate. Nearly all perished, and the experiment was a failure.

The second attempt was made by that profound statesman, Lord Russell. The open bayonet having failed, it was covered with bales of goods, and sent up the Niger; the bayonet was still there, but concealed. A central fort, high up the Niger or Quorra, was wanted in the centre of tropical Africa — a Fort Vittoria — to enslave countless nations, hitherto free. But the second experiment failed, like the first, to be repeated again, no doubt, at some future period. This is not the first time the Saxon has attempted to extend his race to Africa; he tried it during the dark ages, but the natives beat *him*. With gunpowder and wealth, the sinews of war, he made his last attempt: climate defeated it. So at least it seemed; but I partly doubt this. The affair might have gone off better under able leaders.

Let us next examine the question from a point of view, new, I believe, and it may be startling, to most of my readers. Taught to believe that man, and especially Saxon man, may live anywhere, he has been taught that vast regions of the earth have been depeopled by "the mysterious arrangements of Providence, to facilitate the extension of the Saxon

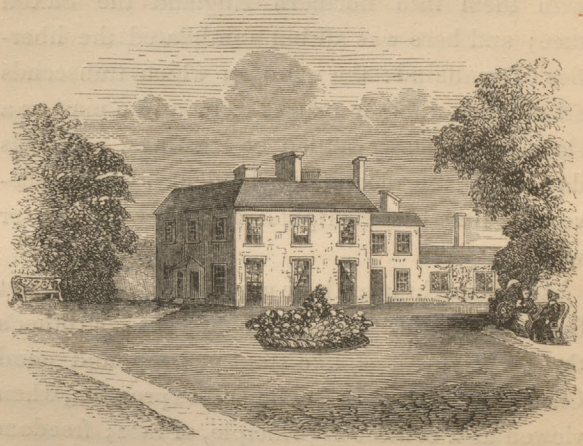
race ;" that the coloured races die out before him for the same reason—wither at his mere approach, and perish; that, peculiarly favoured by Providence and its divine dispensations, aided by gunpowder and the art of printing, the globe itself must ultimately be his. He cannot imagine the bare possibility of the race being found unequal to the colonizing a country enjoying a temperate climate. He is the man of to-day; yesterday is nothing to him; he forgets, he despises, he denies its existence. He is the man of this day. Onward! is the cry. The adage of Horace was written for him. Here is a picture of the man.

Requested by a friend to revisit Paris, on matters important to him, I proceeded to Folkestone, an ancient sea-side, fishing, and smuggling town on the southern coast of England, the nearest point, I believe, to Boulogne-sur-Mer. We were to embark for "beautiful France" next morning. A night perfectly calm, mild, clear, a moonlight night, though cold, tempted me from the great hotel complete with English comforts, to the closely-adjoining beach, where wandering alone, by the margin of the rippling tide, listening to its hollow murmur, and gazing on the placid waters trembling under the ineffectual beams of the silvery orb, my mind reverted to times and events long past. At no great distance from the shore where I stood, I had myself embarked for France,

when hopes and years were fresh and young: along these shores had I brought to England the first of the wounded of Mont St. Jean. But the scene shifted to the past. Memory, ever active, ever restless, unfolded visions of historic recollections. At a short distance, nay, perhaps on this very spot, Harold surveyed his troops; at no great distance, I knew, lay Hastings; that bloody field, surpassing far in its terrible results the unhappy day of Waterloo. From this the Celt has recovered, but not so the Saxon. To this day he feels, and feels deeply, the most disastrous day that ever befel his race; here he was trodden down by the Norman—whose iron-heel is on him yet. Here William found a congenial race, driving with them into northern England the Saxon race; and here was all but annihilated the liberties of mankind: the question which transcends all others—whether man is to be a free man or a slave—was nearly settled at Hastings. To this day the Saxon race in England have never recovered a tithe of their rights: and, probably, never will.

As I thought over these great events, (great, not from the handful of men, who boldly cut each other's throats at Hastings, like stout yeomen and good Christians; but great, beyond all expression, when viewed as a contest of principle, of race; freedom against slavery; the reign of the law against the

reign of the sword; whose most terrible evils still subsist in England, untouched and unassailed,) I bethought me of visiting the bee-hive looking village, not altered, I believe, since Harold's time, clustered on the slope of those white cliffs so celebrated in English song. A vulgar, filthy mechanical wall and rail crossed the village, but clearing its low, ill-shaped arch, the sea-beach was once more before me, with ships high and dry on the strand in no ways larger than what accompanied William on that grand voyage when, true to his race, he singled out England as his antagonist—Saxon England, freed at the time from continental despotism; continental slavery; continental dynasties. Here, on this strand, I heard



[*The Anglo-Saxon House.*]

the sound of revelry, proceeding from a small inn or ale-house, frequented, no doubt, by tradesmen and fishermen. Music it was not; it would be a profanation of the term to call it so: a body of jolly companions were roaring the ditty called "Rule Britannia;" and how Britons would never be slaves—on that very spot where these Britons were beaten to a stand-still by the single force of an adventurer, and their country subjected to the most abject slavery: an enduring slavery, never to be overcome.

Now revert we to the primitive colony of the Anglo-Saxon; the Jutlander, the Dane, the Holsteiner, the Swede, the Norwegian, the Saxon in fact, who founded an Anglo-Saxon colony in Britain, and tell me, have you yet succeeded in substituting yourselves for another race? In south England you overthrew the Fleming and the Norman at first; but William drove you back again into northern and central England: your government is strictly Norman; your dynasty continental; your peasantry slaves. Had a bridge connected Normandy with south England, your race would then have been driven still further to the north by an antagonistic race, numerically as strong as you are. In Wales you have made no progress; your very language being rejected by the Cymri; in Ireland your existence seems to me to depend on the Orange lodges, composed,

no doubt, mostly of Saxon men. Eastern and Southern Scotland is no doubt yours, but the Caledonian Celt still holds his country.

Thus it would appear that, after all, Britain is not so thoroughly a Saxon colony as was thought; a repetition of *Hastings* under Napoleon would have closed its career as a *Saxon country*, and free men of true Saxon blood must have sped their way in ships and boats across the Atlantic, there to make their last stand for civil and religious liberty. These you have not in Britain nor in Ireland, but in their stead, a mighty sham which suits the age and times.

Let us follow the Saxon across the Atlantic; trace him to northern America, to the Cape, to Australia; first to northern America, where Celt and Saxon, for both assisted, have, no doubt, founded a colony to which the annals of mankind afford no parallel.

A mighty forest, extending from sea to sea, to man seemingly boundless; a new vegetable and animal world; another climate, another continent; another soil. These suffice for the existence of the native red Indian, the man of the woods; the American, in fact; he perishes from famine and wars, but seemingly not from disease; yet, when the Saxon and Celt first located themselves there, even then this race seemed to be on the wane, following in the sad round of fate others who

had preceded them. Beyond them all is mystery, yet they seem to have succeeded others, now mouldering into dust or long since become a portion of that soil from which they drew their support—to which they have returned—perishing, and for ever extinct, without a name, without a history. In this land, the Celt and Saxon, with different fortunes and different views, located themselves; the Celtic colony (Canada) remained as it was; the Saxon-Celtic, impelled by Saxon energy, rapidly progressed to an astounding magnitude, threatening to overtop the world. Already the Saxon democrat raises the cry—America is ours, from the land of fire to the icy shores, where Englishmen have sought a western passage; from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle. We are the natives, shout the Saxon! Such was the language, no doubt, of the Roman, when, calmly reposing on the banks of the gently flowing Ouse, he transmitted, by post, letters to his friends at Rome or Antioch, Rhodes or Carthage, Syracuse or Byzantium, surer to reach him then than now; and such, no doubt, was the language of Cortes when he unfurled the Spanish flag in Mexico; so thought Attila, when, penetrating into Europe, he scarcely saw an enemy worthy his arms. Sesostris (if there was ever such a person) had dreams like these; and Tamerlane, Zengis Khan, and Napoleon, at Moscow. But all these reckoned without their host;

that is, Nature! whose laws are not human laws, who consults no man: who bids you look on and chronicle events, but predict not. The scheme of nature was never revealed to them nor to you.

It was Barton Smith, I think, who foretold that in time the European races located in Northern America would gradually degenerate(?) into the red Indian! This incredible nonsense passed in my younger days for sound physiology —sound orthodox philosophy. In defiance of



[*The Esquimaux: representing the circum-polar races of the American Continent.*]

all history, this nonsense was listened to. But why did Barton Smith stop there? Why not extend it to all animals and plants? Why should man alone be the subject of such a metamorphosis? But we have already discussed this point; let us keep to man himself.

The Saxon and Celt migrate to America; they multiply, or seem to multiply, exceedingly, in many parts of the territory; they are equal to labour in the field—that field has, in consequence, become theirs. In the Southern States, the labourer is the negro—that field therefore is not theirs, and that they must lose in time. Hindoos and Chinese will work as slaves for ten centuries or more, but not negroes. In the Northern States, the Saxon is a labourer; his health and strength seem unimpaired; the statistics of population seem to be in his favour as to the extension of his race; but this is still doubtful: no sweeping epidemic, such as formerly destroyed his settlements, seem now to affect him — at least not seriously; to avoid them, he migrates or oscillates northward and southward, as the case may be; finally, and that to any race is the most important of all, he confronts no other energetic or numerically stronger race in which his race might and would merge, becoming annihilated and lost even to the recollections of men. And yet, with all this, I doubt the fact of his

ultimately making good his boast, of his ultimately becoming a race of native true born Americans. For, 1st, Spain thought so, and where is she now? Where is the boasted Empire of the Indies? 2. The native races are not yet extinct; in the Southern States there is a negro population, who may one day be masters—remember St. Domingo. 3. Year after year, day almost by day, the best blood of England and Ireland is poured into the great American colony, from Nouvelle Orleans to Montreal; infused into the mass to leaven and uphold it, not in a niggard stream, as from Spain and Portugal, but in a vast tide, equal annually to the founding a mighty empire. Whilst this goes on, no statistics of population in America are worthy a moment's consideration. But when this stream shall stop, as stop it must, when the colony comes to be thrown on its own resources, when fresh blood is no longer infused into it, and that, too, from the very sources whence they originally sprung; when the separation of Celt, Saxon, and South German shall have taken place in America itself—an event sure to happen—then will come the time to calculate the probable result of this great experiment on man. All previous ones of this nature have failed; why should this succeed? Already I imagine I can perceive in the early loss of the subcutaneous adipose cushion which marks

the Saxon and Celtic American — proofs of a climate telling against the very principle of life— against the very emblem of youth, and marking with a premature appearance of age the race whose sojourn in any land can never be eternal under circumstances striking at the essence of life itself. Symptoms of a premature decay, as the early loss of teeth, have a similar signification; the notion that the races become taller in America I have shown to be false; statistics, sound statistics, have yet to be found; we want the history of a thousand families, and of their descendants, who have been located in America 200 years ago, and who have not intermingled with blood fresh from Europe. The population returns offered us now are worthless, on a question of this kind. The colonization, then, of Northern America by Celt and Saxon, and South or Middle German, is a problem, whose success cannot be foretold, cannot reasonably be believed. All such experiments have hitherto failed.

The physiological laws just laid down, apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Saxon colony of southern Africa. The Dutch boer never laboured there. He lived a wandering nomad life, the cruel oppressor of the native dark races, whom he nearly extinguished. The Anglo-Saxon assisted him bravely in the extermination of the Caffre: when the Dutch boer could no longer lord it over the

dark races, he quitted the colony. Of all countries known, the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, that is, extra-tropical Africa and Australia, are esteemed the healthiest, and if anywhere, it is here that an European race might hope to live and thrive; let us hope for the best. In Australia it can scarcely be said that an antagonistic race faces them, so miserably sunk is the native population. A ready way too of extinguishing them has been discovered; the Anglo-Saxon has al-



[*The Red Indian, or Native American.*]

ready cleared out Tasmania. It was a cruel, cold-blooded, heartless deed. Australia is too large to attempt the same plan there; but by shooting the natives as freely as we do crows in other countries, the population must become thin and scarce in time. But I touch the history of the dark races of men which must not be entered on here. The so-called ancient races first merit our attention; some of these called white or fair, Caucasian by courtesy, the Jew, the Gipsy, the Copt, the Hindoo. These first require our attention: in briefly describing these races we shall touch on the physiological laws embraced in this question: Have any races of men become extinct? Or any races of animals? Have the doctrines ascribed to Cuvier any foundation in truth? "The elucidation of the direct and indirect antagonism of man to nature's works" belongs to the chapter on the Dark Races.

LECTURE III.

HISTORY OF THE GIPSY, COPT, AND JEW.

SECTION I.—In drawing up the following lectures, embracing most of my views respecting the physical and psychological history of man, I have never had in view the composing a systematic, laboured treatise on man's natural history. Those who attempt this seem to me to have mistaken



[*The Egyptian Sphynx.*]

man's true nature, and to have further committed this great error—namely, the attempting that for which no correct data exist. The labours of man's mind are too vast to be embraced, compared, and described in generalities; the "average man,"* of the illustrious Quetelet has led to no important results. "European civilization" seems a philosophic enough term, but to me at least it conveys no clear ideas; and when I am told that of two nations closely adjoining each other, equally civilized, equally favoured by climate and external circumstances, living under regular governments for many hundred years, the one uniformly respects and advocates the law, the other as uniformly despises and violates it; that the one loves war, the other peace; that the one fences in and fortifies its towns, converting its metropolis into a vast fortress, bristling with cannon and bayonets; the other runs the streets of its wealthiest town quite into the open country, fills up the fosse of its remaining bastile (the Tower of London), converting the horrid excavation into a pleasant garden; that the one nation is Protestant and tolerant, the other Catholic, fanatical, and persecuting; then I must not be told that distinctions so wide as these, differences seemingly insurmountable, are the mere effects

* "Quetelet sur l'Homme," French and English editions.

of accidental circumstances; that these races may be spoken of in the abstract as the branches of one great family; of some ideal Indo-Germanic stock; of some fabulous Caucasian family, who would never have differed had no seas divided them. Views like these have no practical bearing; and, moreover, they are substantially untrue; they misdirect and mislead men's minds. Many years ago, when I first asked who are the Germans? and where is Germany, their fatherland? I was advised to look into history and at Vienna It was to no purpose that I called attention to the fact that the Slavonian races had not united with the true German race, and that Austria was essentially a Slavonian empire located in Europe; that its paternal government was a frightful despotism, almost unequalled in history; it was even urged repeatedly, as a proof against my views and those of my esteemed friend, Dr. Edwards, who held similar ones, that the Celtic and Saxon races were so united in Great Britain and Ireland that they now form but one *united race!*

Let the journalists and historians of the day, who thus argued three years ago, come forth now; and let us hear what they think of the *amalgamation* of *races*, of which they boasted so much; let them condescend to fix the lapse of years required for the amalgamation of two or more races. For more than seven hundred years have the Slavonians

held imperial dominion over South Germany and Northern Italy; have they fraternized with the other races? If so, what means this Slavonian confederation now sitting at Prague? Whence the alarm of the Germans that they be driven from Vienna and South Germany? Have we not been told* that they are all the sons of Teutonia? of the South-Germanic race? Nonsensical generalities and abstractions like these have contributed largely to mystify the plainest truths.

SECTION II.—Systematic writers on the natural history of man have composed treatises respecting numerous races of men of whom little or nothing is known; hence the meagreness and dryness of their details—the poverty of their conclusions. Of man's origin we know nothing, yet the subject is unquestionably of the highest interest; of the comparative antiquity of races we can merely offer a conjecture; the extinction of a race or races is a problem still unsolved; man's relation with the existing animal world and to those Faunas which once lived, but which are now no more, may be considered as well in speaking of any one race as another; why should his transcendental anatomy then precede all other

* Letters of "T. T." (a Jew), in the *Manchester Examiner*, in reply to my observations on the Jews. This respectable Hebrew person describes himself in these letters as an Englishman of the Jewish belief; and a son of Teutonia, having been born in Hamburg? This defies all reasoning.

topics; or why should the history of man's intellectual capabilities, his amount of progress, his position in art, science, and literature, which merely means his civilization, be discussed as a general question, instead of forming a part of the history of that race—with whom seemingly originated all true civilization—the Greek? Why invent terms such as Teutonic, South Germanic, Caucasian, calculated only to mislead, to confound things diametrically opposed? Long reflection has taught me that misdirection is sure to follow the adoption of such terms; and such ideas have strengthened me in adhering to the present form, in which I beg leave to present these lectures to the scientific and general public.

History offers us no guide, no data, for the composition of a systematic work on man; chronologies are mere fables. Let us examine man and his races as they are *now* distributed over the globe; inquire into the present and the past, and so conjecture the future.

THE GIPSY RACE.

On the southern border of Scotland, not far from the sources of the Beaumont Water, and in a secluded valley communicating with that vast range of mountain country, of which the Great Cheviot may be considered the centre, there stands a village inhabited by at least two distinct races

of men:—1. The common Saxon race of the south of Scotland; 2. The race of gipsies. These, the gipsy people, reside during the winter months in this village, decamping, like the Arabs, I presume, as the summer advances, late in April or early in May, like migratory birds or quadrupeds seeking other lands, to return again with the first snows to their winter dormitory. They neither toil nor think; theirs is the life of the wild animal, unaltered and unalterable; confine them, limit their range, and they perish. Their ancient history is utterly unknown: in the meantime, the climate of Britain has had much less effect on them than on surrounding Cheviot; swarthy in complexion, with dark long eyes, black hair, a somewhat oval face, an Eastern physiognomy, neither Jewish, nor Coptic, nor Arab; mouth larger than in the European; nostrils somewhat expanded; stature moderate. Their history is unknown; they prefer the tent to the hut, and, but for our climate, would probably never settle down anywhere; in England, I understand, they never do so, even during winter. Their modern position in Spain has been sketched by a vigorous but somewhat romantic pen. Let me state to you calmly the facts I have myself witnessed, the few observations I have made on this race, which we in ignorance call singular, merely because their animal nature, their instincts, their whole views

of life and its objects, differ essentially and eternally from ours. That they remain as they are in physical form, is simply because climate and the other external agencies to which Hippocrates assigned such importance really have no permanent effects on man nor on any other animal, so long as the existing media and order of things prevail. They do not intermarry with other races; this is the grand secret. To Saxon and white races they have the same horror that the Saxon has for the Negro; the singularity, then, applies as well to one as the other; in fact, there is nothing singular in it, seeing that it merely amounts to the dislike which one race bears to another.

But if the gipsy woman will not intermarry with the Saxon, the gipsy male has no such dislike to the Saxon fair, as is proved, I think, by the following anecdote. Early in May, or late in April, our academic seminary closes, and I promised a friend that we should, for the sake of fresh air and relaxation, visit the gipsy country. Town Yetholm is the name of a village occupied in part as a winter habitation of the race, and to this we repaired. Crossing the Tweed at Kelso, and entering the valleys leading southwards towards the border and to the Great Cheviot, we were in hopes that we should still be in time to see the great gipsy family in their winter encamp-

ment, and these hopes were increased by my seeing on the roadside, about a mile from the village, a young girl, some ten or twelve years of age, tending cattle. I pointed her out to my friend as a *gipsy* girl, but not a good specimen of the race: there was a something in her colour which made me doubtful; I offered nor attempted any explanation of this, but assured him we should find much better specimens of the race, which, you perceive, I do not call singular any longer, seeing that they are not more so than the Saxon, Celt, or any other race of mankind. On reaching the inn of Kirk Yetholm, our first care was to inquire for the gipsies, but the landlord assured us that some three days ago, like a flight of cranes or storks, they had collected together, and, taking their departure from the village, scattered themselves over the country. He further told us that, on such occasions, they *never leave a single individual of their race in the village.* I now informed him, that about a mile from the village I met a young girl tending cattle, whose race on oath, if required, I should have maintained to be gipsy. He then related to me the following curious history.

The girl we had seen was an illegitimate child, and had given rise to an action against the reputed father. The mother of the girl was a Saxon woman, the presumed father was of the gipsy

race. He refused to acknowledge it as his; but of this there could not be a shadow of doubt. Saxon women do not carry gipsy children, nor Jewish-looking sons and daughters, to Saxon fathers; persons who believe in such things must have a strength of belief in the doctrine of chances which passes all comprehension.

Foiled in this endeavour to see the gipsies collected, I returned, on a subsequent occasion, with my brother. We were now more fortunate; the gipsies were at home, if home it could be called; but on walking through their street, scarcely any showed themselves at the doors of their hovels. Timid and sensitive, like wild animals, they shun the contact of the Saxon. The expedient I fell on, to see at least one of them, was this:—Knocking at the door of one of the gipsy hovels, a young and extremely beautiful woman came out; she might be about sixteen or seventeen; her features admirably regular, eyes and hair dark, and her whole form seemingly corresponding. She was, I think, the finest of the race I ever saw; for even in the best specimens the mouth is too large, and the upper jaw, as in the Jewess, quite disproportioned to the lower jaw, and to the rest of the features. The lips also of the gipsy are large, partaking, in fact, of the African character. But in this young person age had not driven away the beauty of youth, nor decomposed the

features and disturbed their proportions; nor had the features as yet sympathized with the respiratory, digestive, and reproductive systems.

To detain her at the door, I inquired our way to the sources of the College Water; she raised her fine arm to point out the mountain path which led to it, exposing the part above the elbow. On the inner side of the arm there stood a circular leprous spot, not to be mistaken. Quick as thought she observed, by a look I gave my friend, that the spot had been noticed by me, and as suddenly withdrew her arm, retiring within the hovel immediately.

To what extent the dreadful lepra afflicts the race I know not; the Jew is, I think, also subject to it; races, no doubt, have their peculiar diseases, which, although they may not afflict them exclusively, are yet of more frequent occurrence than in other races.

Strange to say, the leader of the gipsy tribe here seemed to me not pure—I fancied him an impostor as a gipsy. Their own feelings connect them with the *dark races*, as is evident from the following brief narrative:—

On the banks of the Yarrow, a mountain stream much celebrated in Scottish song, at the base of that bleak and desolate range of mountain country called Minch Moor, there is a small colony of mulattoes. This swarthy colony origi-

nated in this way. A gentleman to whom a portion of this valley belonged, returning from India, as I was informed, brought with him two servant-men of a dark race; not Negroes, but of a meek African look, and bronze colour. These men settled in this valley, and they married two Saxon women. Of these two, one only had a family, who, marrying other Scotch Saxons, gave rise to several families of mulattoes, more or less deeply coloured. In one instance, two mulattoes had married, and they also had a family; but I do not believe that any mulatto race can be maintained beyond the third or fourth generation by *mulattoes merely;* they must intermarry with the pure races, or perish. Nature creates no mules, nor will she tolerate them. This point we shall illustrate when speaking of the Peruvians and Mexicans.

Now, these persons informed me that when gipsies came into the valley, they uniformly encamped near the dark colony, and spoke of them as " our people."

But to return to the gipsies. They are found all over Europe, or at least in France, in the Peninsula, in Germany, and Russia. Their history and origin could, I think, be discovered, were a few practical scholars and scientific men to proceed eastward, tracing them from one country to another. My own opinion is, that

they are of vast antiquity, and are dying out. I never heard of their being considered any of the ten lost tribes, who, no doubt, must have gone into the interior of the globe by the opening which Captain Symmes discovered near the Southern Pole. There let them remain, whether gipsy or Jew. Of races which cultivate not the earth, which manufacture nothing, which progress not in art nor in science, we have already enough upon the surface: their absence or their presence must in the history of man go for little. The inhabitants, for example, of Central Africa, have no history any more than if they had been so many bales of cotton, or spinning-jennies, or spindles, or spindle-drivers. "Nati consumere fruges" was the expressive phrase of Horace: it were vain to attempt one more apt. Regret them not. Athens, and Corinth, and Syracuse, and Rome, live within our remembrance; their fame must endure whilst men having pure reason inhabit the earth; but were Central Africa, from the edge of the Sahara to the Cape of Storms, sunk under the ocean wave, and with it the gipsy race, what should we lose? —nothing which can or ever will adorn humanity; no inventions nor discoveries, no fine arts, no sublime thoughts, nothing to distinguish man from the brute.

In the autumn of 1846, I resided for a considerable time in Derbyshire, which I found to be a

county, I was about to say, occasionally, or rather pretty frequently, infested with the gipsy gangs, and with them other lawless gangs, composed of persons evidently of Saxon and of Celtic origins. These gangs, or families, remain distinct in so far as I could discover; and it was curious to observe, independent of a difference in physical structure, the different characters of the races; the gipsy has made up his mind, like the Jews, to do no work, but to live by the industry of others. The tramping, vagabondizing Saxon makes a show of work. The gipsies as a race, and seemingly from instinctive feelings, have sworn as a race that they never will do any work whatever; and that, in so far as they are concerned, the great curse on mankind is to be wholly inoperative. I do most solemnly believe that, rather than labour, they would willingly starve—a character not uncommon amongst the Celtic race; the money they get by begging and telling fortunes they seemingly conceal; back from their hands again it never seems to return into society;—at least, I never heard of an instance of their purchasing anything. They have discovered the grand secret, that they can live by the labour of others. I suppose they look on the Saxon as some Celts do—the Saxon, to whom the soul-consuming, body-wasting labour is a natural instinct; him they look on as a mean-spirited, low-minded

scoundrel, who would work the soul out of himself for a few shillings, instead of acting as they do—I mean the gipsy and the Celt—never doing any labour which they can get another to do for them; thus living a fine, dashing, do-nothing life, like a true-born gentleman. This is the gipsy—a race without a redeeming quality. Their men are well enough made, small and active; the women look well for a short time, but they have not the elements of beauty, or at least very few of them; they will not bear a close inspection. Dirty and coarse in language beyond belief, they are yet seemingly chaste; never well dressed—they and their children are in rags; the middle-aged men, on the contrary, are generally well dressed, well shod, comfortably arranged in all their apparel. During the day they (the men) seemingly rest at full length in their tents, ever ready for a start at a moment's notice. They steal, no doubt, at night, and at a great distance from their then locality: the fox, it is said, has this sagacity in common with the gipsy. One thing is certain, they commit no depredations in their immediate vicinity; but, as they must live, they beg and steal. With unshaken faith in a kind and over-ruling Providence, superior to savings-banks, and stronger than the constable's baton, they trust to be fed and clothed like the beasts and birds of the field, taking no heed of

to-morrow. In their language may be traced the roots of many Hindostanee words, and they are obviously an Eastern race; but this is all which is known of them.

When the gipsies first appeared in England is not perhaps well ascertained; but one thing is certain, they early attracted the attention of a Legislature, half Saxon, half Norman: a race with whom property had its rights; a race perpetually called to perform duties and services to the state; hence, no doubt, originated some of the severe laws which have appeared from time to time for the suppression of the gipsy race; but all to no purpose, seeing that they are still in Britain in considerable numbers.

A most respectable and kind-hearted English clergyman told me that, during a whole winter, he had much intercourse with a gipsy family who had located themselves in his parish; he had formed a favourable opinion of them, and, having baptized a number of their children, had taken up the strange notion that by doing so they had become Christians: now, as circumcision does not make a Jew, neither will baptism make a Christian: an idea of this kind seems to me merely a vestige of Romanism. He told me, moreover, that they went occasionally to church, and were a very quiet kind of persons. I have no doubt that they are; the strength of the law

is well known to them now. The gang was called Boswell, which must have been an assumed name; St. Boswell's Green, in Scotland, is a favourite haunt of the border gipsies. But to these notions of this well-meaning gentleman, I reply—will the leopard change his spots, or the Ethiopian change his dye? When that happens, I shall then believe that the gipsy may become a labouring, industrious Christian man; supporting his family decently and quietly; taking his share of trouble as a parish constable, churchwarden, and vestryman; paying his rates, general and local; duly attending divine worship, and clamorous in support of high church or low church, free church or church and state! What mighty changes must have passed over the globe before all this happens! I will not pretend even to guess at it; but conclude my remarks on the gipsy race by the brief discussion of a philosophic question.

SECTION II.—*Intermarriage of the Gipsy Woman with the Saxon.*—The chastity of the gipsy woman is well known, and her dislike to every other race is, I believe, fully admitted. Nevertheless, as I have already said, gipsy blood appears occasionally amongst Saxon families, which may be explained in this way. I attended a family composed of the father, mother, one son, and two daughters. The mother was an exceedingly beautiful woman, not fair absolutely, but yet of

the Saxon race: her husband had all the features of the gipsy race — dark eyes and hair, large mouth and lips, oval face, nose prominent, eyes full and long, root of the nose extremely narrow, nostrils enlarged and full, colour of the skin darker than in the European. Of the two daughters of this most worthy family, the eldest had all the gipsy features, but the skin was fair; the youngest had also gipsy features, but less marked—the skin was also fair; the son had well-marked gipsy features, with a dark skin, much darker than in the European.

The only facts I could ascertain were that the husband's *mother* was of the gipsy race; she was remarkably dark-coloured when aged. When or why she had quitted her tribe I could not ascertain.

Queen Elizabeth passed some severe laws against those above fourteen who consorted with the gipsies—it compelled both to quit the kingdom.

Amongst the gipsies I observed in Derbyshire were some children with fair hair and blue eyes, characteristics, no doubt, of the Saxon blood. I spoke of this to the mother of the children, who took no offence at my remarks, but assured me, first, that the fair hair would ultimately darken;

and that those with blue eyes resembled her own sister; who, though a true gipsy, had blue eyes; and that such occurrences were not uncommon. Let me here dispose of this physiological question.

1. It is a fact admitted that children occasionally do not at all resemble the parents, but rather the aunt, uncle, grand-uncle, grandfather, great-grandmother, &c.; this has been proved over and over again. Thus the influence of one parent extends to an unknown number of successive generations, crossing from one branch of the family to another, reappearing occasionally after the lapse of a century.*

Thus, the dark or fair blood, as the case may be, will extend for centuries, though no further admixture may in the interval have occurred. When mulattoes intermarry, they seem to die out in two or three generations, whether as being in direct violation of that specific law as yet so little understood by us, which determined the species

* In one of the noblest families in Britain there is an admixture of dark blood, which reappears from time to time, although there have been no misalliances of this sort since the first, which must have been about 120 years ago. Yet even now the dark blood appears from time to time in one shape or another; and occasionally with a fair complexion Negro features may be distinctly observed. I have also met with a family in Berwickshire in whom the dark blood shows itself from time to time, after more than a hundred years.

of all things—the law of specialization, the law of hereditary descent; or that, having come within the tide of the *law of deformation*, forms and structures are produced by the marriage of mulattoes which are not viable. The deaths, for example, of very young children, whose structures present so many varieties, even of the purest races, are extremely numerous; one reason of which with others, no doubt, may be that their structure, being within the *law of variety*, may have rendered them *non-viable*, or unequal to resist the bad effects of external influences. In a mulatto I examined, the nerves of all the limbs were a good third less than in a person of any pure race, fair or dark. But, however this may be, the facts I have stated to you are undeniable as facts, in whatever way they may be hereafter explained. Now, apply this to the gipsy family, some of whom had blue eyes, and you will see that, in order to explain the recurrence from time to time of fair hair and blue eyes, it was not necessary that there existed any late intermarriage or crossing, seeing that the Saxon blood might show itself a hundred years after its single introduction, and after all genealogical recollections had ceased.

The half-gipsy girl, for example, seen by me at Kirk Yetholm, when grown up might, and probably would, associate with the gipsy tribe in preference to the Saxon kindred of her mother.

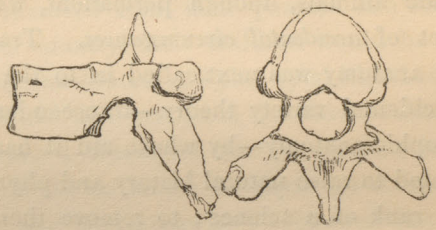
In this case, though strictly gipsy in appearance, and married to a gipsy man, there cannot be a doubt that many of her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, would show the Saxon blood of her *mother*. On the same plan we endeavour to explain the occurrence from time to time of Jewish features amongst other races; and of the occurrence of other features amongst the Jewish race.

But a totally different view of this matter has been taken by some; and it is proper that you hear both, or rather all, sides of the question; a second view, and an extremely curious one, has been suggested. It may be thus stated. As white sheep are born from black, and white cattle from black, and *vice versâ*, and blue-eyed and dark-eyed persons are born under circumstances such as I have mentioned, without the slightest suspicion of crossing or intermarriage, may it not be that such is simply a law of nature? and that, in order to render such a variety a permanent one, all that is required is, that they separate from their darker or lighter parents, as the case may be, and live apart —in a different quarter of the world, in fact? Hence on this view has been explained the origin of permanent varieties, as they are called, which I fear is just another name for species. Thus all sheep might spring from one pair and one species; the black-faced horned sheep of our bleak and

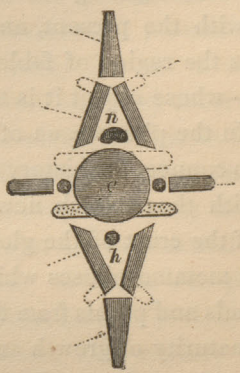
barren mountains might accidentally (for the whole is admitted to be *accidental*) produce a lamb or two without horns; and these, by being separated from their parents, would give rise to others, hornless also like themselves, and unlike their original race. Apply this to the gipsy; these blue-eyed gipsies were purely accidental; according to this view, removed from their parents and settled in another country, their children would be comparatively fair-haired and blue-eyed like themselves, and unlike their race, and that this accident would constitute a blue-eyed race of gipsies; but then these would no longer be gipsies, but Saxons or Celts; and thus it may have happened that Saxons came from gipsies, and gipsies from Saxons; thus were produced the permanent varieties of mankind, kept permanent, I presume, by insulation. That such a theory has not a single well-ascertained fact to rest on, is my most firm and solemn belief; and it is incredible that so flimsy a hypothesis could ever have laid hold of philosophic minds. It would, I believe, have been abandoned but for the application of transcendental anatomy to explain the facts. When it was pointed out that, from the remotest historic period, animals had not deviated in form; that neither wolf nor jackal ever become dogs; that the wild boar never changes into the domestic, nor *vice versâ;* that although the species forming a genus do certainly,

when arranged as I shall presently show, exhibit difference so slight as to be barely perceptible, still they remained distinct throughout all times, the answer was that the permanent varieties only were contemplated, and not species; that permanent varieties were the product of accidental birth, and that the present varieties in the races of man and domestic animals, though permanent, were the product of *accidental circumstances.* Transcendental anatomy was next called in to the aid of the accidental variety theory—transcendental or philosophic anatomy—by whose aid it has been attempted to raise natural history and physiology to the rank of a science; to remove them from that prosing twaddler of detail, the professed naturalist; to elevate geological research; to connect the past with the present, and to push still further from us the region of fable and romance. This science — whose object it is to explain in a connected chain the phenomena of the living material world; to connect the history of living plants and animals with those which now lie entombed in the strata of the crust of the globe; to explain the mysterious metamorphoses which occur in the growth of animals and plants from their embryonic state to their maturity of growth and final decay; to trace a plan of creation, and to guess at that plan — these are the objects of transcendental anatomy—an appellation first given to the doctrine

by my esteemed friend and teacher the illustrious De Blainville, but a doctrine invented, no doubt, in Southern Germany, by Oken, and Spix, Von Martius, and others. To the South German, to the mixed race of Slavonian and German origin, we owe this doctrine of transcendental anatomy; to that imaginative race to



[*The human vertebra: the type of all skeletons.*]



[*The ideal vertebra—itself real, however; viewed by Spix, Oken, and St. Hilaire, as the type of all structures.*]

whom we owe all that is imaginative, romantic, and transcendental in the so-called German language and German people. To the true Saxon, the classic German, the Swede, the Dutchman, the thoroughbred Englishman; the Saxon, when pure; the men of material interests; the men abounding in common sense, and occupied with the business of the day, what signifies to such men the metaphysics of Kant, the reveries of Schiller and Schlegel, the music of Beethoven; the transcendentalism of Oken and of Spix, of Goethe and of Humboldt? In a vertebra the matter-of-fact Saxon mind sees merely a vertebra; beyond this it seldom proceeds—uninventive, unimaginative. Nor is the Celtic mind very peculiarly gifted in this respect: the doctrines of Goethe and of Spix, of Oken and of Geoffroy, were resisted to the last by Cuvier and by the academy over which he held sway. Sir Charles Bell could never comprehend the import of the transcendental doctrine; he stood by the coarse utilitarianism of Paley, which with him was the *ne plus ultra*. Thus it was that a theory originating unquestionably with the mixed Slavonian and German race, inhabiting South Germany, made no progress with the would-be philosophic heads of Paris and of London. But the æra of Cuvier—the *siècle de Cuvier*—is gone; it embraced spiritual France and imitative England. His narrow, empirical view of the philosophy of animal

beings was adopted as a matter of course by the universities, who, dovetailing it with scraps from Derhan and Paley, wrought it up into a *body of doctrine*, which they trusted might serve them as long as the Aristotelian philosophy had done; save much thought, squabbling, and doubt; become orthodox and established. A witty divine furnished them with a new version of the Mosaic Record, and all parties seemed happy and satisfied. Cuvier and orthodoxy were triumphant; when all at once, in the bosom of that very scene of Cuvier's greatest triumphs, a colleague, M. Geoffroy, called in question his determinations: all Western Europe—I speak of the philosophic world—stood astonished; but being confined to the scientific world, the prudence, at all times remarkable in the English geologist, suffered it to pass unnoticed. At last a popular writer, an adept at plagiarism and at arrangement, selected from Humboldt, Geoffroy, Oken, and others, the leading doctrines of the transcendental doctrine or theory of progressive development in time and space, thus enabling the *unscientific* portion of the public to guess at the jar in the philosophic world.* Then burst out the flame of disputation and abuse—churchmen and geologists, botanists and chemists, furious in support of orthodoxy and

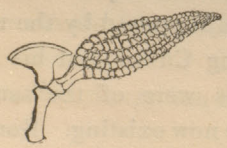
* "Vestiges of Creation."

Cuvier. Times are said to change, but men do not; it was the old war-cry of Aristotle and the church. In a dispute unto which even the great master of Trinity condescended to enlist his name, it must be that the audience may also feel an interest. Nor is that interest likely to cease. It is the struggle which science and scientific men have always held since the remotest times with those men in office who "in the law see justice and equity, and in the diploma see science."

BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE DOCTRINES OF TRANSCENDENTAL ANATOMY.

SECTION III.—All animals are formed upon one great plan; this constitutes the doctrine of the unity of organization; nor is there any reason to suppose, in so far as research has gone, that since the first formation of the globe, millions of years ago, that plan has ever been essentially altered, or any new scheme or plan of creation substituted for the first.

The extinct races of animals and plants found imbedded in the crust of the earth, in various



[*Remains of the Fossil Saurian.*]

strata, obviously of different ages, and in the diluvial soil, seem to have appeared at certain distant periods, more or less remote from each other, and then to have perished—some slowly, by apparently natural causes; others suddenly and violently; and others in a mysterious manner, their place being occupied by a new formation of strata, and by a new formation, or rather by the appearance on the surface of the earth, of animals and plants differing specifically and generically, as the terms go, from all which preceded them.

In these successive changes, or formations, as they have been termed, an order appears to have been observed. That order was, that the most ancient strata contain the simplest forms of life; and the more recent strata, the more complex forms of life; as if animals and plants, simple in construction, had first occupied the surface of the globe, and, as they perished, others more highly organized appeared; first came animals lowest in the scale, aquatic chiefly; then the mollusca and shellfish; then fishes; next birds; then quadrupeds, and, lastly, man. To this part of the theory I do not attach much importance.

It was at first supposed by the theoretical geologists preceding Cuvier and his æra, that these extinct animals were of the same species and genera as those now existing. Bones of elephants were exhibited in Germany as human bones;

fossil salamanders were mistaken for men drowned at the deluge, &c. These miserably erroneous notions were upset at once by a single anatomist, by a lover of truth, a scientific man. This person was Cuvier; he showed that the extinct fossil remains belonged to animals specifically and generically distinct from those now existing on the surface of the globe. The scientific world bowed to his verdict, and his views became "the law." But he also remarked that *fossil man* had not been found, and he concluded, or rather he left others to do so for him, that man appeared late on the earth, after the extinction of all the other preceding races of animals, and that his advent belonged to the present æra, and to the now existing races of animals. There must, in this view, have been at least two creations, or rather there may have been some hundred successive creations, since the first formation of the globe. The last spelling of the Mosaic Record (by Dr. Buckland) offered no obstacle to this view.

But scarcely had all these difficult points been agreed on when M. Geoffroy, availing himself of the views of Herschel, Humboldt, Oken, and others, adding thereto the history of the embryo, brought forward another bold theory to the French Academy: that theory was based on transcendental anatomy.

When we look into the interior structure of the

grown-up animal, or man, it matters not, we perceive structures which are of no use to him or to them individually. These structures must have a reference, then, to some other stage of his existence as an individual or as a race, or they must have a reference to some great plan of creation preceding and presiding at his formation, and so connecting him with everything living—past, present, or to come. Moreover, it not unfrequently happens that man himself is born and grows up with anomalous structures, as they are called, such as webbed fingers and toes, the deformity called hare-lip, &c.; or the two sides of the heart communicate with each other, giving rise to the formidable complaint called the blue disease; or the arms or limbs are wanting at birth; or, finally, he grows up with forms evidently not natural to the well-formed, finely-proportioned, fully-developed person. How are these anomalies to be explained—what, in short, is their signification?

There was a period, and that almost within my recollection, when all such phenomena were called *lusus naturæ*—sports of nature—anomalies. It was not deemed prudent to proceed further; but Goethe, and Spix, and Oken, and Humboldt, and Carus, and, lastly, Geoffroy, have decided this question. They have shown the modern anatomist that mere details are not philosophy; that we require *laws*, not *details*. They have proved that

in the embryo of man and of all the higher organized animals, elementary structures indicative of one great plan exist; that the embryo even of man himself, whilst growing from a mere point, as he is at first, passes through many metamorphoses, shadowed forth in the grand scale of the animal creation, past and present; that at certain periods he shows quadruped or even ichthyological forms; that his fingers are, at one period of his growth, webbed like aquatic animals; that when he is born and grows up with them thus webbed he merely exhibits a want of development—a persistence, in fact, of an embryonic form; and that these embryonic forms are a counterpart of those structures observed in some adult animal lower in the scale, or, in other words, that anomalous forms in adult man and animals represent merely those forms which they pass through during their embryonic life. Hence the law of the arrest of development: hence the statement of the philosophic anatomist, that whatever is irregular in man is a regular structure in some lower animal, and was in him a regular structure during his embryonic life. This law, with certain modifications, applies to everything living. It is the basis of the law productive of irregular form in man—the law of deformation; productive of all those varieties in individuals, from the slightest change to the most striking; connects man with all creation,

past, present, and to come; and it no doubt led Geoffroy to oppose the Cuvierian doctrine of successive creations. A few words will here suffice to state the outline of his great views. We shall afterwards return to them in a separate lecture.

The transcendental doctrine of development or progress endeavours to explain away our existing notions of species and even of genus. We mistake, says Humboldt, or we may mistake a merely historical event for a new organism. The animals now existing on the surface of the globe may, after all, be the direct descendants of the animal and vegetable fossil world; the modern crocodile may be the direct descendant by generation of the ancient saurians; the modern elephant of the mammoth; the horse of the anaplotherium. Nay, more; what difficulty is there in imagining that with time—to which may be added the unknown law of progress and development, and a change in the external media, the air, the waters, the temperature—with time, the simple animals of the *early world* (called old by mistake) may have produced by continuous generation the more complex animals of after ages; that the fish of the early world may have produced reptiles, then again birds and quadrupeds; lastly, man himself? Give us time, said the anatomist—the geologist could not object to this—and with time and progress in time, and a change of external circumstances, it

will not be difficult to show that there was only one creation; that living matter is as eternal as dead matter; and that all living matter is capable of assuming every possible viable form of existence, that form varying merely in accordance with the nature of the media it then inhabits—in short, with the essential conditions of its existence.

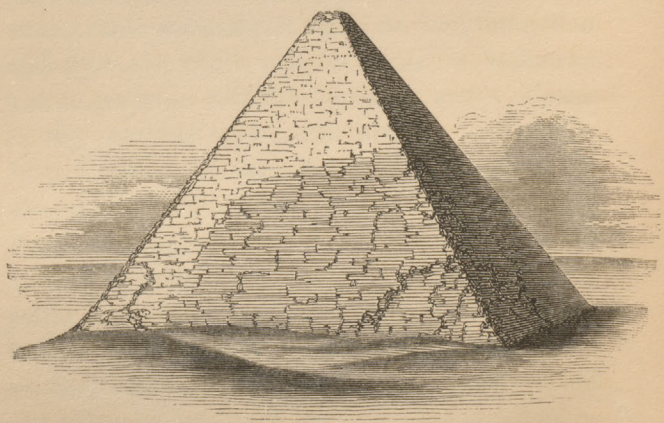
To apply some of these theories to man himself would greatly extend the purposed limits of this lecture. I shall reserve the application, therefore, until I come to speak of the positively dark races of men—the Negro and the Tasmanian.

LECTURE IV.

OF THE COPTIC, JEWISH, AND PHŒNICIAN RACES.

1. THE COPTIC OR ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPTIANS.

SECTION I.—Of a race I have not seen—of a people scarcely noticed by modern travellers; of a handful of men forming, so far as I can understand, the residue, the vestiges of a nation at once a race and a nation,—I naturally speak with great doubt—with hesitation—and the utmost readi-



[*The Egyptian Pyramid.*]

ness to be put right on any point whatever; for of the Copt, whether ancient or modern, I can find only conflicting statements. What race constitutes the present labourers of Egypt? No one that I know of has condescended to clear up this question. They are not Arabs, nor Negroes, nor Jews, nor Phœnicians; the Copt forms but a handful of the population. Like the Mongol, they are becoming extinct; they slowly and gradually perish; they seem to know nothing even of their own monuments; the Copts certainly are not precisely Jews, nevertheless they resemble them strongly. In their palmy days of power they caricatured the Jew, representing him with ears displaced backwards, eyes and mouth of great length, and an indescribable mixture of hircine and human aspect.

The modern Copt, in so far as I can learn, resembles the ancient Egyptian, judging of these last by the busts still preserved; but even this fact I cannot fully make out. English travellers are so occupied with their personal adventures, and French with political intrigue, that there is no getting a single new or valuable fact from their silly books of travels. The modern Coptic language corresponds, I think, with the ancient Demotic. No one now thoroughly understands the hieroglyphics, and I doubt the accuracy of all the interpretations. The profane history of Egypt

by the Egyptians cannot, so far as I can discover, be identified with the Jewish record; the name and times of Shisak alone having been discovered in an oval of an Egyptian temple. Even the presence of the Jews in Egypt cannot be made out by Egyptian monumental history; and the physiognomy of the labourers of ancient Egypt, as represented on the tombs and temples, is not of foreigners, but evidently Coptic. Different races of men are sketched on the walls of the tomb opened by Belzoni, showing that the characteristic distinctions of races were as well marked three thousand years ago as now; the Negro and other races existed then precisely as they are at present.

What has become of the grand Coptic race—those builders unequalled in ancient or modern times? We are told that foreigners and slaves built these wonderful monuments which yet astonish the world; I, for one, do not believe it. The workmen employed were Egyptians. Their disposition was to build; their innate instincts were architectural, in this coinciding with the Jew, the Greek, the Phœnician. Their past history is a perfect enigma to this day, nor do I believe that a single leading fact has been well made out. Who were the Hikshohs, the Shepherd Kings, &c.? Did civilization travel up or down the banks of the Nile? Did the Nile irrigate in

former times the Lybian Desert, and are the oases proofs of such being its course? The sources of the true Nile are unknown to this day. All is mystery, problems unsolved. Herodotus says he visited Egypt, but he could not have penetrated far into the country; and he asserts, moreover, that the people were black, which is refuted by every other observation, ancient and modern.

It was whilst examining the tomb, exhibited by Belzoni in London, 1822 or 1823, in so far as I can recollect, that I pointed out to my most esteemed friends, Messrs. Hodgkin and Edwards, the unalterable characters of races. Neither time nor climate seems to have any effect on a race.

Herodotus says that the priests showed him the mode of formation of the Delta by the slow deposit of mud brought by the river from the interior of Africa. This most plausible and probable theory is, after all, but a theory. Three thousand years ago the waters of the Nile seem to have been just where they are now, and the black stone of Rosetta was found, as its name implies, at Rosetta, on the very borders of the Mediterranean. If this be its real locale it bestows an inconceivable antiquity on Rosetta. But Homer describes Egypt as being in the times of the Trojan war a highly civilized country; what an antiquity must we then assign to it! The Homeric poem itself was suspected to be Egyptian, and Cadmus brought letters into

Greece from Egypt, happily leaving the hieroglyphics where he found them.

But, in whatever way the chronological difficulties may be got over, there is a fact of curious import connected with this pyramid-building, mummy-making people or race. If we travel westwards along the shores of the Mediterranean, we discover that an offset of the race seems to have existed in the Canary Isles, or Cape de Verds; and the extinct Guanches closely resembled Egyptians in certain particulars. Now, cross the Atlantic, and in a nearly parallel zone of the earth, or at least in one not far removed, we stumble all at once upon the ruined cities of Copan and Central America. To our astonishment, notwithstanding the breadth of the Atlantic, vestiges of a nature not to be doubted, of a thoroughly Egyptian character, reappear;—hieroglyphics, monolithic temples, pyramids. I confess myself wholly unequal to the explaining any of these difficulties satisfactorily. Who erected these monuments on the American continent? It could scarcely be the native American Indians, as we call them; and yet the carvings on the remains seem to portray an American physiognomy. Still I have my doubts, and would gladly take a view of these figures and busts. Perhaps at some remote period the continents were not so far apart; they might have even been united, thus forming a zone or circle of

the earth occupied by a pyramid-building people. All the literary world must no doubt remember the dispute of Byrne respecting the comparative antiquity of the round towers and the Pyramids; his mystifications, and the novelty and ingenuity of his views. No doubt he was partly in the right. The Phœnician physiognomy can easily be made out in South Ireland and in Cornwall, but these races were not Egyptians.

Thus of all races of men we, perhaps, know least about that race whose records, could we read them, would solve many of the most difficult problems of ancient history. Their relationship to the Jews cannot be questioned, but they were not precisely Jews. The uses of the Pyramids, if they had any use, have never been discovered, and the date of their erection was unknown even in the days of Herodotus. It makes one smile when they hear of Egyptian monuments being carved and set up in Egypt in the time of Hadrian; so early as the days of Augustus the Romans had commenced plundering Egypt of her antiquities; and so it has continued to the present day; from Augustus to Louis Philippe, monuments have been brought *from* Egypt, not erected there. I cannot even find that much was done during the occupation of Egypt by the Greek dynasty. Egypt had passed its grandeur, and had sunk into insignificance, when Alexander, with a hand-

ful of troops, could seize and hold it, and transmit its throne to a foreign family. The condition of Syria, of the Phœnicians, and of that section of Chaldeans called the Jews, may be judged of by this, that the historians of Alexander do not think it worth while noticing their existence. Alexander, five hundred years before our Saviour, marched through Syria and Palestine, taking possession of the country, taking possession of Judea, as if no such people existed as the Israelites.

I look on the history of Josephus as perhaps the most monstrous historic exaggeration ever penned, and I consider him as a person devoid of all truth.

To the Saxon, the go-ahead Saxon, the man who never looks back to retrace his steps,—that race to whom "to-day and to-morrow" are everything, yesterday nothing,—to the English Saxon especially, inquiries into past races can have little or no interest; they are gone, says the man of commerce—the man of to-day; what signifies their past history, what are their monuments worth to us, who care nothing for antiquarian remains? The race which looks back, resting upon its ancient deeds, reposing on its recollections, dreaming on its ancient renown—the race or the individual who does so is infallibly lost. Onwards is the word; to look back is to invert the order of nature, to wither, and to die: to perish from the

face of the earth, as the Copts have done, or are about to do.

One of the most remarkable monuments of Coptic antiquity is now in the British Museum: I mean the head of the Young Memnon, as it is



[*Bust of the young Memnon: British Museum.*]

called, although it really be the bust of Amenoph II.: its antiquity is vast; it has survived thousands and thousands of years; of this most remarkable bust—the highest work, perhaps, of antique Egyptian sculpture—I shall speak in the history of the Jewish race.

But the land of Egypt still abounds with its ancient monuments; the race was quite peculiar, and was, I think, African, or at least allied to the African races. The mouth and lips all but prove this. Nevertheless, their identity with a great section of the present Jewish race cannot be doubted; the young Jew of London or Amsterdam might readily sit for a likeness of the bust of Amenoph. The resemblance, in fact, is most extraordinary: and to me it is incomprehensible how this had not been noticed by some one of the thousands of sight-seers who frequent the Museum.

Nothing is more wonderful than their reputed knowledge of science and art; their astronomical knowledge, their architectural. And yet, after reaching a certain point, they stood still, retrograded, and finally all but disappeared.

Whence acquired they the high metaphysical religious notions which characterized them?—the metempsychosis, and the existence of a soul, of a future life, and a day of judgment for the just and the unjust? When the Jews left Egypt they

(the Jews) were profoundly ignorant of all these doctrines, nor did Moses deem it necessary to instruct his race in respect of them. These doctrines, then, are not of Jewish origin, for the law was not even written, nor the lawgiver in existence. The barbarous and savage Turk and Arab still lord it over Egypt; a frightful military despotism crushes down the energies of the labourer. But who are the Fellahs, or modern Egyptian labourers? What is their history? Let us hope that the scientific commission headed by Lepsius may solve some of these great questions, connecting at least the history of other races with the monumental history of Egypt.

LECTURE V.

SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.—VALUE OF MONUMENTAL RECORDS.—THEORY OF PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT.

THE origin of mankind, the source and origin of life on the globe, is a problem which modern science cannot solve. The only philosophic attempt at a solution of this great problem was the hypothesis of Humboldt, Herschel, Oken, and of M. Geoffroy, commonly called Geoffroy St. Hilaire. But against this hypothesis there lie formidable objections, for all historical evidence by writings, sculpture, painting, and tradition, shows that no transmutation whatever has taken place in the species of organic beings since the earliest recorded time, and that, therefore, if such transmutations had ever been effected by time, it was required to show a lapse of ages of so vast an extent that the hypothesis of necessity assumed a character of wildness and vagueness clearly removing it from the bounds of correct science; and, secondly, that when we attempt to apply the theory in detail, assuming as an element of the detail that the development and progression were forward or in advance, ameliorating and improving, then did it become evident to the unprejudiced

that the hypothesis was eminently faulty. For, without going far into such details, it were easy to show that the fish, and saurians, and mollusca, and mammals, if they were mammals, which I presume they were, of the ancient world, were at least equal to those of the present day. If the robe of the pristine carnivora corresponded to their other qualities, they must far have excelled in beauty the lions and tigers of modern times; the furs of ancient bears must have been of a quality at least equal to the existing ones—that is, presuming that the external robe or covering corresponded to their bulk. Now, there is not a shadow of reason for imagining the contrary. Again, monumental records, artistic remains, architectural designs, and utilitarian plans, prove beyond all question that the ancient races of men were at least equal, if not superior, to the modern; the Saxon and Celtic races did not invent the sciences, nor the arts, nor literature, nor the belles-lettres; they remained barbarians down to within a few hundred years ago, and when left to themselves, on the banks of the Ohio, in the far west, and in Africa, their original barbaric nature shows a strong tendency to return. If *progression* and *improvement* be an essential element in the Geoffroy theory of development, then the human race does not show it absolutely; neither the "Iliad" nor "Odyssey" were written by Saxons

or Celts, nor "The Elements of Euclid;" nor did the Saxons as Saxons discover the theory of eclipses, nor calculate the periodic returns of comets, nor build bridges over the Danube and Euphrates, nor plan and erect the Parthenon, nor carve the Apollo and the Venus. One thing I admit, and that only, that the later races which threaten to, and which I think must, become the dominant ones, show energies, and combination for a purpose, and mechanical applications, and diffusive efforts, which no race before them ever showed; in every other quality they are evidently inferior.

If, then, it be an essential element in the great theory of development and progression, so courageously brought forward by M. Geoffroy at a time when the overwhelming and overbearing influence of Cuvier had closed all mouths, then is it certain that such progression, in the sense required, exists not; and here I venture to foretel that the supporters of the hypothesis will, in their next essay, abandon this part of the theory, assuming simply the development of successive eras of organic forms as a fact, disclaiming the character of progression, excepting as to time. The boast about the higher characters of the present organic races * will be abandoned, and

* "Vestiges of Creation."

the law of development and progress simply stated as it is, without a reference to successive *improvement;* for *successive improvement* implies a final purpose; a final purpose is a final cause; to state a final cause is to guess at a purpose, which in this case must be a purpose of the creative power or force; but the popular supporters of these doctrines of M. Geoffroy have declared themselves against all such conjectures—against all final causes as being mere effects, not causes; they must give it up, or admit that they have thrust themselves into the councils of the Great First Cause.

The Mosaic cosmogony—or that, at least, which goes by that name—cut the Gordian knot; dividing that which it was not permitted to untie; it declares, first, that all things were created as we now see them—animals in pairs; man also. Further was not revealed; why should it be? But philosophy is not opposed to the Hebrew cosmogony—at least, this is my opinion. The subject is mysterious, and of vast depth. When did reasoning man appear on the earth? If he springs from a lower stock, what was that stock? What form had it? How is this terrible difficulty to be got over? Is it that the embryo is alike in all races, in point of fact; that every embryo contains within itself elements sufficient to assume any other form, and to retain it, provided it be insulated and put under

circumstances calculated to bring them forth; to exaggerate certain qualities, and give them permanency? This is, of course, a mere hypothesis in one sense, and I think untenable. Races, however originating, have not altered within the historic period, excepting by intermarriage: in proof of which I have offered you the history of the Copts, and the gipsy. Now, the Copt and the Coptic section of the Jewish race, the Arab probably also, are not Caucasian (if such a phrase were of any value), but stand, as it were, on the confines between races darker than themselves and others much fairer.

JEWISH RACE.

It was during that summer when the Dutch and Belgians were carrying on a war after their own fashion—marching and counter-marching, advancing and retreating, but never fighting—that, having a few weeks leisure from the routine of a most laborious life, I resolved to visit personally two countries where I hoped to see two distinct races of men, as distinct from each other as possible, or, at least, as modern amalgamations admit of; these countries were Holland and Wales. I determined to witness for myself what changes had been effected on the population of these two countries by time and civilization; the results, in as far as regards these races, shall be

submitted to you when describing the dominant races of men; but first let me speak to you of another race I found in Holland, favourably placed for observation—the Jew. I had reached London, that compound of all the earth, and I had looked attentively at the Jewish physiognomy on the streets, as he perambulates our pavements, and with a hoarse, unmusical voice, proclaims to you his willingness to purchase the cast-off clothes of others: or, assuming the air of a person of a different stamp, he saunters about Cornhill in quest of business; or, losing sight of his origin for a moment, he dresses himself up as the flash man about town; but never



[*The Jew.*]

to be mistaken for a moment—never to be confounded with any other race. The women, too, were not forgotten; the beauties of Holywell-street; there they are; the lineal descendants of those who fled from Egypt—spoiling the Egyptians—forgetting to replace what they had borrowed—but never returning to that land to which one might suppose them attached, though it does not really seem so—the land of promise.

But where are the Jewish farmers, Jewish mechanics, labourers? Can he not till the earth, or settle anywhere? Why does he dislike handicraft labour? Has he no ingenuity, no inventive power, no mechanical or scientific turn of mind? no love for war, nor for the arts of peace? And then I began to inquire into this, and I saw, or thought I saw, that the Jews who followed any calling were not really Hebrews, but sprung of a Jewish father and a Saxon or Celtic mother; that the real Jewess admits generally of no intermarriage; that the real Jew had never altered since the earliest recorded period; that two hundred years at least before Christ they were perambulating Italy and Europe precisely as they do now, following the same occupations—that is, no occupation at all; that the real Jew has no ear for music as a race, no love of science or literature; that he invents nothing, pursues no inquiry; that the theory of "Coningsby" is not

merely a fable as applied to the real and undoubted Jew, but is absolutely refuted by all history.

The following critique by Arpetigny seems to me harsh and unjust:—

"Those which Poland rears form pretty nearly two-thirds of the population of the towns. They wear in summer a tight cassock made of a bare and shining cloth; in winter a velvet cap something like a thick turban, and a robe lined with fur, fitting closely about them, with a girdle of red wool, which serves them for a pocket, compose all their dress. They allow their hair and beard to grow long and flow free; they have an aquiline nose, oval countenance, and pale complexion; they have long, dark eyes, full of lustre, and which betoken cupidity; they are engaging and polite in their manners; very emaciated, for the most part; one would take them, at the corners of the shops, where they station themselves generally motionless and erect, for black cypress-trees, or pear-trees cut out like bedposts; they throw around them I know not what reflection of Capernaum and Jericho, recalling the impression produced by the engravings of old copies of the Bible; they do not practise any corporeal exercise, any fine art, making traffic their sole occupation; to lie to secure a good bargain, to lie to sell again at a high price, their

infamous life is spent between these two lies; they give a preference to the calling of a courtier, an old-clothesman, a go-between, a stock-jobber, a broker, a publican, a banker, a tavern-keeper —in a word, the callings where cunning of the mind surpasses the gifts of science, the profound knowledge of the arts, and the skill of the hands. Against these the Jew contends by cunning alone. They speculate openly on the luxury and drunkenness of others; but we owe them this justice— that they lose nothing of their gravity, neither under the thyrsus, nor under the caduceus. Their hand is the same as that of the Normans, with the palm altogether less developed, and the fingers, as it were, square."

As I attentively surveyed the Jewish population on the streets of London, I fancied I could perceive three different casts of features: the first, Jewish, *par excellence*, and never to be mistaken; a second, such as Rembrandt drew; and a third, possibly darker, of other races intermingled. It seems to me, indeed, that almost every race shows, as it were, three forms of race which run into each other, connecting them possibly with others, so that this is not peculiar to the Jewish race. Of the first form I need say little to you, begging you merely to recollect that the contour is convex; the eyes long and fine, the outer angles running towards the temples; the brow

and nose apt to form a single convex line; the nose comparatively narrow at the base, the eyes consequently approaching each other; lips very full, mouth projecting, chin small, and the whole physiognomy, when swarthy, as it often is, has an African look. When fine, that is in the young person, with no exaggeration of any of the features; when the complexion is delicate, and neither passion nor age has stamped their traits on the face; before the energies of the chest and the abdomen, the stomach and the reproductive systems, have told on the features; before the over-development of the nose and mouth has indicated their sympathies with other organs than the brain, and dislocated by their larger development that admirable balancement of head and face, of brow and nose, eyes and mouth, cheeks and chin—constituting beauty in any face wherein it exists; before the eye of the observer is enabled to say at once, these features want proportion; that is, in a word, when youth prevails, then will you occasionally find in the Jewish face, male and female, transcendant beauty, provided your view be not prolonged. But why is it that you must not prolong your view? Why is it that the female Jewish face will not stand a long and searching glance? The simple answer is, that then the want of proportion becomes more apparent, and this is enough; but there is more than this; and I shall endeavour to explain it to you.

The living face cannot remain long unmoved; the play of the mind is at work on every feature; a passing thought kindles up the features, expands the nostrils, widens or contracts the mouth, dimples or furrows the cheeks, enlarges or diminishes the apertures of those glorious orbs through which the soul looks beamingly. Now to stand those changes, and remain beautiful, the proportions must be perfect so as to permit of change; but the Jewish woman's features do not admit of this; the smile enlarges the mouth too much, and brings the angles towards the ears; these are, perhaps, already somewhat too far back; the external angles of the eyes extend in the same direction, and the whole features assume a hircine character, which the ancient Copt, as I shall show afterwards, knew well how to caricature. If to these be added, as happens in the male face, that certain features display the internal structure, the skeleton of the face, then all beauty flies. A brow marked with furrows or prominent points of bone, or with both; high cheek-bones; a sloping and disproportioned chin; an elongated, projecting mouth, which at the angles threatens every moment to reach the temples; a large, massive, club-shaped, hooked nose, three or four times larger than suits the face — these are features which stamp the African character of the Jew, his muzzle-shaped

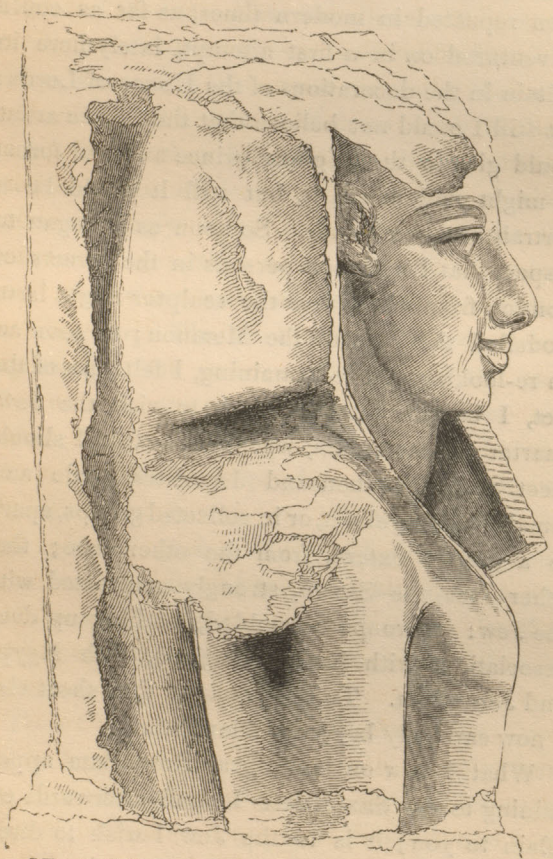
mouth and face removing him from certain other races, and bringing out strongly with age the two grand deformative qualities—disproportion, and a display of the anatomy. Thus it is that the Jewish face never can, and never is, perfectly beautiful. I of course include not those rare exceptions which at times appear, nor those faces composed of two races which at times approach perfection. But, before I speak of this further, let me pursue my history of inquiry.

I had looked attentively at the Jews of London, but felt insecure as to my conclusions; in London we constantly meet with persons having Jewish features and Christian names; believed to be born of a Jewish father and Saxon mother, or of a Saxon father and half-Jewess, for no real Jewess will intermarry with a Saxon, or accept him as a lover, at least so I have been told; and, therefore, the Jewish blood can never alter so long as the real Jewish women, or a majority of them, are of this mind. This fact I believe to be certain; it is the same with the true gipsy, and, perhaps, with the Copt, ancient and modern; the mingling of races, however, appeared to me considerable in London. On my way to Chatham there sat opposite to me a middle-aged man, whose features reminded me strongly of a drawing by Rembrandt. His face, though swarthy, had not that characteristic look which marks the Jew of Coptic

descent; but I could not ask him if he was of Jewish origin; so when the carriage drew up in Chatham, and the landlord informed us of that on which we were to dine, I objected that some of us might be Jews. Upon this the stranger informed me that he was a Jew, and yet had no objection to the use of pork.

Having heard that I should find, in the Jew quarter of Amsterdam, such an assemblage of Jews as would give me an opportunity of perfectly appreciating the Jewish face, I was about to embark for Holland, when, willing to embrace every opportunity of looking at those glorious specimens of art in the British Museum, and especially desirous of knowing the precise form of the ancient Coptic head, and its distinctions from the Grecian of ancient and modern times, I repaired to the Museum, where, again contemplating the bust of the young Memnon, new light broke at once on my view. It seemed to me that I had, at one time or other, and that even lately, seen persons who might have sat to a sculptor for a likeness of the head of the Coptic prince; that the precise features and form, even to the most perfect resemblance of look, were to be found to this day unaltered in Britain; that the Coptic blood, or at least a race analogous, remained unaltered and strongly affiliated even to this day here in Britain; this fact, for such I felt

convinced it was, excited in my mind the deepest reflections. An examination of the works of Rosselini, and also of the *grand ouvrage sur l'Egypte*, led me almost to believe in the theory that the



[*Bust of the young Memnon: British Museum.*]

Egyptian priests and aristocracy had succeeded in crushing the national progress in art by compelling the artist to repeat only certain forms, unalterably and for ever—an attempt which has been repeated in modern times, as far as could be ventured on in a first attempt, lately here in Britain in the decorations of the House of Lords; but still I could not believe that the Coptic artist would give to the reigning prince an ideal form; he might nationalize it, but still it would be a portrait or resemblance. So soon as I began to suspect that I had seen persons in the streets of London from whose face the sculptor might have modelled the bust of the Memnon; so soon as, on re-looking and re-examining, I felt sure of the fact, I became more anxious to visit the Jew-quarter of Amsterdam, where I was told I should meet with ten thousand Israelites, male and female, walking about, or in collected groups, apart, to a certain extent, from the other race; that other race, the Saxon, strongly contrasted with the Jew: in groups assembled, kindling up deep associations with Eastern regions, with Egypt, and Jerusalem. To the result of this short visit I now earnestly beg your attention.

What I saw on landing at Rotterdam appertaining to the Saxon race I shall afterwards explain to you; it is to the Jew I wish to direct your attention. Having repaired to the quarter

of the city occupied by this race in Amsterdam, I found the synagogue open and crowded; divine worship was going on, the people standing in crowds around the high altar; it was not proper to take off the hat. Near me, almost within reach, stood a youth about sixteen, and not far from him others, the perfect likeness of the young Memnon. I borrowed from him a Hebrew book he held in his hand, that I might the better observe his face. The whole congregation were singing, but exceedingly noisy and unmusical, for the Jews seem naturally to be without a musical ear; and they have no national airs that I can discover. The book was a Hebrew work, beginning at the end, or what we call the end. The women, seated in the gallery, were not visible; but in the streets they could not be mistaken: unveiled and upright, a forward look, and eyes fixed on you as you passed; nor did the eyes quit their glance until you had fairly passed them. No one turned the head, but gazed at you until you and they passed each other. In that fixed look nothing could be seen more than in the statue.

Thus I learned that originally the ancient Copt and a large section of the Jewish people were one and the same race, with slight differences, however, which the Egyptian sculptor knew how to caricature. Of the modern Copt I can learn

but little; our British and American travellers are so intensely occupied in describing their culinary arrangements for crossing the Desert of Suez, that they want time or capability to say a word about the descendants of those who built the Pyramids, and the Temple of Karnac; these are trifles compared to the culinary matters; the individual, the *personnel*. Thus what I have to say of the Coptic and Jewish as affiliated races must be brief. With their history I must not touch—I mean, of course, their historic records; but one thing, at least, is certain, that, according to their own showing, they left Chaldea a small family, and quitted Egypt a considerable people. With the Egyptian, then, they had the closest relations by intermarriage and otherwise; we cannot say how—for all is mystery here, and a mystery which must not be touched. They then mingled with the Phœnicians extensively; for the Jebusites (who were the Jebusites?) remained quietly in possession of their city and property, undisturbed apparently. Now, the city of Jebus was simply Jerusalem; and, therefore, the very capital of the kingdom was inhabited by and occupied by strangers to the latest period of the Jewish kingdom.

From the earliest recorded times the Jews had commenced wandering over the earth, and seem to have been trafficking in cast-off garments in

Italy before Rome itself was founded. Wanderers, then, by nature—unwarlike—they never could acquire a fixed home or abode. Literature, science, and art they possess not. It is against their nature—they never seem to have had a country, nor have they any yet. Like the Copt, they built temples, but not houses; they were, like the Copt and the Phœnician, a *building race.* The usual struggle exists amongst them as among Christians regarding the *value of tradition;* but as regards belief they present the most extraordinary spectacle the earth ever presented.

Now, nothing like so vast a difference in the matter of belief exists anywhere else, and it convinces me, with other facts, that the present Jewish race is composed of more than one: the Coptic, the Chaldee, and the Phœnician—allied races no doubt, but still distinct. With them originated monkeries They never will, of course, think with any other people. The greater number, I presume, do not believe in the existence of a soul, of a future life, or after punishments. Nothing of the sort is mentioned in the law books of Moses—these are all seemingly Egyptian ideas, derived no doubt from the East. But it is not to be forgotten that, when they resisted the power of Rome, our Saxon and Celtic forefathers were mere barbarians. When they penetrated into Britain it were impossible

to say; if they came with the Phœnicians it must have been some four thousand years ago. But here they are now unaltered and unalterable. Shakspeare drew the character of the race, but he added a feature, which I believe to be impossible, namely, the elopement of a Jewish lady with a Christian—such an event I do not believe ever happened. The Christian divines translate and comment on their sacred books. Gesenius denied some important prophecies; Voltaire launched on them the whole force of his terrible satire; Buckland offers you half a dozen versions of the sacred volumes in as many weeks. Meantime the Hebrews themselves pass over all these with silent contempt—they give them not even a passing notice. Societies are got up for their conversion! Be it so. Nothing can be said against them; but in one hundred years they will not convert one hundred Jews—not even one real Jew. This is my opinion and solemn conviction. Nature alters not; remember I speak of the true, unquestioned Jew—not of the spurious half-breed, whom I notice here only for the sake of a passing remark.

About two years ago a very beautiful woman appeared as barmaid in a coffee-house on the Boulevards of Paris: all the world, as the phrase is, went to see her, so that night and day the coffee-house was crowded. She was far from

being a perfect beauty, and quite inferior to the antique Greek; but still she possessed sufficient beauty to attract the attention of the Celtic capital. On looking attentively at her I felt convinced that she was born of Jewish and Belgian or English parents.

When the Jews left Egypt they were probably about three-and-a-half or four millions in number. At this moment there are not on the earth more than four millions and a half, say six millions at the most. My opinion is that they are becoming extinct. There are not more than 35,000 or 40,000 in Britain and Ireland. Now, they were much more numerous in Rome two thousand years ago. Cicero, in his *Oratio pro Flacco*, particularly alludes to the numbers of the Jews in Rome, to their turbulence and their restlessness. They were supposed to have been the chief supporters of the Julian party against Pompey, and were accused by Flaccus of collecting the gold of the empire and conveying it to Judea. Which, then, was the era of the Jewish dispersion? I have failed in ascertaining this point, which I had once thought so simple. That they were wandering over the earth, and settled, in so far as a Jew can settle anywhere in Rome, in the time of Cicero, and, therefore, long before the destruction of Jerusalem, is a fact which admits of no sort of doubt. As I had supposed their dispersion to

be simply a historical fact, and one admitting of no dispute, I recommend the matter to theological scholars, who seem to me universally to have overlooked Cicero's observations on the race, and the important deductions which may be drawn from his remarks.

POSTSCRIPT.—JEWISH RACE.

A respect for scientific truth forbids me refuting the romances of Disraeli; it is sufficient merely to observe here that, in the long list of names of distinguished persons whom Mr. Disraeli has described as of Jewish descent, I have not met with a single Jewish trait in their countenance, in so far as I can discover; *and, therefore, they are not Jews*, nor of Jewish origin.

In my lectures some years ago in the Royal Institution, Manchester, I stated that the Jewish population in Britain was comparatively small; it now appears that it amounts to about 35,000 or 40,000. This confirms me more and more in the belief I then stated, that, but for accidental intermarriages, the race would have been all but extinct. In France, with the most unlimited liberty, they amount only to about 70,000.

My observations on the Jewish race were misunderstood, and, indeed, misrepresented by an anonymous writer in the Manchester newspapers. When I denied to the Jews any claims to litera-

ture, science, or art, which might be called their own, this writer insisted that I had denied them talents and abilities. Now, this I never contemplated. All races have produced men of ability: Confucius is said to have been a Chinese.

I took notice in these lectures of the aversion the Jews manifested everywhere to agriculture; this also was denied; but at the time, the illustrious Humboldt, I find, had made the same observation—a fact of which I was not aware and could not be, the second volume of the "Kosmos" having been translated into the English language but a few months ago. His observation is as follows:—

"They," the writings of the Old Testament, "portray the variations of the climate of Palestine, the succession of the seasons, the pastoral manners of the people, and their innate disinclination to agriculture."—Page 45, vol. ii.

One third of the Jews of the whole world are said at present to reside in Poland, amounting to about 2,150,000 Jews. It has been said, also, that in Poland the Jews have become industrious, laborious mechanics; but this is most distinctly denied by Arpentigny, and refuted by what we see takes place in Britain and in France. In addition to the authority of Arpentigny, who seems to have been an eyewitness to the really astonishing condition of the Polish Jews, or rather, I ought

to say, of the Jews settled in Poland, I might quote the Russian ukase, published in 1847, *ordering* the Jews to become members of municipal corporations, to follow trades, to cultivate the ground, and to act and work like other people. Any more remarks on these points must, I think, be quite superfluous. Their skill in metallurgy has not been made out satisfactorily.

On the subject of the dispersion of the Jews and their expulsion or emigration from Judea, I observed in my lectures that the Jews seem to have been scattered over the then known world, nearly as they are now, many years before the capture and destruction of the city of Jebus by Vespasian. I called them a *wandering race*, but it appears that this expression is inexact, and some of my most distinguished friends have objected to the term. My whole object being an investigation into *the true character of the races of men as they now exist and have existed on the earth*, I shall ever be most ready and willing to correct any inaccuracy of expression. If the term a *dispersed race* seem a more suitable one, I willingly substitute it for that already used. But I see not how a change in term alters the facts. That the Jews were a *dispersed race* in Cicero's time, and therefore dispersed some hundred years before the taking and destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian, is simply a fact which cannot be refuted nor

explained away; for the question always returns, why were they a dispersed race? and why are they now a dispersed race? No sane person doubts their power to seize Judea if they thought fit. One of their capitalists might absolutely buy it from the present Turkish Government. Some 25,000*l.*, judiciously used by Lord Ponsonby, I think, expelled the Egyptian armies and the French party from all Syria. Now, why not use the same means, and appeal to the all-powerful effects of gold?

As I have been accused—in which accusation Dr. Middleton is also included—of not clearly comprehending the scope of Cicero's observations respecting the Jews in his (Cicero's) times, I have returned to "Middleton's Life of Cicero," and to Cicero's, "Oratio pro Flacco," which on a former occasion (at Manchester) I had quoted merely from memory.

The passage as it stands in Valpy's edition of Cicero, relating to the Jews, referred to by Dr. Middleton, occurs in Cicero's defence of Flaccus for misconduct during his prætorship of the province of Asia. He was accused by the Greeks and Jews. Cicero disposes of the Greek witnesses by showing to the judges that the Greek race totally disregarded the sanctity of an oath; that the whole nation, in fact, looked upon an oath as a mere jest. In respect of the Jews,

Cicero observes,—"Sequitur auri illa invidia Judaici. Hoc nimirum est illud, quod non longe a gradibus Aureliis hæc causa dicitur; ob hoc crimen, hic locus ab ste Lœli, atque illa turba quesita est. Scis quanta sit manus, quanta concordia, quantum valeat in concionibus. Submissa voce agam tantum ut Judices audiant; neque enim desunt, qui istos in me, atque in optimum quemque incitent; quos ego, quo id facilius faciant, non adjuvabo. Cum aurum, Judæorum nomine, quotannis ex Italia et ex omnibus provinciis Hierosolyma exportari solenet, Flaccus sannit edicto, ne ex Asia exportari liceret. Quis est judices qui hoc non vere tandare possit? Exportari aurum non oportere, cum sæpe antea senatus, tum me consule gravissime judicavit. Huic autem barbaræ superstitioni resistere severitatis; multitudinem Judæorum fragrantem nonumquam in concionibus pro republica contemnera gravitatis summæ fuit. Al. Cn. Pompeius, captis Hierosolymis, victor ex illo fano nihil attigit. Imprimis hoc, ut multa alin sapienter, quod in tum suspiciosa ac maledica civitate locum sermoni, obtrectatorum non reliquit; non enim credo religionem et Judæorum et hostium impedimento, præstantissimo imperatori, sed pudorem fuisse." —p. 1519, vol. vi.

With the interpretation that Dr. Middleton has put on these remarkable passages I entirely con-

cur, although I admit that at first sight his views may appear overstrained. I leave it to others to decide, but in the meantime remain in the opinion that the "quanta sit manus, quanta concordia," &c., have a reference mainly, if not solely, to bodies of turbulent Jews with which Rome *at that time abounded.*

I may now dispose of the last question—Are the Jews a nation? This, I think, cannot be allowed of them any more than of the present Germans, who certainly are no nation as yet, otherwise why this anxious search after "vaderland?" That they are a race I admit, dispersed over the globe since very remote times, without a country, a home, a rallying point; but we might as well say the Gipsies are a nation as the Jews. Such difficulties arise from the abuse of language and from the use of terms, which, though sanctioned by ages, are yet merely conventional. Authors still speak of the *German empire* as if there really had ever existed an *empire of Germans*, which we know was never the case. States and powers made up of fragments of other states, of races hating each other, as Prussia and Austria (I trust we may not have to add Great Britain,) &c., will now be tried to their utmost by the war of races, which, some fifteen years ago, I foretold was sure to happen sooner or later; but, being a new element in human affairs, the principle will be

opposed to the utmost by those who will not or cannot understand it; and the threatening aspect of a portion of the *Celtic race* in Ireland may render it inexpedient, impolitic, and imprudent to discuss at this particular moment the probable stability of an empire composed of at least two races who cordially hate each other, even although that monarchy may be one of *absolute perfection* in its own estimation, and of such extent that the sun never sets on its vast possessions.

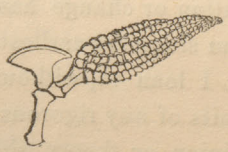
LECTURE VI.

THE DARK RACES OF MEN.

INTRODUCTION.

In whatever way, by whatever means the races of men as they now are, have been formed; made to endure for centuries, preserving their specific and seemingly unalterable forms, one thing is certain; it is, the unity of the human family as a group of animal life; specific; with forms still human. That there exists no fact favourable to the theory of the conversion of any one species, or permanent variety of any animal into another, during the historic period, may or may not be true: the law, moreover, may be after all neutralized in time. The physiological law was first pronounced by Cuvier, and so far as our limited knowledge goes it would seem to be true. That no alteration or change has taken place in any animal form since the earliest historic period, is the opinion I lean to, without asserting that the theory admits of any rigorous demonstration; it was the opinion or theory which Cuvier, as I shall afterwards show, undertook to prove, with

the view of refuting the geologists of *his day*, and the popular opinions of all ages, based on a false reading of the Mosaic record. And this he did most triumphantly, overthrowing them and their chronology; their diluvial and ante-diluvial periods; their one creation and all its consequences. But in so doing, Cuvier, we shall find, kept steadily in view his main object; the current English opinions of Cuvier's views are not his; his object was to disprove the all-but universal belief, that fossil remains (ossemens fossiles) belonged to animals identical in genera and species with those now existing on the earth, or at the least differing but little from them. This view, supported and maintained obstinately by priests of all denominations, he refuted. But he affirmed also that the remains of man had not yet been found amongst the ossemens fossiles. Now, his refutation, as regards animals, strictly so called, was most complete; he showed that countless species of animals had ceased to exist; that they could not have been destroyed by man, for man had no place then in creation. How they died, or why,



[*Fossil remains of the Saurians.*]

he offers no conjecture: that vast, speculative void he left for the English geological-theological school. Cautious, mechanical, precise, a lover of fact, he resisted all attempts to induce him to commit himself: to the history of this singular page in human history I may hereafter devote a distinct chapter. My object at present is simply to point out that Cuvier did not, or would not, observe that his argument of the *permanency* of the *existing species of animals* now on the globe, since the earliest historic period (*for he went no further*, although in England he has been made to do so;) extends also to man himself. On the causes of the extinction of races of animals and plants, he offers no theory of his own, beyond the mechanical laws of submersion and elevation of continents and islands: on the formation of progressive animal forms in time and space he is silent. All this was reserved for a higher philosophy, and for minds of a more original cast: he neither admitted nor denied the unity of man; to me the unity of man appears evident; but if so, whence come the dark races? and why is it that destiny seems to have marked them for destruction? These questions I shall not fail to discuss more fully in distinct sections; in the meantime let me trace rapidly the history of the so-called coloured races of men: we, of the present time, are most interested in what is, not what is to be: creatures

of a day, the past, in one sense, affects us not; to the future we are equally indifferent. Thus it is with the mass. But then comes in the ever restless mind of the few; of those who inquire into truth for truth's sake: of those who, haunted with the desire to discover the unknown in the past, pursue earnestly that course; of those who, haunted with a desire to know the unknown in the future, seek the required knowledge according to their gifts by signs and wonders, astrology, science; and of those who, desiring perfection in all things, compare the past, the present, and so conjecture the future. Unquestionably had we a sound knowledge of nature's universal law or laws, the future might be told as easily as the past. Did we know the law which originated the coloured races we should be able, no doubt, to foretel their future destiny. Whether doomed to destruction and extermination before the savage energy of the Saxon and Celt, the Russ and Slavonian, or protected by the unconquerable forest—the tropical forest; by the desert; by the jungle and fen, the bog and marsh; by the all-powerful tropical sun and snow-clad icy barriers of the arctic circle; or withering and so perishing before the as yet undiscovered laws of population, which unseen extinguishes the hopes of races and of nations, Mongol and Copt, American and Saxon, yet they may stand their ground during

the present order of the material world, feebly contending against the stronger races for a corner of that earth, which we have been told was given to man as an inheritance. Did we know the law of their origin we should know the law of their extinction; but this we do not know. All is conjecture, uncertainty. After some 4000 years of historic period, all we have is a chronology full of errors and falsehood; unintelligible, incomprehensible; we find the dark races still on the earth; of their ancient history absolutely nothing is known: nor does it matter in what region of the globe we first view them. They are confined to no particular zone, but spread as it were from pole to pole; from the arctic to the antarctic circle: if the Laps be a dark race, then the dark races exist in Europe as a race; Asia abounds with them; Africa has always been considered their strong hold; and

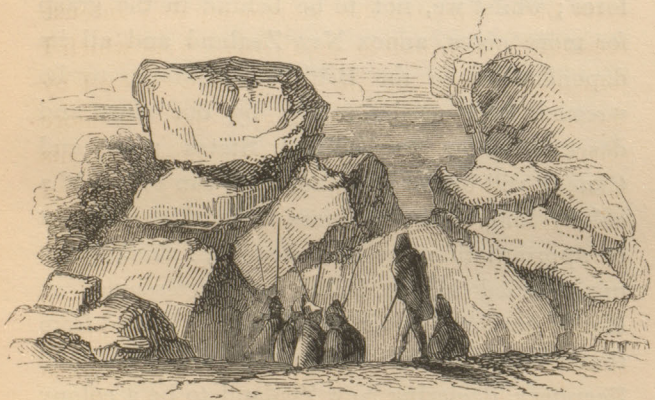


[*Esquimaux Woman.*]

unquestionably from the Mediterranean shores to Cape l'Agulhas the thick lipped, as Copt or Bosjeman, of all shades but the fair, prevails throughout; but it is in America, the last discovered by the civilized European, where we find the strong hold of the coloured race: from the land of fire to the ice-bound polar sea, nature had darkened every race unmistakably; nor had the Esquimaux or Circum-polar races escaped the coloration. Like their brethren in Asia, inhabiting the same zone, though far removed from tropical heats, they also are deeply coloured; a dark race, with the indelible osseous and other structural characteristics of the coloured races of men. Hippocrates said, and modern physiologists have repeated his statement, that intense cold darkens as well as great *heat;* from which I long ago drew, not the inference suggested by the great physician, but what I think a more obvious one—namely, that Hippocrates and his followers, from Galen to Adelon, had disunited physiology and philosophy; and that to this day they remain distinct.

Section I.—From the earliest recorded times *might* has always constituted *right*, or been held to do so. By this *right* the Slavonic race crushes down Italy, withering and blasting the grandest section of mankind. By this kind of *right*, that is, *power*

or *might*, we seized on North America, dispossessing the native races, to whom America naturally belonged; we drove them back into their primitive forests, slaughtering them piteously; our descendants, the United States men, drove us out by the same *right*—that is, *might*. The same tragedy was repeated in South America; the mingled host of Celtiberian adventurers brought against the feeble Mexican, Peruvian, and Brazilian, the strength and knowledge and arms of European men; the strength of a fair or, at least, of a fairer race. The Popes of Rome sanctified the atrocities; it was the old tragedy again, the fair races of men against the dark races; the strong against the feeble; the united against



[*The savage Bosjemen;—Troglodytes; who build no house or hut; children of the desert.*]

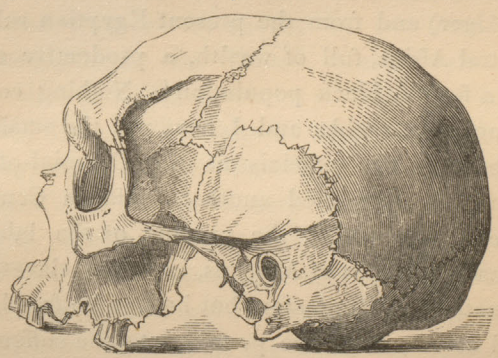
those who knew not how to place even a sentinel; the progressists against those who stood still—who could not or would not progress. Look all over the globe, it is always the same; the dark races stand still, the fair progress. See how a company of London merchants lord it over a hundred millions of coloured men in Hindostan —I doubt the story of the hundred millions, however; the hot suns of India exalt, I have remarked, the brains of Europeans who sojourn long there; but, be it as they say, the fact is astounding. Whilst I now write, the Celtic race is preparing to seize Northern Africa by the same right as we seized Hindostan—that is, might, physical force—the only real right is physical force; whilst we, not to be behind in the grasp for more acres, annex New Zealand and all its dependencies to the British dominions, to be wrested from us by-and-by by our sons and descendants as the United States were and Canada will be, for no Saxon race can ever hold a colony long. The coolness with which this act of appropriation has been done is, I think, quite unparalleled in the history of aggressions. A slip of parchment signed officially is issued from that den of all abuses, the office of the Colonial Secretary, declaring New Zealand to be a colony of Britain, with all its dependencies, lands, fisheries, mines, inhabitants. The aborigines are to

be protected! Now, if the Crown will let them alone, they can protect themselves; but this would not suit the wolf who took care of the sheep. Still, mark the organized hypocrisy of the official opener of the letters of others: the aborigines are not declared Britons; they are merely to be protected!

The Indian empire, as we call it, having turned out so profitable an investment for British capital, although for obvious reasons it never can become a permanent colony of England, suggested to "the Office" the idea of founding a similar empire in the heart of Africa. Everything seemed favourable for the enterprise; Southern Africa had long been ours; the southern extra-tropical part, partly held nominally by the Portuguese—that is, as good as not held at all—a wide desert separating Central Africa from the Morocen, from the Celt (in Alger) and from the present Egyptian ruler; Central Africa, full of wealth, a productive soil, and a feeble, black population! Nothing could be more favourable, and I have not the smallest doubt that the officials at the Colonial-office already contemplated another India in Central Africa; the wealth, the product of the labour of many millions of Africans, in reality slaves, as the natives of Hindostan, but held to be free by a legal fiction, might be poured into the coffers of the office! But, alas for land-seeking colonial

secretaries! climate interfered; exterminated the crews of their ships, and scattered the hopes of the patriot lord at the head of the office.

Since the earliest times, then, the dark races have been the slaves of their fairer brethren. Now, how is this? Mr. Gibbon solves the question in his usual dogmatic way; he speaks of the obvious physical inferiority of the Negro; he means, no doubt, the dark races generally, for the remark applies to all. But, notwithstanding the contrary opinion professed by Dr. Tiedemann respecting the great size of some African skulls, which he found in my own museum, sent to me from the western coast of Africa, I feel disposed to think that there must be a physical and, consequently, a psychological inferiority in the dark races generally. This may not depend altogether on deficiency in the size of the brain



[*Negro Skull.*]

en masse, nor on any partial defects; to which, however, I shall advert presently; but rather, perhaps, to specific characters in the quality of the brain itself. It may, perhaps, be right to consider first the different obvious physical qualities of the dark races, before we enter on the history of their position as regards the mass of mankind, and especially as regards those races which seem destined, if not to destroy them altogether, at least to limit their position to those regions of the earth where the fair races can neither labour



[*Caffre Race; from Burchell.*]

nor live—the equatorial regions and the regions adjoining the tropics, usually termed by romancists and travellers, and not unfairly, the grave of Europeans.

First, as regards mere physical strength, the dark races are generally much inferior to the Saxon and Celt; the bracelets worn by the Kaffirs, when placed on our own arms, prove this. Secondly, in size of brain they seem also considerably inferior to the above races, and no doubt also to the Sarmatian and the Slavonic. Thirdly, the form of the skull differs from ours, and is placed differently on the neck; the texture of the brain is I think generally darker, and the white part more strongly fibrous; but I speak from extremely limited experience. Mr. Tiedemann, I think it is, who says that the convolutions of the upper surface of the two hemispheres of the brain are nearly symmetrical; in our brain the reverse always happens. Lastly, the whole shape of the skeleton differs from ours, and so also I find do the forms of almost every muscle of the body. The upper jaw is uniformly of extraordinary size, and this, together with a peculiarity in the setting on of the face, I find to constitute the most striking differences. I at one time thought that the bones of the nose were peculiar in some races, as in the Bosjesman and Hottentot. In these races, or race, for perhaps

they are but one, I fancied that, more frequently at least than in others, the bones of the nose are remarkably narrow, run together to form but one bone, and show even an additional thin germ mesially; perhaps mevely the anterior margin of another bone, or an extension of the spine of the frontal. Still the specimens are so few in Europe, that I feel disinclined to attach much importance to this sufficiently singular fact. I think I have seen one of the nasal bones so short and thin as not to reach the frontal.

In the Peruvian skull, at twelve years of age, Von Tchudi thinks he has detected a new germ of bone, an interparietal bone, in fact, peculiar to the native American race; the physical differences in the structure of the Boschjiee women and Hottentots are unmistakeable. Still be it remembered that we have no accurate account of the structural differences of the races of *men* on which we can depend—mere scraps of observations scarcely worthy of notice. The Negro muscles are differently shaped from ours; the curly, corkscrew locks of the Hottentot bear no resemblance to the lank, black hair of the Esquimaux. The Tasmanian and Australian races are said to show many peculiarities in structure.

Let it be remembered, however, that, after all, it is to the exterior we must look for the more

remarkable characteristics of animals; it is it alone which nature loves to decorate and to vary: the interior organs of animals, not far removed from each other, vary but little. To this fact I shall advert more particularly in the lecture on transcendental anatomy; the internal structures of animals present details which we read imperfectly, connected as they are, on the one hand, with mechanical arrangements, and on the other with the primitive laws of creation.

There is one thing obvious in the history of the dark races, that they all, more or less, exhibit the outline of the interior more strongly marked than in the fair races generally. Thus the face of the adult Negro or Hottentot resembles, from



[*Bosjeman playing on the gourah.*]

the want of flesh, a skeleton, over which has been drawn a blackened skin.

But who are the dark races of ancient and modern times? It would not be easy to answer this question. Were the Copts a dark race? Are the Jews a dark race? The Gipsies? The Chinese, &c.? Dark they are to a certain extent; so are all the Mongol tribes—the American Indian and Esquimaux—the inhabitants of nearly all Africa—of the East—of Australia. What a field of extermination lies before the Saxon Celtic and Sarmatian races! The Saxon will not mingle with any dark race, nor will he allow him to hold an acre of land in the country occupied by him; this, at least, is the law of Anglo-Saxon America. The fate, then, of the Mexicans, Peruvians, and Chilians, is in no shape doubtful. Extinction



[*Mongol; from Clark's Travels.*]

of the race—sure extinction—it is not even denied.

Already, in a few years, we have cleared Van Diemen's Land of every *human* aboriginal; Australia, of course, follows, and New Zealand next; there is no denying the fact, that the Saxon, call him by what name you will, has a perfect horror for his darker brethren. Hence the folly of the war carried on by the philanthropists of Britain against nature: of these persons some are honest, some not. I venture to recommend the honest ones—to try their strength in a practical measure. Let them demand for the natives of Hindostan, of Ceylon, or even of the Cape or New Zealand, the privileges and rights wholly and fairly of Britons; I predict a refusal on the part of the Colonial-office. The office will appoint you as many aborigines protectors as you like—that is, spies; but the extension of equal rights and privileges to all colours is quite another question.

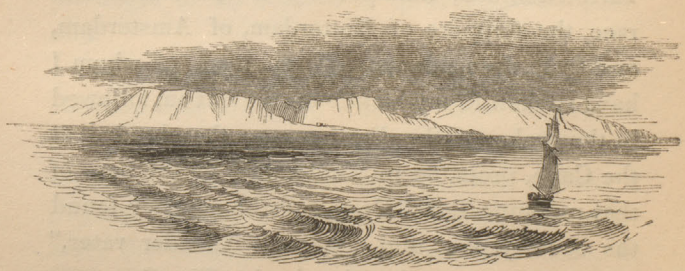
But now, having considered the physical constitution thus briefly of some of these dark races, and shown you that we really know but little of them; that we have not data whereon to base a physical history of mankind; let me now consider the history of a few of them—of those, at least, best known to me.

SECTION II.—*On the Dark Races of Africa.*

What the Portuguese thought and did when they first landed at the Cape of Storms has not been recorded, in so far as I know. Records, no doubt, exist somewhere, buried in the archives of Lisbon or Coimbra. Camoens was a Lusitanian, and there may have been other minds in the Peninsula calculated by their labours, scientific or literary, to prove the race to be somewhat above the beasts of the field in their objects and pursuits. But the Portuguese who first doubled Cape l'Agulhas were in search of gold and of the Indies. Southern Africa, with its parched soil, strange-looking beasts, and still stranger men, did not suit them; they landed, but soon abandoned it, leaving the races it contained to the tender mercies of the most selfish, commercial, trading, narrow-minded, unimproving of all the Saxon race, the skippers of Rotterdam, of Amsterdam, and their descendants. These men, of whom I have spoken in my lecture on the Saxon, followed in the wake of the Portuguese; they landed at the Cape, probably in Table Bay, by the base of that romantic Taffel Berg, and though they found the country poor and generally "sonder vater," they did not altogether despise it. The Cape was on the highway to India; they found there some

long-legged, ill-shaped cattle, which the Dutch boors maintain to this day, and sheep with wool of a miserably poor quality; and so the Dutchman, who could neither invent nor improve, adopted the sheep and the cattle of the Hottentot as his own.

But what were the race or races of men and of animals he found there? were they the same, or did they resemble in any way, the men and animals they had left in faderland—in beloved Holland? Not in the least; neither men nor animals bore any resemblance to those of Europe: the races of men they first encountered were the Hottentots and Bosjemen, the yellow race or races of Africa: the former word, of doubtful origin, expresses the taller and stronger tribes—tribes which were armed with the assagai, held flocks of sheep and cattle, but no horses; the term Bosjeman simply means the man of the



[*Table Mountain, Cape of Good Hope. From Burchell's Travels.*]

bush; by Bosjeman, then, we further understand that section of the yellow race, smaller in stature than those called Hottentots, less civilized, if such a term could possibly be so used or misapplied; living without flocks or herds, huts or tents; employing the bow and poisoned arrow; children of the desert. Our present business is with the primitive race, the aborigines, as they are called, of Southern Africa, called by the Dutch some three hundred years ago Hottentots and Bosjemen,—names unknown in the language of the race, for they call themselves Autniquas, Quoiquœs, &c. Did the Dutch, the Christian Dutch, consider these races to be men and women? I scarcely think so. True, they held as a theory that all men and women came from one pair, like all cows, and pigs, and sheep; but this was a mere theory; in practice they held them to be a something different. The coloured men the Dutch called boys,

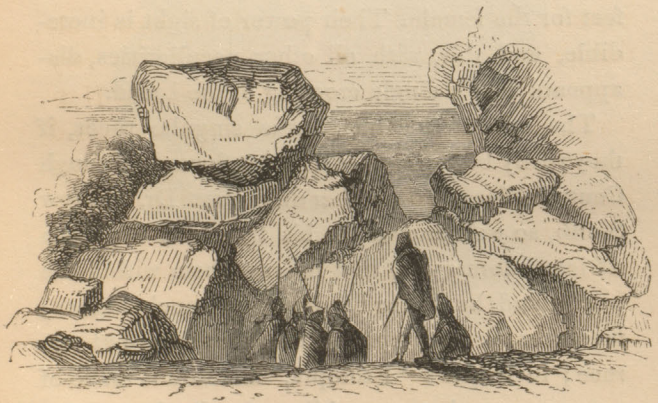


[*Bosjeman, or Yellow African Race.*]

and the coloured women they called maids; in speaking of the persons composing a Commando, for example, they would say that there were on it thirty *men*, meaning Dutchmen, and fifty boys, meaning black men. *De facto*, then, the Dutch did not hold these races to be the same as their own; the fact is undeniable and incontestable. I care not for theories; the Dutch practically denied the first canon of Scripture in a body, as the United States men do now; there is no denying it. To the strange, perfectly strange, animals around them, every one differing generically and specifically from those of Europe, they gave European names: the beautiful antelope frequenting the bushy ravines of the present colony they called the bosje-bok, or bush-goat, although it be not a goat; they found also the elk or eland, although there are no elks in Africa; the very oxen and miserable sheep of the wretched Hottentot, the Saxon Dutchman adopted, cherished and maintained unaltered, until an irruption from Europe of Englishmen upset them and their soul-destroying self-opiniativeness. But we must not advert at present to these drawbacks on the Saxon character; his onward principle diffused and spread him over the colony; the go-ahead principle was at work; this, of course, led to the seizure of land, the plunder and massacre, wholesale sometimes, of the simple aborigines. Wild

principles were let loose on both sides; the gun and bayonet became the law; and whilst I now write, the struggle is recommencing with a dark race (the Caffre), to terminate, of course, in their extinction.

I have said that when the Dutch first landed at the Cape of Good Hope they met with the race called Hottentots—a simple, feeble race of men, living in little groups, almost, indeed, in families, tending their fat-tailed sheep and dreaming away their lives. Of a dirty yellow colour, they slightly resemble the Chinese, but are clearly of a different blood. The face is set on like a baboon's; cranium small but good; jaws very large; feet and hands small; eyes linear in form and of great power;



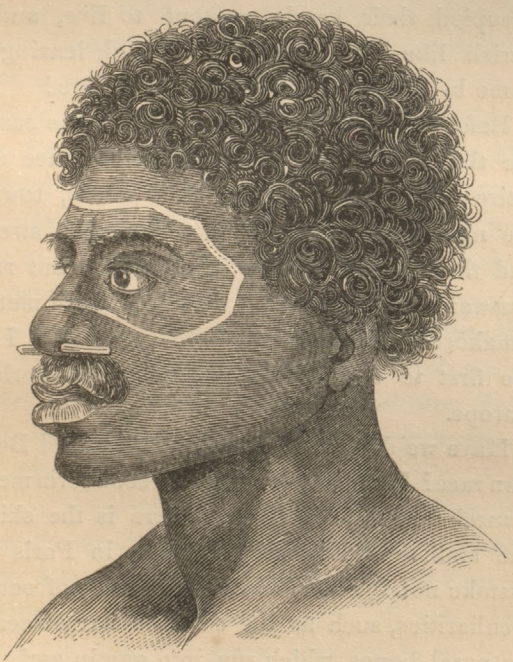
Groupe of Bosjemen in the Desert.

forms generally handsome; hideous when old, and never pretty; lazier than an Irishwoman, which is saying much; and of a blood different and totally distinct from all the rest of the world. The women are not made like other women. Tiedemann says that the two hemispheres of the brain are nearly symmetrical. Though small in stature, they are taller than their cognate race, the Bosjeman; these I take to be nearly allied to the Hottentot, though different in a good many respects. They have the physical qualities of the Hottentot, but exaggerated; they are still shorter in stature. Having no measurements on which I can depend, I offer merely as a conjecture the average height of the male and female Bosjeman,—say four feet six inches for the male, and four feet for the female. Their power of sight is incredible, and this, with all other peculiarities, disappears with a single crossing of the breed.

The extent to which these singular races, if they really be distinct, extend northwards through Central Africa is altogether unknown. Dr. Andrew Smith, so well known for his travels in Southern Africa, informs me, that he saw them within the tropic, and he thinks they extend much higher; moreover, he is of opinion that they form but one race; in Harris's "Ethiopia," mention is made of a race, somewhat resembling the Bosjeman, inhabiting a wild district in Southern Abyssinia, on

the equator, deeply hidden amongst woods and mountains. He did not see them, and nothing positive can be gathered from his description.

Diodorus Siculus speaks of the Troglodytes of Northern Africa, who inhabited caves and mountains, a pigmy race and of no courage; whilst the divine Homer places, I think, in Africa, his pigmy men, against whom the cranes waged constant war.



[*The Australian Race.*]

What interesting questions, geographical or ethnological, are here to solve! What a field does Africa still present! Whence came these Bosjemen and Hottentots? They differ as much from their fellow-men as the animals of Southern Africa do from those of South America. They are a dark race; but the sun has not darkened them. Without arts, without religion, and without civilization of any kind, for how many centuries had they occupied their kraals, content to live, and to perish like the beasts of the field, leaving no name behind them that such things were!

Before the go-ahead Dutchmen it was easy to see that this puny, pigmy, miserable race must retire; they did so chiefly, as it seems, towards the northward, towards the Gariepine streams and the Calihari Desert. They could not retire eastward, for this reason, that they there met the Amakosos (whom we call Caffres)—a race I was the first to describe to the scientific world of Europe.

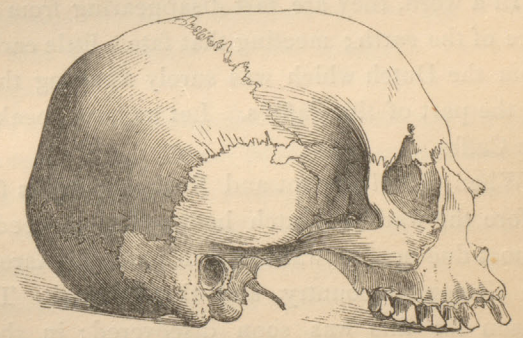
Have we done with the Hottentots and Bosjeman race? I suppose so: they will soon form merely natural curiosities; already there is the skin of one stuffed in England; another in Paris if I mistake not. Their skeleton presents, of course, peculiarities, such as the extreme narrowness of the nasal bones, which run into one in early age not unfrequently, as we find in apes. But it is the

exterior which is the most striking; and this, no doubt, is wonderful. No one can believe them to be of the same race with ourselves; yet, unquestionably, they belong to the genus man. They are shrewd, and show powers of mimicry—acquire language readily, but never can be civilized. That I think quite hopeless. The Dutch endeavoured to make soldiers of them; and it is recorded that they alone showed fight at the battle of Blueberg, when all the white men ran away—I state the story as I heard it. We followed and imitated the Dutch in this, as in most things, and got up a Hottentot corps, or rather, perhaps, I ought to say a Cape corps—for John Bull does not like anything he finds useful called by an offensive name. Well, call it Cape corps, or what you will, it is a miserable policy, unworthy the sanction of any statesman.

In a word, they are fast disappearing from the face of the earth; meeting that fate a little earlier from the Dutch which was surely awaiting them on the part of the Caffres. Let us now speak of the Caffre.

When the Hottentot and Bosjeman tribes fled before the warlike Dutch boors, they proceeded almost due north towards the deserts, the Karoos, the Gariepine country, and the Calihari. The reason for this was soon discovered: in their retreat eastward they encountered the Caffre, a

warlike, bold, and active race of men, well armed with the assagai, accustomed to war; though somewhat feeble in their arms, yet strongly set upon their limbs, exceedingly daring, and accustomed to act in bodies; dark as Negroes nearly, yet not Negroes; finer made in the limbs, and with more energy; the head, perhaps, a little better than the Negro, or even as good as can be found in any dark race. These Amakosos, or Caffres as we call them, had advanced into the province, now called Albany, when Le Vaillant was in the colony, in 1794 or 1795; they approached or occupied the eastern tract of the country, the seaboard, as it may be called. But they had neither ships nor boats, nor any human arts; properly speaking, they were mere savages, but at that time mild and, to a certain extent, trustworthy; now, by coming into contact with Europeans, they have



[*Caffre Skull.*]

become treacherous, bloody, and thoroughly savage. Yet they have great and good points about them, which I shall endeavour presently to explain. First let me point out, as I did to Europe, that there is not the slightest foundation for imagining them to be derived in any way from Arabian blood. This is a mere fancy. They are circumcised, eat no fish nor fowl, nor unclean beasts, as they are called; live much on milk, and seem to me capable of being educated and partly civilized. Their extent northward and eastward is unknown, but they join at last the Negroes of the equatorial regions: how far they have extended into the interior is not known. Before I speak of the true Negro, let me endeavour to place before you a brief sketch of the race whose contest with the British, but just, as it were, commencing, must end by bestowing on them an unhappy immortality.

The Caffres are closely allied to the Negro race, and probably graduate, as it were, into them; for, as Nature has formed many races of white men whose physical organization and mental disposition differ widely from each other, so also has she formed the swarthy world. It is not necessary, neither perhaps, is it at all correct, to call a Caffre a Negro, or a Negro a Caffre; neither are the Caffres degenerated Bedouins, nor well-fed Hottentots, nor Saxons turned black by the sun, nor

Arabs, nor Carthaginians. I would as soon say they were the ten lost tribes. All these theories are on a par, and are worthy of each other, but not worthy of any notice. Their language is soft and melodious, and they seem to have an ear for simple melody. Since I first saw them in 1817 they have acquired firearms and horses; but they want discipline—the firmness of discipline. Individual acts of bravery they have often performed, but combined they can never meet successfully the European. We are now preparing to take possession of their country, and this of course leads to their enslavery and final destruction, for a people without land are most certainly mere bondmen. *Ascripti glebæ*—they would, but they cannot, quit it. The old English yeomen and the modern Dorsetshire labourer, the local tenant of Sutherlandshire and the peasantry of Ireland, are simply bondmen or slaves; there is no avoiding the phrase. The fate of the Caffre race, then, is certain, but centuries may elapse before their final destruction; in the meantime they may retire within the tropic, where in all probability the white man may not be able to follow, as a conqueror at least. There is the retreat for the Caffre—within the tropics, whence he came—to that again must he retire or perish. What travellers and others tell you about tribes of mixed breed, races of mulattoes, has no real existence; I would as soon

expect to hear of a generation of mules. When the Negro is crossed with the Hottentot race, the product is a mild-tempered, industrious person; when with the white race, the result is a scoundrel. But, cross as you will, the mulatto cannot hold his ground as a mulatto: back the breed will go to one or other of the pure breeds, white or black. I have already explained all this.

And now for the Negro and Negroland—Central Africa, as yet untrodden and unknown. Look at the Negro, so well known to you, and say, need I describe him? Is he shaped like any white person? Is the anatomy of his frame, of his muscles, or organs like ours? Does he walk like us, think like us, act like us? Not in the least. What an innate hatred the Saxon has for him, and how I have laughed at the mock philanthropy of England! But I have spoken of this already, and it is a painful topic; and yet this despised race drove the warlike French from St. Domingo, and the issue of a struggle with them in Jamaica might be doubtful. But come it will, and then the courage of the Negro will be tried against England. Already they defeated France; but, after all, was it not the climate? for that any body of dark men in this world will ever fight successfully a French army of twenty thousand men I never shall believe. With one thousand white men all the blacks of St. Domingo could be de-

feated in a single action. This is my opinion of the dark races.

The Negro race occupies Central Africa, extending from the Kalihari to the confines of the Sahara; other races of men occupy the remainder; the Mauritanian or Moor, and the Kabyles—the race probably which the Phœnicians found there on their first settlement. But the Moor is probably not indigenous, though of vast and unknown antiquity; so, also, is the Copt. Who the Abyssinians and the Zoullahs are, it seems almost impossible to say, seeing that, from Bruce to Harris, African travellers have either started mad, or returned mad—the heat of the climate no doubt affecting their brains.

Is the Negro race confined to Central Africa? It would seem not. Report describes their presence in Madagascar, and even in Borneo, Sumatra, and in some other Eastern isles. The Australians are black, but they are not Negroes.

Section III.—The past history of the Negro, of the Caffre, of the Hottentot, and of the Bosjeman, is simply a blank—St. Domingo forming but an episode. Can the black races become civilized? I should say not: their future history, then, must resemble the past. The Saxon race will never tolerate them—never amalgamate—never be at peace. The hottest actual war

ever carried on — the bloodiest of Napoleon's campaigns — is not equal to that now waging between our descendants in America and the dark races; it is a war of extermination — inscribed on each banner is a death's head and no surrender; one or other must fall. But here climate steps in, and says to the land-grasping Saxon, "I give you a choice of evils—cultivate Central Africa or Central America with your own hands, and you perish; employ the coloured man, your brother, as a slave, and live under the continual fear of his terrible vengeance — terrible when it comes, as come it will: unrelenting, merciless." A million of slave-holders cut off in cold blood to-morrow would call forth no tear of sympathy in Europe: "Bravo!" we should say; "the slave has risen and burst his chains—he deserves to be free."

Wild, visionary, and pitiable theories have been offered respecting the colour of the black man, as if he differed only in colour from the white races; but he differs in everything as much as in colour. He is no more a white man than an ass is a horse or a zebra: if the Israelite finds his ten tribes amongst them I shall be happy. But what has flattened the nose so much—altered the shape of the whole features, the body, the limbs? Some idle, foolish, and, I might almost say, some wicked notions, have been spread about of their being

descended from Cain; such notions ought to be discountenanced: they give a colour for oppression.

Of the true Negro I need not say much; he seems to me to have qualities of a high order, and might even reach a certain point of civilization. His constitution is energetic, as proved by the extension of his race; Africa is his real country—Central Africa. It is here that climate enables him to set the Celtic and Saxon races at defiance. Often, often have they attempted its subjugation, but have always hitherto failed; and yet there seems to me ways to effect it, did they but adopt the wiles and the modes of Saxon traders. By ascending the Senegal cautiously and rapidly, clearing the high country, dividing its sources from those of the Niger, a thousand brave men on horseback might seize and hold Central Africa to the north of the tropic; the Celtic race, will, no doubt, attempt this some day. On the other hand, accident has prepared the way for a speedy occupation of Africa to the south of the equator by the Saxon race, the Anglo-Saxon.

Section IV.—*Other Dark Races.*

Little is known of the dark races of Asia, even of those of Indostan. It is a fact worthy of the deepest reflection, that neither Northern India nor Indostan Proper have altered since the time of Alexander the Great; that is, for twenty-

three or twenty-four centuries of years they have not progressed nor changed. This I am disposed to think decides the character of the race or races; for no doubt there must be many races inhabiting these widely-extended and still, I presume, populous regions. Their extreme populousness I am disposed to question; their possible improvement is questionable. I saw two of these young persons—Brahmins I think they were, or of that race, who were educated lately in London by the India Company at a heavy expense, merely by way of experiment. The result will, simply, I think, amount to nothing. If the Company meant to ascertain whether a few of the natives of Indostan can be taught so much of book learning as is usually stuffed into the head of an undergraduate or college student, then the experiment, after all, amounts to nothing, for the same may be done with the Negro, the Hottentot, and the Bosjeman; it is one thing to cram a young head with book learning, but quite another to improve the natives of Indostan, who have stood still in the face of European civilization so long, unaltered and seemingly unalterable. But there can be no harm in trying such experiments; they form a little chit-chat for the coteries and clubs of London. The two young men I saw, who were natives of Indostan, were dark-coloured persons, with heads peculiarly formed—hammer-

shaped, in fact—set on the neck differently from the European. They wore, if I recollect right, their native dress, showing that on their return to India they would once more sink into the vast gulf of non-progression.

In conclusion: researches sufficiently extensive have not been made into the physical structure and psychology of the dark races; even the cranium or skeleton has not been very carefully studied. Of the rest we know scarcely anything. Men go to India in search of rupees, and other stuffs of that kind. They remain as short time as possible, and are chiefly occupied with personal cares; the unknown is studied chiefly in the Company's official Directory, where the anxious inquirer learns how many require to "go out" before his position on the list be quite satisfactory.

AMERICAN RACES.—INTRODUCTION.

The discovery of a new world by Columbus is the most remarkable event in human history; with the leading features of that great event all must, no doubt, be acquainted; my object is merely to trace the progress of races on that vast territory, and, after a single remark on the ancient history of the American continent, I shall resume my discourse.

When Columbus and those who followed him first set foot on the islands and mainland of that

vast continent, destined to play so important a part in the future destinies of mankind — that land where the greatest of all experiments, to be solved alone by time, is now progressing, namely, the practicability of self-government, or democracy; that land where liberty, driven from Europe, Asia, and Africa, by whiskered dragoons and church militants, found that sure resting-place, that fulcrum with which she may, perhaps, one day upturn the strongholds of fanaticism and violence ; that land which first of all brought out the true character of the Saxon race, of the Saxon mind, in fact—in that land Columbus and his followers, most of whom were men of great ability—though he alone had genius—in that land these great men found nothing to resemble strictly the countries they had left; nor trees, nor shrubs, nor fish, nor fowl, nothing which lived resembled what they had previously seen; I had better say, nothing was identical with the productions of the old world. Man was there, no doubt, but he was not identical with any other race; in his bodily and mental qualities he differed widely from all others. The horse was not there, nor sheep, nor cattle; nor the beauteous *wilde* of Africa; lions and panthers, giraffe and antelope; in the virgin forests of America stalked no elephants; the river-horse and the terrible rhinoceros were nowhere to be found. But other equally strange forms presented

themselves, peopling the fields, and rivers, and forests; all differing specifically and generically, as we express this grand and solemn fact, in technical language; I call it a solemn fact, seeing that it gives rise to profound reflections. Whence came this new race of men and animals? The answer was easy upon the old Hippocratic theory of the effects of climate; the men were Europeans burned to a copper colour by the sun and wind, and other things, including the smoke of their wigwams; and the animals were just the same as those of the old world. Careless observers! Man had journeyed without the horse, and sheep, and ox; he had also, I think, forgotten the cerealia; a theory was easily got up to explain all this. Last, came men of science, lovers of truth, enemies of romance and falsehood. Their labours proved that everything there that lived was specifically different from living beings on any other land; that even the apes differed specifically from the apes of the old world, by having an additional tooth, and by being without that central spot or hole in the retina of the eye, found in man and in the apes of the old world; that the new world was an erroneous phrase, seeing that it was a very old world in every sense of the word; that the copper-coloured race of America—that race which extended throughout the length and breadth of

the land—were neither metamorphosed Welshmen, nor Connaught men, nor Norwegians; nor even Polynesians; the last hypothesis, I believe, offered the credulous for the peopling of America, always excepting that stand-by of the thoroughbred theorist, namely, that the copper Indians, that is, the true Americans, were the lost tribes of Israel, who fled there on rafts, headed, I suppose, by Prester John. Let us leave such sickening, silly follies to their inventors and to those who hate



[*Native American.*]

truth—the romancists, the novelists, the tourists—and proceed with our inquiry. Buffon concluded that animal life was not so vigorous on the American soil as in the old world, comparing one animal with another; this simple fact, for it is one, roused the wrath of an Anglo-Saxon, now settled in that country, but calling himself an American; I mean Mr. Cooper, the novelist. True to his Saxon race, he was determined to make out, in the face of all common sense and truth—despising the one by his trade or calling, and being seemingly without the other—that the American soil nourished as big animals as ever were grown in old France or England, or the whole world; that the buffalo was as large as our oxen, and the turkey larger than a barn-door fowl; what a pity he had not also added, that geese and asses of all kinds abound, and are at least as large, as pedantic, and as stupidly solemn as any the Britishers could ever boast of. This is the Mr. Cooper who compared, through ten drawlishly-spun pages, the Rhine with the immortal Hudson—the everlasting Hudson—that large river which runs near the ancient city of New York, so rich in the association of great names and stirring events. What solemn pedantry, what deplorable want of taste and sense, to forget the passage of the Rhine by Cæsar and Napoleon! These are the names which give immortality to the Rhine, not the

amount of water it contains, nor its length nor breadth; it is not the size of the Nile which makes it live in the recollections of nations. Do you not see in this miserable comparison of Mr. Cooper the egotism of the Saxon peep out in all its true colours? Our rivers are bigger than yours —prettier, deeper: our horses are faster than yours—fatter and better; our oxen are larger than yours—sleeker and finer. You will excuse, I trust, these critical remarks; folly and egotism merit severe censure, whether individual or national—in fact, these terms are identical, nations merely being aggregates of individuals. I shall return to Mr. Cooper by-and-by, and to his native Americans, as he calls the Anglo-Saxon multitude who went over the Atlantic a few years ago, and who, by settling there, as always happens with the Saxon, forgot their country, their race, and all about it. To return: scientific inquiries have disproved all these idle romances and errors. Let us now look at the race as we find them.

Whilst I write this the Saxon race is at work in America, clutching at empires. The go-ahead principle (meaning want of all principle) is at work; the Floridas, Texas, Oregon, California, Mexico, all must reciprocate; the hypocrisy called organized, but which means organic, no doubt is at work. I blame them not; I pretend

not even to censure: man acts from his impulses, his animal impulses, and he occasionally employs his pure reason to mystify and conceal his motives from others. But I have already explained all this; let me, therefore, speak to you of the original American races—the races found on the American continent and its islands by Columbus, Vespuccio, Pizarro, Cortes, and others; not forgetting our countryman, Penn, and his troop of saints. These races still exist; in a century or two they may have ceased to be; the American human animal is one which seemingly cannot be domesticated — cannot be civilized. When brought within the Saxon house and pale, he becomes consumptive, and perishes; he is the man of the woods, differing from all other men, as the apes of his continent differ essentially from those of the old world, as we term the European, African, and Asiatic continents. But not to the same extent, for there exists, in so far as I know, no remarkable or specific differences between them and us; for the apes of the new continent have an additional tooth, distinguishing them from the old world, and the structure of the eye is essentially different. I allude more especially to the race known by the name of red or copper-coloured Indians, extending, as it would seem, from Nootka Sound and the borders of the Arctic Circle to the rock-bound shores of the

Land of Fire, including, probably, all the West India islands, the tribes of Brazil, and the Caribs. At the extremities of this long and singularly-shaped continent, it seems to me that two other races, which may be termed polar or arctic, exist: to the north, we are certain that the Esquimaux differ essentially from the red Indian;* and in the south, it is probable that the miserable dark-coloured population wandering on the outskirts of the Land of Fire, are not red Indians, but a race analogous to the Australian, and to the former inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land; polar or arctic races of men, dark in colour, swarthy, peculiar; I speak particularly of the Esquimaux: thus, in America, the races darken as we approach the poles; the eternal snows which ought to have whitened them, according to the theorists, from Hippocrates to Barton Smith, have failed to bleach them. Let me speak first of the red Indian, and next of the two other races, that is, if the southern one be a distinct race, which has not yet been proved.

When the European races, within the well-authenticated historic period, discovered America, they found, in its tropical portions, organized kingdoms or empires, arts tolerably advanced, and an appearance of domesticity. In the dense

* For illustrative woodcut, see page 140.

woods of South America the Indian still roamed about, a naked savage; and in the woods of Northern America they still found the red man a savage, though with somewhat peculiar institutions. They were, probably, all of one race —the Botocudo and Patagonian; the Mexican, Peruvian, and red Indian; the Carib and the flat-headed Indian of the Oregon. I say this, however, with hesitation, ready to be put right on a point respecting which I have had so few opportunities for observation. But, be it as it may, I must decline entering into any controversy with those who derive them from the Welsh, or Danes, or Mongols, or Asiatics, or Malays; or even from the ten tribes headed by Prester John. These are old women's fables, not worth a moment's consideration. For after Dr. Laing has brought his men from the Malayan peninsula to people all America, he must also bring over in the same boats, camels, goats, and sheep, to be converted into llamas, alpacas, &c. And then the *peculiar* apes, and the two-toed sloth, and ten thousand other American forms of life which Dr. Laing has forgotten to allude to; and the buffalo, which is peculiar to America. And then he must explain to us how it was that, if the Malays and Mongols came there, they did not bring with them their sheep and oxen, and horses and pigs; for nothing of the kind was found

there by Columbus, nor by anybody else: in short, the hypothesis is a miserable one, and merits no attention from anybody. The Jewish Scriptures have only suffered by such attempts at reconciliation.

A flat or depressed forehead is the peculiar characteristic of the American copper-coloured race. It existed amongst the Caribs, who, I believe, are now extinct, and it is seen everywhere. That it is produced artificially I totally disbelieve. Persons seeing applications made to the head of the child may fancy such to be capable of producing it, but erroneously. In certain cases it may increase it so as to amount to positive deformity—this I will admit, but no more; the fable about the artificial production of a flat-headed people, is at least as old as Hippocrates, but probably much older. He placed them on the shores of the Euxine Sea, the America of those days, and like all medical men, true to his class and order, he offered a theory based on very slight materials. But I shall discuss these theories in a future lecture, and need not speak further of them here. The great feature of the red Indian, of the American race in fact, is the flattening of the forehead, more or less, in different tribes and nations. The Caribs were remarkable for this; the Peruvians, on the other

hand, for irregularly formed crania, imperfect ossification, &c., as has been already shown.

When the Europeans first landed, the American was probably a race not on the ascending, but descending, series, gradually becoming extinct. They had probably passed through countless periods of existence, and were merely living on the crumbs of a past generation—the race who built and inhabited Copan. How mysterious are these ruined cities of Central America! Hieroglyphics, pyramids, mummies, columns like those of Luxor, but on a smaller scale! Egypt rediscovered as reproduced in Central America. Ye theorists, what say you now? Were these remains of former grandeur the work of the forefathers of the present race of American aborigines? or, as these have altered somewhat since the days of the Incas and of Montezuma, were they constructed by the former Mexicans and Peruvians? I should think not exactly. They must have been constructed by, or copied from others. Perhaps the continents were at one time joined where the Atlantic surge now rolls, and architects from Egypt and North Africa, from the land of the Guanches, in fact, assisted the American aborigines in raising structures whose meaning they possibly did not comprehend. Or, had Coptic and Phœnician men, the great masons of the earth, the true builders, who seem to have

taught all others, who built instinctively, as bees construct hives, not houses, but temples — had they ever overrun these countries, acted as instructors and masters, and held the soil? or, was there a race prior to all these? or, finally, had the American race lived its period, gone to the full extent of their instinctive civilization, and were rapidly declining when Cortes marched on Mexico, and Pizarro on Peru? Did the European find the race hastening on to a state of natural extinction?

To these and numerous questions like these no satisfactory answer can be given; all we know is, but little; we scarcely have a good idea of what this race was at the commencement of their historic period. But we do know that there are mummies resembling the present Peruvian; that the remains of vast buildings having an Egyptian cast still exist; and finally, that, notwithstanding the infusion of much European blood, the race cannot stand its ground. Now this is the point most worthy of our present notice.

Cast your eyes on this small spot, and see what it portends; it is the Falkland Isles. There a small group of Saxons have located themselves. They could not exactly land at once on the mainland of Patagonia, and settle there; this does not suit the organized hypocrisy which regulates the Saxon; he settles on some out-of-the-way spot—

Aden, the Falkland Isles, Calcutta, Hong-Kong, Borneo; something unobtrusive. The French, a Celtic race, try to imitate us, but they do it clumsily; their hypocrisy is not so perfectly organized. The group on the Falklands are looking towards the mainland as a counterbalance to the loss of the United States first, and of Canada, which is sure to follow. But direct your attention northwards, and see the islands we hold; precariously, however, as being within the tropics, and therefore, wholly inimical to the Saxon constitution. An attempt was made on Buenos Ayres; we were beaten shamefully — nothing scarcely equals it in the history of defeats: the commander of that expedition should have been hanged, and another and another sent until we drove a plough over the city, and blotted it from the maps. But not so; still the fight goes on, and we are endeavouring to seize on these fertile plains where the European can live. Across is Chili; northwards Peru, and then Mexico. Now, the fate of all these nations must be the same; it results from the nature of their populations, and nothing can arrest it. I select Mexico for the description, but most of my remarks will apply with equal truth, I believe, to the others, and especially to Peru. The original population of Mexico was Indian—the red Indian—a half-civilized barbarian. On this was engrafted the Spanish stock,

itself not pure, being composed of several races, but still energetic, though likewise on the wane. The product was a mulatto, or half breed, whom nature never intended should exist as a race; therefore, having ceased receiving supplies from Old Spain, mulattoes could no longer be generated from that stock; they themselves, the mulattoes, die out and out, I think, in three or four generations, unless crossed and recrossed with some pure blood, white or black; they, therefore, would have ceased to exist; the Indian blood, predominating from the first, would naturally gain the ascendant; but, as that race was seemingly dying out when Cortes seized the kingdom, there existed no elements in Mexico to perpetuate the race beyond a few centuries. Now, this is precisely what has happened: all but English statisticians and statesmen knew that the Mexican population materially decreased; and so it will be with Peru and Chili: physiological causes are at work which would have settled the rank these nations were to hold in the world, independent altogether of the Saxon sword; this being now thrown into the balance, of course decides the matter against the Indian. Had they held by Old Spain, the Mexican Indian might have continued to receive supplies of fresh energy from Europe: not good, I admit, but still superior to their own; as it is, their fall is certain, for the

Saxon will not mingle with them; the Spaniard, the Celt-Iberian, would, but not the Saxon; thus they would have surely perished, even independent of Saxon interference. The physiological laws of reproduction were against them. What are their numbers?—say five, or six, or seven millions: why, they have received more than that from Europe!—seven millions in three hundred years. They have not increased by a single soul in three hundred years. But neither nations nor individuals stand still; onward they must go, or retrograde: there is no middle course; no fixity, no finality, in that sense. I have often read, years ago, in those popular things got up to amuse the people, of the thriving state of the population of these countries; a pretty tale, dressed up for the three-halfpenny literature; a smoothly-written phrenological thing about the American republics, and the noble Mexicans, Peruvians, Chilians, &c.; white lies, dressed up with false statistics, to give them an air of truth; in the meantime no attempt at analysis — no desire to look into principles—a fine generalizing tone, smoothing over enormous errors. Mr. Canning boasted of having created the American republics; but how are they to come off? He thought, no doubt, that, being men, some few amongst them might have some common sense; but he forgot, or did not know, that he had with-

drawn from them, first, fresh supplies of European blood; second, that by this he annihilated the so-called half breed, who always die out; third, that the Indian blood would finally predominate, which Indian race would never civilize, but retrograde towards that point where Cortes found them, and would also die out. These elements were not understood by Mr. Canning; if known to him, despised. In man the statesman sees a machine bound to obey the existing laws; the only power they understand to enforce the law is the bayonet. Why Mexicans or Indians (for that is really their true name) cannot unite with Saxons to form one nation, they either cannot or will not understand. But Nature's laws are stronger than bayonets—she made the Saxon and she made the Indian; but no mixed race called Mexican will she support. Already we are told that the Indian blood predominates: of course it will; but give the so-called nation another century, and then let us consider what must happen. The Castilian blood will then be all but extinct, the Indian predominating; by that time the Anglo-Saxon, true to his go-ahead principles, seizes Mexico; but no Saxon will mingle with dark blood; with him the dark races must be slaves, or cease to exist. This principle, so small in semblance, so unimportant, and so unconsequential in appearance, will yet be found

equal to the extinction of all Indian blood in Mexico; the new canton or federated state, forming part of the union, will then be colonized by Anglo-Saxons. They will forget New York and Florida, whence they came, and become native true-born Mexicans; thus the phrase bandied about fixes at last on a race originally from Scandinavia, and still quite unaltered. But here a difficulty awaits them: the Saxon race cannot labour in a tropical country; they must have slaves, or leave it; this seems the great law of nature for the protection of the tropical races of men; neither Celt nor Saxon can labour in a tropical country; they may seize a country, as we have done India, and hold it by the bayonet, as we do that vast territory; but we cannot colonize it; it is no part of Britain in any sense, and never will be; the white race can never till the fields of Hindostan.

Of the remaining original races of America I need say but little. The southern race is but imperfectly known to us; the northern, or Esquimaux, have been long before the public, yet their real history is still to write; this is my opinion.

Let me conclude this portion of my discourse with a few remarks on the insular portion of this continent, and on those regions in the north which still own the sovereignty of Britain. And, first of these, the great Celtic family of Gaul colonized Canada; a portion of the race settled in

it, and they carried thither, I was about to say, their religion, manners, laws, forms of holding property, &c.; but why not rather say at once, that a portion of a Celtic race from France seized on a part of Canada; that, being Celts, they carried with them the Celtic character? Is not this enough? What else could they do? They had, and they have yet, their seigniories and their laws of primogeniture; their natural indolence and good taste; their habits of clinging to each other and leaving the country desolate; they huddled themselves in villages, seemingly terrified to locate in the open country; they had no self-dependence, no go-ahead notions; and so they all but stood still, waiting the arrival of the latest fashions from Paris. Then poured in the Saxon upon them; seized their territory, and advised them to become English. With this seemingly quite reasonable request they refused compliance; hence the revolts—hence the attempts to re-establish Celtic authority in Canada. This struggle can only cease when the Saxon has become the preponderating race in Lower Canada, which can never happen until the laws of entail and primogeniture are abolished. These laws perpetuate the Celtic race, and with it all the feuds of race.* They have the same effect precisely in Ireland: Canada is merely a western Ireland and Wales; the inextinguishable hatred

* For illustrative woodcut, see page 52.

of races is in full play; unite they never will; one must become extinct. Now it is easy to see which goes first to the wall; the laws of entail, after a severe struggle, will be abolished in both countries, and then the Saxon steps in with his self-dependent, go-ahead principle; then flourish commerce, manufacture, agriculture, and every useful speculation; then will Ireland become Saxon, but not till then. So will "Le bas Canada," as it is called, soon, under such circumstances, cease to be Celtic. In the meantime we must not suppose that the Celtic struggle will end here. Some ten years ago I ventured to hint that whenever the Celtic race became sufficiently numerous in any part of the Union, the Saxon would be disposed to notice them. I allowed some half century, however, to elapse before the war of race might show itself; but in this I was wrong, for it has already appeared in one of the northern states, the Saxons assembling tumultuously, and burning a Roman-catholic church, with other acts of violence towards the frequenters of that church, who of course are Celtic. We shall see: time unfolds all events; the war of race will some day shake the Union to its foundation. They never will mix — never commingle and unite. Though using the same language, they apply to some most important words totally different meanings. The one loves war, the other peace; the law and the constable's baton are gene-

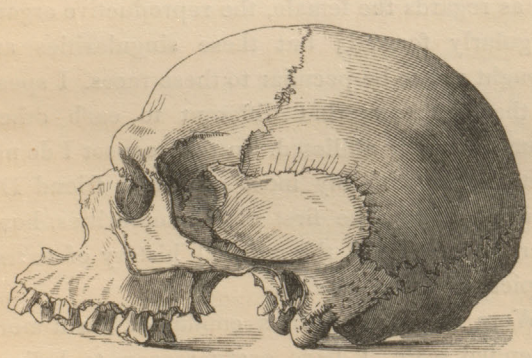
rally sufficient for the rule of the one, and the bayonet, on which, of course, all law ultimately reposes, is kept out of view; but with the Celt this, I think, can never be; he can be made to respect the law only by means of the sword ever drawn. It is not that he is more savage or more brutal (the term in no shape applies to him) or less a lover of justice than others; but his temper is quicker, and he flies to the sword, to arms, as his natural instinct. Against this disposition the state must ever be on its guard. Both races talk of republican institutions, and the Saxon may well boast that pure democracy prevails throughout the Union; that it forms a large element in Britain; that it is not quite extinct in Holland and Norway, though ground to the dust in France and throughout the rest of Europe. But the Celt has not the most distant idea of true personal liberty. Look at him in France! See him rebuild the bastiles he once destroyed! See forty millions of people, warlike and courageous, submit to become the mere tools of a miserable dynasty.*

* This was written as the lectures were delivered, five years ago; and prior, of course, to the late revolution. The journalists of France inform us, no doubt, of a *republic* which is said to exist somewhere in France; be it so: in the meantime I beg leave to hint at the following facts. Paris is in a state of siege; walled and fortified round about; the passport system continues in full force. A soldier of the name of Cavaignac stands in the place of the dynasty, &c. &c.

And now of the insular part of the new world. One great section, Hayti, has shown the white man that he cannot colonize a tropical country; it must revert to those races on whom nature has bestowed a constitution adapted to labour under a tropical sun. Cuba and Jamaica will follow; they will become black spots in the history of civilization, for nothing in the history of mankind permits us to believe in the perfect civilization of the Negro race. The policy of European races would be to expel the Negro and transplant the Coolies, Hindoos, Chinese, or other feeble races, as labourers and workmen,—bondmen, in fact. Why not call everything by its right name? Over these the Saxon and Celt might lord it, as we do in India, with a few European bayonets, levying taxes and land-rent; holding a monopoly of trade; furnishing them with salt at fifty times its value; but we cannot do this with the true Negro.

I am disposed to ascribe to the element of race a circumstance which has occurred oftener than once in the delivery of these lectures in various institutions—literary, scientific, and popular. The attention of the audience could not be so completely secured as when I spoke to them of the fair races. It seemed to me again a question of race. What signify these dark races to us? Who cares particularly for the Negro, or the Hottentot, or the

Kaffir? These latter have proved a very troublesome race, and the sooner they are put out of the way the better. I will not say that this was expressed, but I think it was understood; it seemed to be felt that black and coloured men differ very much from fair men, like ourselves. This is the world's sympathy: they are good enough people, but not of our kind. Practically, all men believe in the element of race; it is denied only theoretically; thus theory and practice seldom coincide: profession is not conduct; fair words do not always imply straightforward actions. Even the daily press, so powerful an agent for the exposure of such hypocrisy, must look to those who support it; Negroes and Red Indians, Hottentots and Kaffirs, neither read nor pay for daily journals.



[*The Skull of the Tasmanian.*]

Section V.—*Physical Characteristics.*

The anatomical structure of the dark races of men is but imperfectly known; I may venture to say it is not known at all. The details have not been observed and described by anatomists of reputation: few anatomists go abroad to sojourn in tropical countries, and opportunities for the dissection of the dark races are comparatively rare in the seats of learning and science in Europe. The Hottentot Venus, who died in Paris, was examined there, and some most distinguished men took part in the examination. But I can find no detailed account of the structures deserving the name of a report. It is known that the Hottentot and Bosjeman race have, in as far as regards the female, the reproductive organs singularly formed; but these singularities are thought not to be peculiar to these races. I speak of them as somewhat different to each other, though strongly affiliated. In this respect I do not quite agree with my most esteemed friend Dr. Andrew Smith, the first of all authorities, however, in respect of the natural history of extra-tropical Southern Africa.

Were the examinations conducted on a more extended scale, I have every reason to believe that many other differences in structure would be

found to exist. The nasal bones are narrow and short, they usually coalesce ; the ascending branches of the upper maxillary bones are broad, and the breadth between the eyes correspondingly remarkable. The power of vision is most admirable, but it is lost by a single cross with the white race. So also are the elastic fatty cushions over the glutei muscles and on the haunches generally, so characteristically marked in the Hottentot Venus. If my memory be correct, it was M. de Blainville (my illustrious teacher, the first comparative anatomist of the present age) who pointed out the existence of similar elastic fatty cushions over the deltoid muscles, which he no doubt observed in the Hottentot Venus. I did not remark them sufficiently when in South Africa, but I do not question the fact of their occasional presence. The truth is, that such peculiarities are by no means universal amongst the race—at least, so it appeared to me ; and the same remark may be made, I think, in respect of the still more striking peculiarities of the reproductive system. Many other curious circumstances might here be added, from my personal knowledge of this race, the yellow, pigmy race of Southern Africa, but they would not compensate for the absolute want of scientific details, which no scientific man has yet furnished. Neither literature nor science can flourish in the colonies, and the disposition of the

British government is opposed to the true cultivation of science. Its utility, which is indeed often remote, is questioned by the utilitarian practical government of a utilitarian practical race, looking directly and intently at immediate results and material interests. Accordingly, no attempt that I know of has ever been made to ascertain the extent of the Hottentot and Bosjeman race towards the north, that is, into the interior of Africa; a problem surely worthy a solution, for no more singular race of men exist on the earth than the Hottentot race.

The first Kaffir crania transmitted to Europe were by myself, and I may claim, I believe, the merit of having first pointed out to the learned of Europe the true nature of this fine race. They are not Negroes, but yet their skulls are not well formed—they are deficient in elevation and in breadth. They differ vastly from the Hottentot, to whom, indeed, they bear no resemblance whatever, although it is quite possible that intermediate races between them may be found on the Gariepine streams, or even in the Calihari Desert. Everything is mystery here. Their limbs are of great strength, but not their arms, and their elongated, narrow foot, can at once be distinguished from all others. Let us hope that some scientific man will favour mankind with a correct history of the race before their final extinction.

When Hanno the Carthaginian led his great colony along the shores of Africa, on the west, they met with beings so curiously made, and covered with hair, that the Phœnician general was anxious to carry specimens of this race (of men?) to Carthage. Three were seized — females; but they proved so troublesome to the Carthaginians that they were forced to slay them, and carry their stuffed skins to Carthage, where no doubt they were looked on as great curiosities. Let us hope, for the honour of humanity, that these women, so named, by Hanno, were not women, but chimpanzees, which still exist on that coast.

I have seen lately in England the stuffed skin of a Hottentot woman, a great curiosity, no doubt. Now, as the Kaffirs will in all probability soon become extinct, it might be worth while to adopt this method of preserving a few specimens of the



[*Chimpanzee.*]

race. The stuffed skin of poor Hinsa, the noblest of the Kaffir nation by birth and courage, who was killed (Lord Glenelg, if I recollect right, seemed to think murdered) on the Kei, might have figured in the British Museum, forming an exciting object of attention to the sight-seers of London. But to return.

The scientific history of the Kaffir race is still to write.

2. A very general belief has prevailed from the days of Hippocrates, and long prior, no doubt, that by artificial means the form of various parts of the human body, the general shape itself, may be permanently altered. Stating the circumstances from recollection connected with this subject, I would observe that it was Hippocrates who said that the Macrocephali inhabiting the shores of the Black Sea applied pressure to the head, altering its form considerably, and producing a deformation which continued with the life of the individual. But Hippocrates, if my memory be correct, went still further than this; he allows that the practice of thus improving the form of the head had been long discontinued in his time, but that, from being originally an accidental or artificial deformation, it had become *congenital*, no longer requiring artificial means for its production. Theories like these merit little or no attention, whether invented by Hippocrates

or by a less skilful hand. The same story has been told in modern times of the Carib of the West Indies; also of the Chenook; but I have seen crania from the isles of the Southern or Pacific Ocean, if possible still more depressed even than those of the Chenook, or inhabitant of the banks of the Oregon. The natives of these countries imagine that by applying a bag of sand to the forehead of the infant at or soon after birth, and by maintaining it there with compresses, they may thereby increase to an extreme degree the flatness of the forehead natural to their race. Now, it is just possible they may do so in a slight degree, but even this is doubtful. The American race has the forehead depressed naturally; it was the same with the Caribs, a race of men nearly extinct. When we speak of the American tribes or nations being all of one race, we merely state a probability; there may have been several, though strongly affiliated races; much information is still wanting on this point.

Accident placed in my hands, a few years ago, a memoir of a distinguished French anatomist, whose name I, at this moment, cannot recollect, unless it be M. Foville. The object of the memoir was to prove that the practice, still it appears prevailing in some parts of France, of swathing the head of the infant immediately on birth, was a pernicious one, calculated to give rise to mal-

formation of the cranium, and consequently of the brain, injurious to the health and intellects of the sufferer. The kind of malformation observed by him consisted in a remarkable depression, extending over the vertex, in the region of the parietal bones, sometimes more than an inch and a half or two inches in breadth, and obviously corresponding to the place over which the nurse or parent had placed a tight fold of the bandage. But it is difficult to imagine such results to flow from such a cause, for to it M. Foville traces many cases of idiocy and dementia. This form of head is by no means uncommon; I have described it in my "Physiological Lectures" some years ago; I have met with it frequently during life, but never could observe the idiotic state of the person as its accompaniment. This distinguished anatomist and observer must, I think, be mistaken in his views respecting this form of the head. It is the theory of Hippocrates, with some additions. No deviations in form, even when they can be produced, can ever become congenital or hereditary. Let the Chinese foot bear witness to this fact.* For thousands of years has this non-progressive race been endeavouring to destroy the form of the foot in Chinese women, without any success further than the mutilation

* For illustrative woodcut, see page 101.

of the individual: nor has the act of marriage permanently altered the form of woman. *Expellas naturam furea, tamen usque recurrat,* is the pithy and true saying of Horace, verified from all antiquity.

The fragments existing respecting the physical structures are few, and in many cases not to be depended on. Those which have been observed are in most instances reducible to the laws of imperfect development, as partly understood by Harvey, and the anatomists of his day, but best explained by the continental anatomists — Bojanus, Oken, Spix, and others. Thus, the fold of integument we observe in many persons, and particularly in the young, towards the inner angle of the eye, I have thought to be much more frequent and much larger in the Hottentot and Bosjeman than in the European. It has been also described as present universally, I think, by a careful observer, Mr. Edwards, amongst the Esquimaux, from whose interesting account of the race I make the following quotation:—

"I may here remark, that there is in many individuals a peculiarity about the eye amounting, in some instances, to deformity, which I have not noticed elsewhere. It consists in the inner corner of the eye being entirely covered by a duplication of the adjacent loose skin of the eyelids and nose. This fold is lightly stretched

over the edges of the eyelids, and forms, as it were, a third palpebra of a crescentic shape. The aperture is in consequence rendered somewhat pyriform, the inner curvature being very obtuse, and in some individuals distorted by an angle, formed where the fold crosses the border of the lower palpebra. This singularity depends upon the variable form of the orbit during immature age, and is very remarkable in childhood, less so towards adult age, and then, it would seem, frequently disappearing altogether; for the proportion in which it exists among grown-up persons bears but a small comparison with that observed among the young."

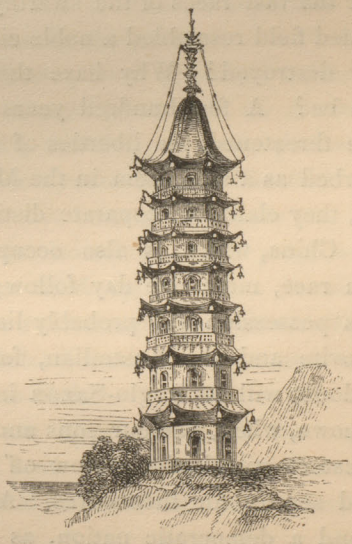
The deformity here described exists probably in every human fœtus, and its continuance in after-life is, therefore, a mere persistence of a fœtal or embryonic form. The fold of integument does not correspond, however, is not the analogue nor homologue of a palpebra or third eyelid; the third eyelid exists in all animals, being quite rudimentary, though sensibly present, in man, whilst it attains its maximum of development in the bird.

There are appearances in the reproductive organs in some dark races indicative of a persistence of fœtal forms to the adult or mature age.

SECTION VI.—The Chinese, Mongol, Calmuck,

and Tartar, and all or most of those tribes and races which either inhabit the vast steppes of Asia, extend over the Himalayan range, or wander by the shores of the icy seas northward from Siberia, from the north of the Obi to the furthest land claimed in Asia by the Muscovite, belong to the dark races of men; of these races the Mongol was once the most powerful; his reign was that of terror and desolation for the rest of mankind. Twice, I think, he overran a great portion of the then civilized world; penetrated into Europe, and then retired. What has become of the vast races of the swarthy Mongol, whose tented field resembled a noble city? How were they destroyed? Why have they all but ceased to be? A few hundred years ago they once more threatened the liberties of mankind; now, absorbed as a mere item in the Muscovite's territories, they claim no separate distinction as a power. China, which is also occupied by a Mongolian race, must one day follow; the contest for its possession will probably lie between the Muscovite and the Australian, for by that name no doubt will its Anglo-Saxon inhabitants be soon known, when, like our sons and brothers in the Western world, they throw off our allegiance and set up for themselves. As a great and free and a democratic nation, as no doubt they will be, they will dispute Japan, and even

China itself, with the Muscovite. The fate of the rest of the Mongol race is settled: Sarmatian or Saxon, the Celestial Empire, and its sister of Japan, must one day become. But it will not be English: it will be Australian, and belong to the Anglo-Saxon population of Australia. How speedily does the Anglo-Saxon show his real character when relieved from the pressure of the Three Estates. In America he will not allow a black man to be a free man; in Australia he deems him entirely below his notice; in Tasmania he swept him, and at once, entirely from



[*Chinese Pagoda.*]

the land of his birth. No compunctious visitings about the "fell swoop" which extinguished a race.

A few years ago it was the fashion to speak of the vast population of China—300,000,000 or more; its armies, too, were described as immense; its resources ample. Now mark what happened. A Saxon nation of about twenty-two millions of population, and having a disposable force of a few thousand men at the most—never able to bring into the field, unaided by allies, a force entitled to be called an army—quarrels with this said Celestial Empire of three hundred millions, having at its disposal, as was said, an army of four or five millions of men. The result of this pretty little quarrel between the smugglers (English) and the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire is, that the former send a handful of *European* troops in ships some thousand miles across the ocean. This handful of troops, which could not have marched twenty miles inland from Boulogne without destruction, meets with no effectual resistance. It seizes the second city of their empire, and was prevented taking and plundering the capital itself merely by a bribe of six or seven millions of money—the silver we had paid them for tea.

In the meantime the army of five millions never appeared; with the greatest difficulty (as was

evident, seeing that their very capital city and political existence was threatened) they scarcely mustered thirty-five thousand men; this was their largest army, and it was easily defeated by half their numbers. Surely it is time for geographical and other writers to leave off the extravagancies they have been in the habit of publishing in regard to China and Japan. In a sheet just published here in London, called "The World as it is in 1848," the authors have reduced the three hundred millions to one hundred and ninety-eight millions. How able statisticians are! They will undertake to prove you almost anything. But it may be as well to reduce their population of China by another odd hundred millions or so; for assuredly either the central provinces of China are deserts or the central government is without strength. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion but one of these. That the most ancient nation on the earth; the most populous; with a population exceeding that of Europe; reported to have been highly civilized for nearly three thousand years; productive, rich, should yet not be able to muster forty thousand men to defend its capital from the invasion of a few thousand "barbarians," as they are pleased to term us, is altogether incredible, excepting on the suppositions I have made. But now, having mentioned the term civilization as

applied to China, let us consider what it may amount to amongst a Mongol race.

Long prior to the Christian era the race inhabiting China, Nepaul, and many adjoining territories, was acquainted with the magnet, the art of printing, the making of gunpowder, and with most useful domestic and mechanical arts, yet they never could turn any of these inventions to any great account. On the contrary, they remained stationary, whilst the Greek and the Roman, following the Coptic, and next the modern European, successively arose, culminated, and, with the exception of the last, terminated. In the meantime, China appears to have been completely stationary; she neither invented nor discovered; their arts must have belonged to some other race, from whom she borrowed without rightly comprehending them. Their religion is a puzzle; their morals of the lowest; of science they can have none, nor is it clear that they comprehend the meaning of the term. A love for science implies a love of truth: now truth they despise and abhor. I do not believe there is an individual Chinaman who could be made to comprehend a single fact in physical geography. So profound was their ignorance, their want of foresight and of common sense, that they could not send a single person to Europe so as to give any information about the armament which ultimately

overthrew and plundered them. An English or French engineer possesses more practical knowledge than the united *savans* of their empire. Humboldt, the illustrious Humboldt, praises them, and thinks highly of them. Whilst we in Europe, he remarks, for so many centuries during the dark ages were outraging every principle of humanity and common sense, by *auto-da-fés*, and by the torturing and slaying of human beings as witches and dealers in evil arts, the Chinese were recording eclipses. These are facts, no doubt; they do not say much for the Saxons and Celts of former times; the savage nature of the elementary men of Northern Europe had not been tamed down; even yet, brutality, ferocity, frivolity, and a base and dreadful fanaticism are occasionally but too apt to surge up from time to time, in these so called European countries, telling us of the presence of those elementary hands and minds which still abound in all races; but the recording eclipses is, after all, no great effort of the mind.

Schlegel thinks them highly civilized, and instances their canals, bridges, &c.; but this is a great error—the beaver, the bee, and the wasp and ant would, in this case, be civilized; the hillock of the African termites is a more remarkable labour comparatively than the pyramids to

man; man builds, cuts canals, makes roads, instinctively, exactly like an animal; these are no proofs of intellect or pure reason; each race builds after its own kind; the Saxon is not disposed to build; the ancient Copts, Phœnicians, and Greeks were, on the other hand, remarkably so, and builders, *par excellence.*

Mere mechanical art is no proof of high intelligence. The Romans had no genius whatever, and yet they were remarkable as builders and for their excellence in the mechanical arts. Historians admit that the Chinese records furnish few materials for history. It is admitted on all hands that they are devoid of all principle, and essentially a nation of liars. How then can they progress? Without a military or naval force, they resorted to tricks more worthy of children than of grown men, in hopes of arresting the progress of the British armament. They set up an iron pipe on the deck of their vessels, kindling a fire inside the tube, in hopes that the smoke which showed itself at the top would terrify the barbarians! They mistook the big drum of the 18th Irish Foot for an unknown and dangerous implement of war, and kept firing at it during the greater part of the action; they in consequence killed nobody. Such are the Chinese.

I have, in this brief sketch, scarcely alluded to

the Australian* and Tasmanian; to the cannibal inhabitants of some portions of Oceania, if they really be cannibals (which I greatly doubt); to the Malay race; to the numerous dark tribes of Hindostan; to the Arabs, many of whom are very dark in their colour; to the natives of Madagascar; of Borneo, Sumatra, and the Eastern Isles. The reason is simple. Scarcely anything positive is known of them. The Tasmanians and Australians have never been carefully described. One thing seems to me certain, that in all the dark races the bones composing the upper jaw are much larger than in any fair race, with the exception, perhaps, of the Jew.

The reproductive organs in the Tasmanian are said to be quite peculiar in man and woman; and it has been further reported of them that the Australian woman ceases to be productive after intermarriage with one of the fair races. These would be curious facts if proved.

But the European has, in my opinion, erred in despising the Negro, who seems to me of a race of occasionally great energy. Amongst them we find the athlete as finely marked to the waist as the Farnese Hercules. Such was the head and bust of the prize-fighter Molineux, of matchless strength, could he have properly trained

* For illustrative woodcut, see page 237.

himself for the fight. Below the waist the limbs fell off, as they do in most Negroes. He was reported to be a Congo black. Other races on that coast show much intelligence and energy in commercial transactions. Most dark races are without any ear for music, yet the Negro seems to have some sensibilities on this point. He is certainly at least equal to the Dutchman, and perhaps to the very best of the Saxon race. But the grand qualities which distinguish man from the animal — the generalizing powers of pure reason—the love of perfectibility—the desire to know the unknown—and, last and greatest, the ability to observe new phenomena and new relations; these mental faculties are deficient, or seem to be so, in all dark races. But, if it be so, how can they become civilized? What hopes for their progress? Like all other races, they have a religion of their own: it is Fetichism.

Were they, the dark races of men, the original inhabitants of the globe? Were they the races which preceded ours, filling up the link in that vast chain of life extending from the period when first the materials of the globe were called into form to the present day? And have these races seen their day—passed through their determined course and period, hastening on towards that final exit when their remains must rank only as the remains of beings that were, like the mam-

mals and birds of the past world, which now are no longer to be found? Or will their stock be replenished by the fair races, as Barton Smith and others supposed—the Saxon being in process of time converted into the Red Indian; the Anglo-Saxon into the Hindoo? the last descendants of the European, now flocking to Australia, into the wretched, jet-black Tasmanian and Australian? These theories we may discuss hereafter; in the meantime, let us briefly consider an important question—Can the fair races of man become so acclimatized in tropical countries as to resist the pestilential climate of such regions? Can they become equal to labour; to till the earth; to act as soldiers; as aborigines, in fact? This important question will form the subject of our next section.

COLONIZATION OF AFRICA.

SECTION VII.—*Extinction of the slave trade; future prospects of the African races. In the event of the dark races of men being ultimately destroyed, can the fair races cultivate or inhabit the tropical regions of the earth? Can they occupy, as labourers and citizens, the African and Syrian shores of the Mediterranean?*

Long prior to the accurate researches of the army statistician it was known to the well-informed

and educated in society, that the tropical regions of the earth, generally speaking, were so inimical to European life as to render it hopeless for any European race to attempt the colonization of any country, however valuable, however wealthy and productive, if situated within the range of the tract of the earth exposed to the influence of a tropical sun. It was also known to them, not so accurately, that other regions (as along the shores of the Mediterranean, American, and African seas) partook, sometimes largely, of this unhealthy character, although not comprised within, but *adjoining*, the tropical range; that tropical seas were sufficiently healthy so long as the mariner kept his vessel at a certain distance from the shores; and, finally, that even in tropical countries, mountain tracts of great elevation were healthy, and their climate compatible with European life. But, although these facts were generally known to the well-read and the educated, it was not so with the great mass of the people, whose ideas on this, as on most other points, from want of a sound elementary and practical education, are at all times miserably defective, and not unfrequently totally erroneous: hence originate such scenes as took place a few years ago, when an adventurer induced a number of persons to attempt a settlement in Poyais (Central America), followed and preceded by

numerous other wretched occurrences, the fruits of ignorance on the one hand, of deception on the other. The Texas is still advertised as a charming, healthy country. A very few years ago it was attempted to cultivate Jamaica with European or white labourers, in despite of all previous experience! I need say nothing of the result, nor analyze the nonsense and falsehoods told of the white labourers of Cuba! It is known to the experienced and educated that the bold and active men engaged in voyages of discovery have been unable, even sometimes for a few days, to resist the deleterious effects of that perfectly unknown and subtile agency which, like a plague, so quickly destroys, that ships' crews, regiments, nay, armies, have been swept off with a rapidity equalling the plague itself. The expedition to the Congo, under Captain Tuckey, was one of these; then followed that worst planned, worst conducted of all voyages of discovery, the expedition to the Niger; the fate of the Royal African Regiment, as it was called, on the western coast of Africa, whilst there, gave evidence on a larger scale; and, if more be wanted, the reader will find in the "History of the Mortality of the Troops in St. Domingo," and in the admirable reports of Major Tulloch, an unanswerable proof against the possibility of colonizing a tropical country with European men.

Is it, then, that there exists a vast region of the earth, the richest in all respects, the most productive, which the European cannot colonize, cannot inhabit as a labourer of the earth, as a workman, as a mechanic? From which should he expel the coloured aboriginal races, he also must quit or cease to live?—which he requires to till with other hands? It would seem so; and all history proves it. This zone is the last refuge of the coloured man; like the primeval forests of these very regions, the densely wooded banks of the Amazon and the Oronoco, against which it would seem as if human efforts were of little or no avail, the swarthy Negro and kindred races, driven back, subdued, or reduced to slavery, continually recover their pristine vigour and numbers, rolling back the white invasion, forcing it into other channels, and compelling it to limit its aggressions to those quarters of the earth which Nature seems to have assigned it.

A limit, then, seems set to the aggressions of the fair races. If we are to hold India, it can only be as military masters lording it over a slave population. It is the same with Jamaica, Cuba, even Brazil, tropical Africa, Madagascar, the northern coasts of Australia, and all the islands of the Indian Ocean situated as Borneo, Sumatra, &c. An important question falls next to be discussed. Are there any regions adjoining

the tropical ones—like Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Egypt, extra-tropical, at least in part—which may be colonized by a European race? On this question rests a circumstance of paramount importance to mankind.

When Scandinavia and Northern Germany overflowed, the Saxon race found an outlet in Central Germany and in Britain; their progress eastward was arrested by the Muscovite and the defeat of Charles XII.; southward and eastward they progressed to a certain extent against the Slavonian races, but never amalgamating. The German empire was the result of this mock union, sure to be broken in the course of time—time which strengthens races, but breaks down empires. Woe to the empire or nation composed of divers elements, of different races, and discordant principles! Let Ireland teach the incredulous.

The Saxon race or races (for this point has not yet been determined) nominally extended their power into Italy and Slavonia, sure to be forced back upon their original territory. They attempted to seize on Bohemia, and to convert it into a true Saxon territory, a "right Deutchsland," by the massacre of its Slavonian inhabitants; the contest was renewed the other day, and is sure to fall. France will interpose her power.—But to return.

Towards the Rhine the Saxon early turned his steps, hoping to dispossess the Celt; here he failed altogether. Britain remained: that he seized on, peopled and cultivated—the land, the richest land the sun shines on. Too narrow for the broad dissent which characterizes the Saxon mind, the Western world offered an outlet, more for his dissent than for his population, which required at the time no such escape. At last, in Northern America, relieved by his own exertions from the bayonet of the furious Celt, and "fiery Hun," and brutal Muscovite—relieved, also, from the Norman government—of England, the pressure of the Three Estates—the Saxon found a place where unfettered he might display his real character—that is, the perfect democrat; the only race, perhaps, in the world, absolutely and by nature democratical. This is the destiny of the Saxon race.

In the partition, then, of the globe, slowly effected by the hand of time, America fell to the lot of the Saxon: Asia must one day be Sarmatian. Can Africa become Celtic? That is now the question. To the Celtic race naturally falls this fourth division of the globe. Europe he cannot possess; that was tried by Napoleon—the result is known. That the various plans adopted by the Celtic race of France for the colonization and annexation of Algeria to the

French republic are essentially vicious, there cannot be a doubt. But with this I have nothing to do. They encountered there a bold and determined race of men—the mountaineer, the Arab; in courage and strength equalling any race on the earth. They wanted but knowledge to have again set at defiance, as they had often done before, the most powerful European armies. The journals who contrast our progress in India with that of the Celts in Africa, drawing conclusions unfavourable to them, do so in open violation of the plainest truths and facts. Their object must be to mislead, else why so systematically and habitually pervert the truth? Had India, or Australia, or Northern America, been peopled by Arabs and Mauritanians, our position in these countries might now have been widely different.

Shortly after the seizure of Algeria by France, it must have become evident that no amalgamation of the races was practicable: was not even desirable. It must have been evident that, to make Algeria French, it must be peopled and cultivated by Frenchmen, there being no slave population; no Hindoo; no Negro; no labouring class. It could not be held, then, as we do Hindostan or Jamaica. Who was to people the country? what race was to till the earth? This question is now and has been for some time

before the French Government. It is called a question of acclimatation; for it has been supposed that in countries like Algeria, Lower Egypt, Morocco, which are extra-tropical, the fair races of men might with time become so accustomed to the climate, or acclimatized, as the phrase is, as thoroughly to occupy the territory. In Holland, for example, at Flushing and Walcheren, and on the shores of the Scheldt, the summer and autumnal season destroyed a fine British army in a few months; the Brabanters in the meantime did not particularly suffer. French troops stationed in these countries during the Empire suffered nearly as we did; the natives themselves seemed to think the country healthy enough, and were surprised at our losses! Their immunity has been usually ascribed to a long acclimatation; our destruction, to the want of it.

It is not my intention to discuss here generally this great question of acclimatation: I disbelieve partly in its power, at least for many generations. Let us consider merely Northern Africa, for on the decision of this question must depend the extension of the Celtic race into Africa: it is the safety-valve of Europe; a successful colonization of Algeria, or a war on the Rhine. The continental and insular Saxons, Russ, and Slavonian (the other three great races) have their choice.

Give Northern Africa to France, to the Celtic race: there is no avoiding the question; it is an act of mere justice due to the race; but, as might is right, the question will no doubt be decided by the sword. Another affair in Morocco, and one or two at the base of the Pyramids, will decide the matter for a few centuries.

Section VIII.—*Northern Extra-tropical Africa.*

The nationalities of mankind, the results merely of accidental and extraneous circumstances, of a successful war under a great leader, of a geographical position, or of mere political intrigue, have hitherto so masked the great question of race, that to some of the most sagacious of men its significance and overruling importance in human affairs has appeared either entirely questionable, or, at the least, extremely problematical. The invasion of Algeria by France, and its attempted occupation by that country as a colony or a province, or an integral part of the empire, was viewed in this country and throughout Europe (I use the language of the press as interpreters of the feelings of the people and of the wishes of their governments) as a wanton aggression on the part of the people called French, on some of their peaceable neighbours, our allies, the Dey of Algiers and Emperor of Morocco!

Their pretensions were declared extravagant and unjust. Why not remain contented with France, as we had been with England? What could they want with colonies? Was not France large enough? A few words in reply to these narrow views of would-be statesmen.

In viewing France as a nation, it was forgotten that she was peopled by a race of men, which, if not identical throughout, was more nearly so than, perhaps, any other on the globe. To the principle of nationality, that is, of political independence, she added the most glorious recollections of all times; from Brennus to Charles Martel, from Martel to Napoleon, she had never been beaten but by a world in arms. As *a nation*, then, though a nation be a mere accidental political assemblage of people—a human contrivance based on no assurance of perseverance, on no bond of nature, but on protocols and treaties, on the mockery of words called constitutions and laws of nations, made to bind the weak, to be broken by the strong—was it to be expected that France, all powerful, was to remain "cribbed up, cabined, and confined" within that territory which chance and the fate of war had assigned to her? Even as a nation! But when we take a higher view, when we remember that she represents a race the most warlike on the globe; that this race is not confined to France, but includes a portion

of Spain, of the Sardinian states, and Northern Italy, of three-fourths of Ireland, of all Wales, and a large portion of Scotland, of Lower Canada, and even of a portion, perhaps, of Southern Germany, then the *nationality* sinks into insignificance; the element of race becomes paramount; Nature takes the place of parchment; and the Celtic race of men demand for their inheritance a portion of the globe equal to their energies, their numbers, their civilization, and their courage.

But Northern Asia had been seized on by the Sarmatian race; Southern Asia, or India, by the Saxon-English, not, it is true, to hold as a colony, but a mere military dependence; America, Australia, and a hundred oceanic islands were also in the hands of the "men of commerce and of peace;" the men of traffic, of manufacture, and of ships; Anglo-Saxon or Holland-Saxon had extended his race nearly over the world, losing, it is true, his colonies nearly as fast as he acquired them, but peopling them with his race, language, modes of thought, manner of civilization. To the Celtic race of France there remained but Northern Africa—Africa to the north of the equator. They had no alternative. Colonize Africa or march to the Rhine; extend the race into Italy or Germany, or colonize Algeria: these were the alternatives left to France in 1830.

She adopted the latter, and on its ultimate result must depend the peace of Europe.

Let me now examine, then, with care, this great question, for such I esteem it—not whether Algeria can be made a mere colony of France, that is not the question. Can the Celtic Frenchman be acclimatized in Northern Africa, Algeria, Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, Barca, Syrene, and Egypt, so that these countries may ultimately form an integral portion of the French empire? This is the question I mean here to discuss. Its importance will, I trust, excuse the details into which I shall be necessitated to enter.

The country of Algeria, as at first viewed by France, was deemed likely to prove an important acquisition to the empire. Its proximity to Old France; its Mediterranean coast line; its proximity to Morocco on one hand, and Tunis on the other; moreover, its extra-tropical position, seemed to combine in proving its political importance to France, and its capability of being colonized by European men of the French or Celtic race. But, after the lapse of some fifteen years or so, whilst the country of Algeria has been held by France; after being visited and reported on by scientific men of great eminence; after being ruled over by a man of abilities surpassed by few, Marshal Bugeaud, the great question remains still unsolved, or rather, I should say,

seems likely to be decided against France—namely, is the climate of Algeria fitted or not for the abode of the white races of men? Endeavours, no doubt, have been and will continue to be made to show that the destructive climate of Northern Africa depends more on accidental circumstances than on its geographical position; that a want of culture has rendered the climate pestilential, destructive to the European. I for one do not believe in this doctrine. It would be consolatory to France to believe in its truth—advantageous to Europe were it really true; all this I admit. Let me examine the opposing circumstances, for a knowledge of which I am mainly indebted to M. Baudin. This is not merely a medical question: it involves the abandonment of Algeria, and, as a consequence, I think, the seizure of Italy, and a war on the Rhine.

Abandon Algeria, says the *political* French physician, obeying his own impulses or acting on those which he conceives now influence his employers; hold Algeria, and colonize it as soon as possible, says the *social physician*, looking, no doubt, as he thinks, towards the advancement of his country. These terms are not mine: they argue *two* conflicting parties, between whom *truth* is sure to be sacrificed. To colonize Algeria by

Frenchmen, say some, is impossible; the acclimatization of Europeans, or, at least, of the natives of France in Algeria, so as to withstand labour, to become cultivators of the soil, labourers, soldiers, and citizens, will never happen. To effect all this perfectly, says another party, all that is wanted is *time*.

Algeria is wholly extra-tropical; but a portion of it is composed of plains, another part is mountainous. Of these two sections the plains are unquestionably the most important. Prior to the advent of the French, the climate of Algeria was greatly extolled; but it must be admitted that the scattered notices of travellers offered no data from which any serviceable deductions might be made. *The mortality* of the *civil European* population rates as follows; the figures are taken from official documents:—

In 1842	....	44·28	for 1000	inhabitants.
1843	....	44·20	do.	do.
1844	....	44·60	do.	do.
1845	...	45·50	do.	do.
1846	....	44·72	do.	do.

But according to M. Baudin, who probably more nearly approaches the truth, the statement ought to stand thus:—

In France, the mortality per 1000 is 23·6

In Algeria, the mortality per 1000 is 62·5

This mortality approaches the desperate condition of our ill-fated squadron on the western coast of Africa.

On the other hand, the Jewish *race* in Algeria show different results. Mortality as *races:*—

1844.

Jews.....	21·6	for 1000	inhabitants.
Mahometans .	32·4	do.	do.
Europeans	42·9	do.	do.

1845.

Jews.....	36·1	for 1000	inhabitants.
Mahometans .	40·8	do.	do.
Europeans	45·5	do.	do.

From 1838 to 1847 the average mortality of the Jewish race was 27·3 for every 1000 of the population of their race.

The mortality of European children born in Algeria, taking the period from birth to fifteen, is *four* times greater than in England.

The European population, then, of Algeria, *decreases* annually by seventeen per thousand. Let the statistician, then, add this seventeen to 4·9, the annual increase per 1000 in France, and he may then have some idea of the present sacrifice of human life in that prosperous colony; or, as stated by M. Baudin, whilst Ireland doubles her population in fifty years, precisely in the same period of time would the European popu-

lation be swept from Algeria, but for the influx of emigrants.

The open country is more unhealthy than the towns, being the reverse of what happens in Europe. In 1843, thirty-eight Trappistes (monks, we presume, of the order of La Trappe) established themselves at Staoneli: eight died in the course of the year; and of 150 soldiers assigned as labourers to them, as a commutation of punishment (deserters, we presume), thirty-seven died; the remainder were attacked with the most serious disorders.

Marshal Bugeaud, whose views respecting the military colonization of Algeria formed the subject of much discussion in France, and even in England, when called on to defend the measures adopted by him, easily did so, by merely describing the deplorable condition of the civil population of the territory. Families were continually being reduced to hopeless destitution by the death of the father and of the sons equal to labour; women became prematurely old; orphans abounded everywhere, demanding the immediate interference of a Christian government! Such is M. Bugeaud's *official* statements, which none have ventured to gainsay. On these grounds he recommends the establishment, rather, of military colonies; and herein, no doubt, he was right. But a man of his energy and originality became,

of course, troublesome to the rotten dynasty of Orleans, and he, I think, resigned, or was recalled from the government of Algeria: a prince of the dynasty, with a host of courtiers, was thought a safer government for the colony. Let us hope that we have seen the end, at least, of this enormity, as regards Algiers. But France has much to do before Algeria can become a portion of the French empire, inhabited by able, healthy Frenchmen: Will this ever happen? Would it not have been better to have imported a Negro population as labourers? In India we have the Coolies and the labouring servile population of Hindostan. In Jamaica the Negroes. In the southern states of America our Saxon descendants employ the Negro; it is the same in Brazil, Cuba, and all tropical countries. In Morocco and Peru it was precisely the same: the coloured population alone could labour; the European was unequal to it.

Dr. Lesneur, a military surgeon in the French service, reports (10th of April, 1847) that, after having raised expensive barracks and other military works at Foudouk, it was discovered that man (Frenchmen) could not live there. It was the same at the camp of El Arich. In 1844 every possible effort had been made to improve the place; all that labour and genius could do was done, without the smallest benefit. In the

month of August two-thirds of the garrison were in hospital. Of twenty-five births there was not a child alive six months thereafter. The civilians were in the most deplorable condition, and to preserve a garrison there it seemed most advisable not *to attempt acclimatation*, but to replace the troops rapidly by others, so as to prevent the deleterious influence of the climate taking full effect. So much for the acclimatation of French troops at El Arich.

"At Mered, as at Mahelma," says Marshal Bugeaud, "I was constrained to associate the military colonists in pairs, in consequence of the severity of the climate."

Dr. Boudin has no faith whatever in the theory of acclimatation; I was all my life, also, sceptical on this point; but Holland furnishes some curious facts in favour of the theory of acclimatation, to which I may afterwards return.

Neglecting less important details, the following table will tend, perhaps, to clear away the delusion in respect of those charming countries, those Mediterranean shores, around which centered the civilization of the ancient world:—

ALGERIA.

Military.—1837.	100	deaths per	1000.
1841.	108	„	„
1840.	140	„	„

Civil.—1842.	44.28	deaths per 1000.
1843.	44.20	„ „
1844.	44.60	„ „
1845.	44.50	„ „
1846.	44.72	„ „

Although, for many reasons, I cannot venture to consider this important question decided, namely, the probability of the colonization of Algeria by Frenchmen (its abandonment is quite another question), I may yet venture to remark that, although England has not colonized India, and never can (she never even proposed so mad a scheme), she thinks not of abandoning it.

It may here be worth while considering for an instant if Algeria ever really was cultivated by European hands,—by the white races of men now or formerly existing in Europe. M. Boudin believes that it never in this sense was a colony of any European race. The Carthaginians may be said to have been in possession of Algeria as colonists and agriculturists, but still this is doubtful; not that they did not hold possession of the country, but that they were the *bonâ fide* cultivators of its soil. Even as soldiers they never seemed to me to have been numerous. The Carthaginian armies were recruited in Gaul, that is, in France. The victories of the Thrasmene Lake, of Cannæ, and a hundred others over the Romans were decided chiefly by the Celtic men of ancient

France. When driven back to Carthage, Hannibal could not induce the warlike French to follow him into Africa; and then the Carthaginians were easily defeated at Zama, on their own territory, when left to their own resources.

But admitting that the Carthaginians did exist in Africa as cultivators of the soil, which is extremely doubtful, we must not forget the difference of race. The ancient Carthaginians, of whom we know so little positively, were an Asiatic people—Phœnician, no doubt—allied to the Jews. Now the Jews stand their ground very well in Algeria; in their race the births exceed the deaths. *But they do not labour.*

General Cavaignac, whose name stands so prominently before the world at the present moment, brought this question some years ago before his Government:—

"Avant tout, il faudroit savoir jusqu'à quel point l'European peut se naturalizer en Algerie. Jusque ici l'expérience est douteuse."—(General Cavaignac, "De la Régence d'Alger," p. 152.)
"Above all, it is essential to know to what extent the European can become naturalized in Algeria. Hitherto experience is doubtful."

These important words, by a man of such ability, should have roused France at once to a sense of her position in respect of extra-tropical Africa. Then was the time to have engaged the

Negro labourer; then was the time to have sent a powerful armed force, accompanied by a large trading community, up the Senegal, across the mountain ridge, and seized on the valley of the Niger and Central Africa; then was the time to have invited the Saxon labourers from Northern and Central Germany to have joined with them in this great enterprise—the Saxon farmer, agriculturist, trader, manufacturer, each of whom respectively is worth a hundred French Celts. But France did not do this: she was cruelly oppressed by a filthy dynasty, seeking merely place and patronage for their flunky partisans. The result is known. But the question still remains—Can extra-tropical Northern Africa be colonized by the Celt; can he establish here an African republic of Frenchmen?

There exist no historic proofs that Northern Africa was ever colonized by European hands, as agriculturists. This is M. Boudin's strong expression, and I perfectly agree with him. The researches of Messrs. Dureau, De Lamalle, and Enfantin, seem equally to prove that the Roman dominion over the cities of Northern Africa amounted merely to a military occupation, much as the French rule in Corsica; or, in other words, that these cities were to Rome what those of Corsica are at present to France; that is, cities and a country inhabited by a race of men called

French citizens, but who, in fact, are not of the French or Celtic race. Verily, the history of the races of men must be rewritten from the beginning. Nothing is correctly known of the Corsican race; still less of the Sardinian; the remains, no doubt, of primitive races once inhabiting the shores and islands of a series of lakes now comprised in the Mediterranean Sea; primitive races, like the Basques, of whom so little is known, who yet may, in remote ages, have played a conspicuous figure on the globe, before Sahara was a desert, or the Atlantic a sea.

Thus it would appear that the Corsicans are called Frenchmen by law, as we call the Celtic Welsh, Irish, and Highland Scotch, Britons; citizens of Britain; and sometimes, which is most amusing, Englishmen! The same legal fiction extends to India, and to Caffraria, and to New Zealand. The Hindoos, then, are Englishmen, as the Corsicans are Frenchmen, and the Mauritanian inhabitants of Northern Africa were called Roman citizens! Human contrivances, to mystify, to job, to rob, to plunder. It is a portion of the organized hypocrisy which marks the statesman wherever he exists. France has never colonized Corsica, which remains in the hands of its primitive inhabitants; England has never colonized Ireland, three-fourths of which remains in the hands of its original Celtic inhabitants.

The manufactory of Roman citizens was an extremely profitable business for Rome; it became a trade, and a thriving one too. England has done a good deal of business in this way; it has a decided influence over the revenue. It is mentioned by Plutarch,* that the three hundred Roman citizens mentioned by Cato in Utica were *merchants*.

I have been greatly surprised to observe a statement by Messrs. Foley and Martin, in the *Gazette Médicale*. They ascribe to *pride* the dislike of the European to labour in a tropical country. Statements like these merit not the slightest notice; they are opposed to the most direct observation and experience. Admirable as is the climate of extra-tropical Southern Africa, I have some doubts as to the competency for severe field labour by the European, even there. I allude more particularly to the country extending from the Great Kei to the tropic. The country to the west and north of Natal is not healthy, and the banks of the rivers in and about Delagoa Bay are sickly places for Europeans. It appears to be the same in Northern Africa.

In England the mortality of children from birth to fifteen, is twenty-six per 1000. In Algeria it stands thus:—

* Quoted by M. Boudin.

In 1841	....	63	deaths to 1000
1842	....	45	„ „
1843	....	79	„ „
1844	....	75	„ „
1845	....	78	„ „
1846	....	97	„ „

For every twenty-two births there is one still-born, or dead birth.

France entertained, and perhaps still entertains, hopes that her armies in Algeria might in time become acclimatized; in these hopes the nation is almost sure to be disappointed. It is still a mere hypothesis, and the existing facts are all against it. Suggestions have been made to send thither the inhabitants of the South of France, which seems a reasonable enough proposal; but there still remains the question of race, which has its influence not merely in one climate but in all.

In 1843 the Prussian Government directed statistics to be made in respect of the numbers and condition of Posen, forming at this moment a portion of the Prussian territory, and no doubt considered in this country as a place inhabited by the loyal subjects of his Majesty the King of Prussia. But how stands the case? Posen is occupied by at least three races, who have not, nor ever will mingle with each other. These races are—

The Slavonian,
The German,
The Jew.

Now, the tables of disease for the three races give the following results:—

For 1000 Slaves	....	29 sick.
1000 Germans	....	18 „
1000 Jews	....	11 „

These are the leading facts, then, as to the colonization of extra-tropical Northern Africa by a European race of men, the Celtic race. Great difficulties lie in the way, and none of them has as yet been overcome. England, more fortunate than France, holds India, lording it over a feeble race; France encountered in Africa a deadly climate and a brave and energetic race; *Arabes indompti*—the unconquered Arab. Her proper plan is to penetrate as fast as possible to the mountainous districts of the country; her armies should avoid labour. But an agricultural class is wanted for Algeria; we shall see presently how this may be remedied.

I incline, then, to the opinion that the dark races may for many ages hold the tropical regions; that many countries now in the military occupation of the fair races may and will revert to the dark; that it would be a better policy, perhaps, to teach them artificial wants and the habits and usages of civilization. Commerce alone, I

think, can reach Central Africa; the Negro must be taught the value of his labour. When this happens, the slave-trade will of necessity cease. Of other admirable regions adjoining the tropical ones to the north and south I have my doubts,—doubts as to the possibility of acclimatation by the Saxon and Celtic races. We have seen that Algeria, so wide of the tropic, is about to prove a failure as a colony; the Arab race will become extinct or retire to the desert and to Central Africa; no *coloured* population is there to succeed them. The French would do well, perhaps, to encourage the immigration of Coolies or Negroes as we do to the West Indies. The trade (a modified slave-trade) is free to all. Call them *apprentices* as we do; there is much in a name: or by sending a force up the Senegal sufficient to protect French commerce, the mountain range dividing the sources of the Senegal from those of the Niger, and shutting out the western territories from Central Africa, the valley of the Niger and the rich basin communicating, perhaps, by a portage of no great distance with the waters of the White Nile, may thus be reached. A chain of forts extending from the mouth of the Senegal to the sources of the White Nile would put France, and with her the Celtic race, in possession of a country as rich as India; secure for her ultimately the military possession of Algeria, Morocco, and

Tunis; enable the race to extend themselves, their language, their commerce, and civilization over a considerable portion of the globe; offer an escape, or safety-valve, as it is called, to Europe, by the employment of her restless, idle, warlike population; relieve Europe from a portion of the five hundred and forty thousand armed men who must be employed some way or other; extinguish the slave-trade, and secure for a season the peace of the world.

I here conclude this brief and hasty and imperfect sketch of the dark races. No one seems much to care for them. Their ultimate expulsion from all lands which the fair races can colonize seems almost certain. Within the tropic, climate comes to the rescue of those whom Nature made, and whom the white man strives to destroy; each race of white men after their own fashion: the Celt, by the sword; the Saxon, by conventions, treaties, parchment, law. The result is ever the same—the robbing the coloured races of their lands and liberty. Thirty years ago a military *rhazia*, composed of English soldiers, Dutch boors, and native Hottentots, devastated the beautiful territory of the Amakoso Kaffirs. We reached the banks of the Kei, and the country of the noble Hinsa, where wandered the "wilde" of Nature's creation. All must disappear shortly before the

rude civilization of the Saxon boor—antelope and hippopotamus, giraffe and Kaffir.

I shall conclude with a single remark on the position of the copper-coloured race or races of Northern America, and on the *progress* the question of race has made since the delivery of my first course of lectures on the races of men.

When, some ten or fifteen years ago, I maintained publicly that neither the Saxon nor any other fair race transplanted into the American continent would during a historic period or era exhibit any important modifications in physical structure or psychological character, as a result of climatic influences or governmental—that is, conventional human arrangements (for all governments in church and state are merely accidental circumstances and human contrivances usually arranged for particular purposes)—my opinions were met by such observations as the following. I was told, for example, that the men of the United States already differed from their Anglo-Saxon, German-Saxon, and Celtic (for the Celtic race abounds in America) forefathers and brethren, physically and morally. My opinion then and now was that these assertions are devoid of all foundation, and are based on a surface view of society. This opinion I developed more fully in a course of lectures delivered before the Philosophical Society of Newcastle about five years

ago, in which I endeavoured to show that the races had not altered by being transplanted to another (the American) soil; that the Celtic race had carried with it all its characteristics unaltered and unalterable; that historians, journalists, and mankind generally mistook the slight modifications impressed on form and character for permanent alterations in the organic forms of humanity, fancying they saw in the civilized Celt or Saxon a being totally different from the uncivilized one. This is the delusion I have always combated; and, although at first the doctrine met with almost universal opposition, it makes its way with most unexpected rapidity; judging, at least, from some articles which have appeared lately in the daily press.

In the brief reports of my lectures, at various philosophic institutions, it will be found that the amalgamation of races, in America or elsewhere, had been distinctly denied by me for a period of more than thirty years; and in my first course of lectures, carrying the doctrine to the American shores, I ventured to point out that, after many ages, the Saxon, Celtic, Sarmatian or Russ, and aboriginal or copper-coloured Indian, would remain, and be found to be quite distinct; that these *races*, transplanted to the New World, would endeavour to carry out their destinies as they had done, and were now engaged with, in the Old

World; and that *nationalities*, however strong, could never in the long run overcome the tendencies of race. An article which appeared lately in a leading London newspaper, on the future destinies of the races in America, is, as nearly as may be, a reprint of my views and ideas on all these great questions; but the editor has not shown his usual candour; for the reprint does not acknowledge the source whence the information was derived; and there is in the reprint the usual mystification of the compiler.

In my next lecture I proceed briefly to examine the history of the dominant races of men: the Celtic, (the Saxon has been already described:) the Slavonian, and the Sarmatian.

LECTURE VII.

HISTORY OF THE CELTIC RACE.

THE Lowlands of Scotland not offering me the opportunity of observing the Caledonian Celt on his native soil, I visited, in 1814, the mountainous tract of Caledonia proper, the Grampians and their valleys. It was here I first saw the true Celt: time nor circumstances have altered him from the remotest period. Here I first studied that character which I now know to be common to all the Celtic race, wherever found, give him what name you will — Frenchman, Irishman, Scottish Highlander, Welshman; under every circumstance he is precisely the same, unaltered and unalterable. Civilization but modifies, education effects little; his religious formula is the result of his race; his morals, actions, feelings, greatnesses, and littlenesses, flow distinctly and surely from his physical structure; that structure which seems not to have altered since the commencement of recorded time. Why should it alter? But this great and oft-debated question I have discussed when considering the history of the Coptic, Jewish, and Gipsy races. The fact is sufficient for us here, that climate, nor time, affect

man, physically—morally. Let the history of the Gauls speak for itself.

From the remotest period of historical narrative —usually called history—the abode of the Celtic race was Gaul on this side the Alps—the present country called France. This was the country which Cæsar subdued and formed into a Roman province. But long prior to his time, the Celtic race had overflowed its barriers, crossing the Alps, peopling the north of Italy, and making permanent settlements there—the Gallia Cisalpina of Roman writers. They had sacked Rome; they had burst into Greece, and plundered the temple of Delphi. War and plunder, bloodshed and violence, in which the race delights, was their object. From Brennus to Napoleon, the war-cry of the Celtic race was, "To the Alps—to the Rhine!" This game, which still engages their whole attention, has now been played for nearly four thousand years. I do not blame them: I pretend not to censure any race: I merely state facts, either quite obvious or borne out by history. War is the game for which the Celt is made. Herein is the forte of his physical and moral character: in stature and weight, as a race, inferior to the Saxon; limbs muscular and vigorous; torso and arms seldom attaining any very large development—hence the extreme rarity of athletæ amongst the race; hands, broad; fingers, squared

at the points; step, elastic and springy; in muscular energy and rapidity of action, surpassing all other European races. *Cæteris paribus*—that is, weight for weight, age for age, stature for stature—the strongest of men. His natural weapon is the sword, which he ought never to have abandoned for any other. Jealous on the point of honour, his self-respect is extreme; admitting of no practical jokes; an admirer of beauty of colour, and beauty of form, and therefore a liberal patron of the fine arts. Inventive, imaginative, he leads the fashions all over the civilized world. Most new inventions and discoveries in the arts may be traced to him; they are then appropriated by the Saxon race, who apply them to useful purposes. His taste is excellent, though in no way equal to the Italian, and inferior, in some respects, to the Slavonian and peninsular races. The musical ear of the race is tolerably good; in literature and science, they follow method and order, and go up uniformly to a principle; in the ordinary affairs of life, they despise order, economy, cleanliness; of to-morrow they take no thought; regular labour—unremitting, steady, uniform, productive labour—they hold in absolute horror and contempt. Irascible, warm-hearted, full of deep sympathies, dreamers on the past, uncertain, treacherous, gallant and brave. They are not more courageous than other races,

but they are more warlike. Notwithstanding their grievous defeat at Mont St. Jean, they are still the dominant race of the earth. On two great occasions they have saved Europe and the Saxon race from overwhelming destruction and worse than negro slavery; twice have they stemmed the tide of savage Asiatic despotism as it pressed on Europe, threatening the final destruction of freedom: Attila they defeated; Charles Martel forced the Crescent to retire for ever from the West; the time seems approaching when the Celtic race may once more be called on to bring to the decision of the sword the oft-renewed contest, the oft-debated question; shall brute-force, represented by the East, by Moscow, succeed in extinguishing in Europe the political influence of the Celtic and Saxon races? and will that influence blot out from the map of the world all hopes of the future civilization of mankind? A leading journal, whose object seems of late to be the misrepresenting all that is good in human motives and actions, speaks of "the combination of Eastern against Western Europe." Why mystify the question? By the selfish conduct of the German population, the apathy and timidity of the original Scandinavian nations, the brutal, treacherous, and cowardly Houses of Brandenburgh and Hapsburgh have been allowed to butcher the noblest blood of ancient Germany; the Slavonian race has been outraged

and insulted in Posen, Poland, and Bohemia, by the selfish, commercial, grasping Saxon; and, as a consequence, the entire race has been thrown into the hands of the Sarmatian or Muscovite. Why mystify questions so plain as these, foreseen and foretold years ago? But to return to the Celtic race.

A despiser of the peaceful arts, of labour, of order, and of the law, it is fortunate for mankind that the Celtic race is, like the Saxon, broken up into fragments. The great and leading family of the race is in consolidated, united, all-powerful France. The Gallic Celt is, if we may so say, the leading clan. Next, in point of numbers, is the Hibernian Celt; then the Cymbric, or Welsh; and lastly, the Caledonian. In the New World there are the Canadians, the Habitans—Celtic to the core, as when they first left France. In the free states of Northern America the Hibernian and Scoto-Celt abound. Their numbers I do not know, but their increase for a time is certain. Change of government, change of climate, has not altered them. Children of the mist, even in the clear and broad sunshine of day, they dream of the past: nature's antiquaries. As looking on the darkening future, which they cannot, try not, to scan, by the banks of the noble Shannon, or listening to the wild roar of the ocean surf as it breaks on the Gizna Briggs, washing the

Morochmore; or listlessly wandering by the dark and stormy coast of Dornoch, gaunt famine behind them, no hopes of to-morrow, cast loose from the miserable patch he held from his ancestry, the dreamy Celt, the seer of second sight, still clinging to the past, exclaims, at his parting moment from the horrid land of his birth, "We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more."

And why should you return, miserable and wretched man, to the dark and filthy hovel you never sought to purify? to the scanty patch of ground on which you vegetated? Is this civilization? Was it for this that man was created? Chroniclers of events blame your religion:* it is your race. Why cling to the patch of ground with such pertinacity? I will tell you: you have no self-confidence, no innate courage, to meet the forest or the desert; without a leader, you feel that you are lost. It is not the land you value as land, for you are the worst of agriculturists; but on this spot you think you may rest and have refuge. Now look at the self-confident Saxon; the man of unbounded self-esteem; an enormous boaster, but in a way different from your race. Does he fear to quit the land of his birth? Not in the least; he cares for it not one straw. Landing in America, he becomes a real American

* Macaulay.

—a Kentuckian, a Virginian, a furious democrat. In Oceanica he becomes a native Tasmanian, Australian; in Southern Africa he calls himself an Africaner. Holland and England are nothing to him; he has forgot for ever the land of his forefathers, and, for a consideration, will fight to the death with his own brethren. He has shaken off the pressure of the Three Estates, the Church and State incubus, and feels himself a free man. Then comes out his real nature—his go-ahead principles. See how he plunges into the forest; boldly ventures on the prairie; fears *no labour*—that is the point; loves that which you most abhor—profitable labour. What is to him a patch of ground? All the earth he is prepared to cultivate, and to sell to the highest bidder, so that it suits his purpose. You cling together in towns and hamlets; he, on the contrary, will not build a house within sight of his neighbour's, if he can avoid doing so. With him all is order, wealth, comfort; with you reign disorder, riot, destruction, waste. How tender are the feelings of the Celtic woman—how soft and gentle is her nature! Her tears flow at every tale of distress: her children are in rags.

On a subject so vast I must be extremely brief. The Celtic race presents the two extremes of what is called civilized man; in Paris we find the one; in Ireland, at Skibbereen and Derrynane, the other.

Civilized man cannot sink lower than at Derrynane, but civilized man may, perhaps, proceed higher even than in Paris. But of this I am not quite sure. Beer-drinking, smoky London, with its vaults and gin-shops, its Vauxhalls and Cremornes, its single gay street, and splash of a short season, cannot be compared with Paris. As a race, the Celt has no literature, nor any printed books in his original language. Celtic Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, are profoundly ignorant. There never was any Celtic literature, nor science, nor arts: these the modern French Celt has borrowed from the Roman and Greek.

Of French literature I need say little; it is of the highest order, and, to a certain extent, peculiar to, or rather deeply influenced by, the race. Of their literature I may mention especially the epopée, which, though not peculiar to them, characterizes the race. The "Maid of Orleans," by Voltaire, "Hudibras," by Butler, "Don Quixote," by Cervantes, describe the characters of their respective races. The first, refined, witty, alarmingly sacrilegious and licentious, is a type of the mind of the race, when set free from the trammels and usages of common life. The second, by Butler, no less depicts the Saxon. Coarse, brutal, filthy, but pithy; practical, utilitarian, abounding with common sense, and with that pleasant and comfortable feeling which measures the worth of all things,

from a bishop's office to a bale of cotton, by its value in money:

> "For what's the worth of anything,
> But as much money as 'twill bring."

Paris is the centre of the fashionable, the civilized world; always in advance, in literature, science, and the fine arts. Their Academy has no equal anywhere, and never had. Even in ship building they transcend all other races; but they cannot man them; they are no sailors. In taste they can never sink to the low level of the Saxon race, whom it is almost impossible to maintain at even a respectable standard. Hence the efforts in Britain and elsewhere to educate, to found literary and philosophic societies, Mechanics' Institutes, Athenæums, Polytechnic Institutions. All these will gradually sink and disappear, to be replaced by others, in their time again to give place to others; for in their very constitution such institutions display in its highest perfection the besetting evil tendency of the Saxon mind: division, disunion, jobs. No dozen men can agree to form a liberal institution. In London, forty distinct societies do not supply the place of one Academy. There is no Polytechnic School in any Saxon kingdom; in Britain it would not be tolerated for a day. Court, gentry, clergy of all denominations, would combine to suppress it. It is otherwise in Celtic

countries, where centralization and high education are not so much dreaded; yet even there the Polytechnic School has frequently proved a source of great anxiety to the government.

All over the world the Celtic race is, properly speaking, Catholic, even when not Roman; for France is thoroughly Roman Catholic; so is Ireland and Canada; in Wales and in Caledonia they still hold their ground. The reformed Celts have never joined the churches "as by law established." It is the Saxon who accepts of his religion from the lawyers; the Celt will not. Accordingly, the Welsh and Caledonian Celt are strictly evangelical. All this display of true faith seems not to be inconsistent, or at least is not incompatible, with a laxity of morals which would astonish the world, if fairly described.

The Celtic race has had in its hands more than any other its own destinies. Chance placed at their head the greatest of men that ever appeared on earth. Him they sold and betrayed. Still their power is terrible, and quite an overmatch for any other single race. Nothing could prevent them again marching to Moscow and Petersburgh, were the contest to be merely between the two races. By such a contest mankind would be greatly benefited. Even as it is, France can no longer be assailed by any foreign force. Paris is fortified, and were the territory again polluted

by a foreign foe, the true republican flag would be once more hoisted, sure to be pushed forward to Berlin and Vienna, Moscow and Petersburgh. The horrible degradation of the Celtic population of Ireland may perhaps be best judged of by this one fact: that they are not aware of the existence of forty millions of *the same race* within two days' sail of their shores! Ignorance is a dreadful thing.

It is amongst Celtic nations that terrible convulsions of necessity arise in respect of the property in land, arising from the erroneous nature of the Celtic mind in respect of true liberty, freedom, equality; on all these points their ideas are innately and inherently vicious.

No Saxon man admits, in his own mind, the right of any individual on earth, be he who he may, to appropriate to himself and to his family, whether to the eldest or any other son, any portion of the earth's surface to the exclusion *in perpetuo* of the rest of mankind; but, sensible that the earth must be cultivated by some one, which cultivation never can give any further right in the soil than the value imparted to it by the labour of the *ad vitam* occupant; treating it, in fact, as any other goods or chattels, he makes it liable for the debts of the occupant, and further ordains that at his death it shall be sold to the highest bidder, for the behoof of widow, children,

and creditors, if any; the ultimate object being to restore the land to the community at large. If it be otherwise in many parts of England, it is because the government is not Saxon but Norman; that is, the government of a dynasty and aristocracy antagonistic of the race. Were the evil attaining any great magnitude it would revolutionize England. But to revolutionize is Celtic; to reform, Saxon; and so, probably, with time, feudality and primogeniture, the two greatest curses that ever fell on man, may, at last, peaceably be driven from this semi-Saxon country. Still, I have some doubts of this. It is the last stronghold of the Norman dynasty and their defenders; and the question may yet, even in England, be decided by the sword. It was introduced, no doubt, into England chiefly by the Norman conquest, the greatest calamity that ever befel England—perhaps, the human race.

Now, contrast these Saxon ideas with the Celtic. From time immemorial the land belonged to the chief; the clan was entitled to live on it, it is true, but it did not in any shape belong to them. By degrees, nearly all the soil of France came into the possession of the crown and court, the clergy, the high aristocracy. A nation without land, became, of course, a nation of slaves. Then burst forth that mighty revolution which shook the world, whose effects must endure for

ever. Court, clergy, and gentry, were swept into the ocean. But did the Celt thereby put the land question on a right footing? Not in the least. He created merely another class of landed proprietors; an immense body of men of matchless ignorance and indolence, mostly sunk in hopeless poverty. He abolished the law of primogeniture, it is true, but he had not the soul to rise up to the principle of abstract justice. Restore the land to the community! Put it up for sale to the highest bidder! Divide the amount raised amongst your heirs! You have no more right to appropriate this piece of land to your family, to the exclusion of the rest of the nation, than had the ancient noblesse of France! But you have no individual self-reliance, and so you divide and sub-divide, in the Irish cotter style, the bit patch of land left you by your forefathers, until your condition be scarcely superior to the hog who shares it with you: to sell the land; to divide the proceeds amongst the family; to accept of your share, and plunge boldly into the great game of life, is a step you dare not take. It is not that you are deficient in courage: no braver race exists on the earth; but you have no industry, no self-esteem, no confidence in your individual exertions.

ON THE PARIAH RACES OF FRANCE.

Scarcely any nation, certainly no great nation, can boast of such unity of race as France. She is, in fact, all but wholly Celtic: hence her strength and her weakness; her dangerous character in war; her helplessness in peace.

Yet even France has her outcasts—not to speak of Jews and Gipsies—outcast tribes of unknown races, scattered here and there throughout her vast territory.

In a work lately published, abounding with details, there is a full account of these races or remains of races, for they are now but vestiges: yet despite the centralizing power of Louis XIV., the irresistible edicts of Napoleon in their favour, and the spread, to a certain extent, of liberal notions, lurking prejudices still exist against even these vestiges, which time itself may fail to efface.*

Physiologists and historians, statesmen and philanthropists, ecclesiastics of all denominations, generalizers of every shade, delight in speaking of the various European races of men as forming one great family. Like other great families, these races cannot be made to agree with each other. The closer, in fact, the pretended relationship may be, all the more are they disposed to quarrel

* Histoire des Races Mundites de la France et de l'Espagne. Par Francisque Michel. Paris: 1847.

and fight; to add to the confusion in this happy family, they speak totally different languages, which never approximate, but rather diverge; they happen also to differ in religion, customs, laws, manners, literature, art, science. Nor is this difference confined to the moral—it extends also to their physical structure; for countless centuries has the bold, erect, bulky, fair-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian occupied the identical regions giving shelter and place to the dark, black-haired, diminutive Finn, the Lapp—the smallest of men—the Esthonian, the Livonian, the Slavonian, the yellow-bearded Muscovite; yet all these races remain to the full as distinct as they were long prior to the appearance of Cæsar on the Rhine. To these self-obvious, but not the less curious facts, the author, the title of whose work we have quoted above, adds others no less singular, no less worthy of inquiry. He shows that nationality, a thing conventional no doubt in itself, but of great importance in human affairs—nationality, so doated on by most men, so easily understood, the war-cry of crafty politicians, dynasties, and serfs—Michel shows that even nationality, though wielded by the most gigantic grasp the world ever witnessed, failed to extinguish in compact, national France, the hatred, the antipathies, the dislike of race to race. There is, there can be, nothing more wonderful in human history than this dislike

of race to race: always known and admitted to exist, it has only of late assumed a threatening shape. Analyze the late revolutions of Europe, and you will find that in the first of the great struggles which must successively arise before the final emancipation of Europe from the tyrannic dynasties which now oppress, crush, and destroy the fairest portion of mankind, the question of race saved the dynasties for a time; the old war-cry of nationality was raised by the two contending powers, sure to terminate in favour of the dynasty.

In this war of race against race, France stands pre-eminent; whilst shouting "Egalité, Fraternité!" he violently extruded from his land a few hard-working English labourers: this was his first act, his first practical demonstration of his notions of egalité and fraternité: his common sense, his sense of common justice to men, his education, his religion, all, all are arrayed in vain against the innate dislike of race to race.

It appears that, for at least ten centuries, there have lived in various parts of France and Spain, a few families, called by a variety of names, but most generally Cagots, detested and despised by the surrounding population. To ascertain the origin of this name—the race of people to whom it has been applied—if to one or to several—and the reasons of their exclusion from the pale of society,

whether by reason of physical or moral leprosy—forms the subject of M. Michel's inquiries. It has become one of considerable difficulty, for, in course of time, documents become scarce and rare; rare as to the Cagots of the south of France, and to the Caqueux of Brittany; still rarer as to the Cagots or Colliberti, of Annis and of Bas-Poitou. The notices are confined, indeed, to two valuable but very short passages in Pierre de Maillezais—that is, until the time of M. Dufon. Maillezais' notice dates as far back as the eleventh century. He says that the Cagots of Maillezais were the remains of a body of Scythians, who entered France with the king of the Alani.

As usual, there are twenty other opinions concerning these Colliberti.

To what race of men was the term *Collibert* applied?—this is precisely the question. Plautus uses the term, meaning by it an enfranchised slave set at liberty with another. But in Celtic, *col* means 'to serve,' and *ber* means 'man:' so, in Celtic, Collibertus might mean a slave. So much for the derivations of words.

At this period the natives of France were the most abject of slaves, bought and sold precisely as cattle. The same was the case in Merry England.

And thus, although it be not improbable that the Colliberti now spoken of may be after all but

the refugees who fled with Charlemagne from Spain after the affair of Roncesvalles, still nothing of all this has been proved. They live still amongst the waters in barges; they are fishermen, and keep aloof, and are still somewhat distinct from the adjoining population.

The antiquarian speaks more confidently of the Chretins of Majorca. They were simply Jews; and, although they professed Catholicism, their scuffles with the Inquisition were annual. Their history, whilst in the hands of the Inquisition, makes the blood run cold, and shows clearly that certain races possess demoniacal feelings, which they will always exhibit when they can.

By a decree of Charles III., in 1782, they were emancipated; but the tyranny of the mob prevailed in shutting them out of all offices and honours, even so late as the close of the century. It was an Irish affair: English justice to Ireland.

Of the origin of the Cagots, or Vaqueros, of the Asturias, nothing is known for certain. They are shepherds, inhabiting the slopes of the mountains of the Asturias. By the Asturians they are despised; the Vaqueros repay this with defiance and hatred. Intermarriages, therefore, seldom occur, and hence the Vaqueros are thrown on their own population. Rome profits by this, and dispensations are frequent. A portion of the

village church is still railed off to separate them from the Asturians—the orthodox and legal faithful!

The Marons of Auvergne are a repudiated caste — pariahs. Our great dramatist says, "What's in a name?" But a name is everything. "Give a dog——" we need not add the rest; Marons they are called—come from where it will: the negroes at Jamaica, who revolted to secure their liberty, were called Maroons; so were the rayahs of Auvergne.

The Moors are said to have escaped from Spain during the terrible time of Philip III.: but if this were so, nothing can be so easy as to determine the point; for if the Marons of Auvergne are of the Moorish race, the blood will show itself for ever; it is curious to see the historian, the antiquary, the statesman, beat about the bush in a matter of this kind.

The Spanish monarch—not imbecile, but wholly wrong—resolved that Spain should be of one race. The excuse set forth was that she should be of one religion, but the real question was that they should be of one race: this was the whole affair. Hence came the expulsion of the Moors—their escape into France during the reign of Henri Quatre, and then to Africa. France behaved nobly; but it was Henry alone.

But for the clergy of France, the southern

regions of that country would have possessed at this moment a vast Moorish population, superior in all respects to the lazy, worthless Celt; an active, energetic, industrious body of artizans. But the clergy would not listen to it; and so the noble and gallant king was compelled to send the refugees from Spain across to Tunis, and to Africa generally.

Yet many must have remained—even some of those whom Charles Martel defeated. There cannot be a doubt but that Moorish blood must abound in Southern France. Hence the term Marons applied, in all probability, to small colonies of these Sarrazins. If still existing, they will show the Moorish blood in their countenances, their forms, their organization, their mental disposition. These never alter. Modified they may be by time and circumstances, but they alter not.

The imperfect inquiries, leading to scarcely any solid result, on the preceding races, are followed in the work I allude to, by others equally unsuccessful, into the history of the Orseliens of the duchy of Bouillon; the Harelponnais and Lyzelards; the inhabitants of Courtisois and of Ricey; the Cacons of Paray; the Jews of Gevandan; the Saracen colony on the banks of the Saone; a small people on the banks of the Loire; the Thierachies; and the Celots of

Poictou,—all more or less hated and despised by their Christian neighbour, the Catholic Celt. Superior to the Celt in most points, (a cause, certainly, for the Celtic dislike,) they yet form a class apart—even yet, so relentless is the implacable hatred of the brutal mass, when stimulated, as in most of the cases above, by a fanatical clergy, the accursed instruments of debasing tyranny. In a word, of all these peculiar castes, their origin, their history, scarcely anything is known for certain.

It is generally admitted that the songs and poems of a country are calculated to throw light on all inquiries into race; accordingly this has not been neglected by M. Michel. He collates and translates (for the *patois* of these songs of the *canaille* require this) the popular songs and poems in Bearnais, Gascon, Basque, Breton, composed by and against the Cagots. But whether from a want of original material, or that such never existed, the collection is scanty and unproductive of any results. France generally seems early to have lost its Celtic language, Celtic music, Celtic dress. All this seems to have happened long prior to Cæsar's time. Her music she has never replaced; for it can scarcely be said that at this moment she has a good national air, song, or poem—a circumstance at once curious and inexplicable.

LECTURE VIII.

WHO ARE THE GERMANS?

THIS question I put to myself many years ago, and I have since put it to many others, Germans as well as countrymen. It is not a question of mere curiosity; nor vast as is its political import and influence over the future destinies of Europe and of mankind, does this include all: even these, great as they are, yield in some measure to another bearing on European civilization. Whence comes the element of mind which created the so-called German literature; German science; German art; German metaphysics, and modes of thought? None of these are Scandinavian or Saxon; no one can imagine them to be of Saxon or Scandinavian growth: I should as soon expect to hear of a Dutch poet; a Swedish opera: a Platonist addressing the practical men of England and of Holland, and securing their attention to his address.

Five years ago, when I first delivered these lectures, I again put the question to the public, Who are the Germans? and, Where is Germany? By many of my audience the question was wholly misunderstood; by others it was thought para-

doxical; some thought it a pity to stir such questions. But soon the question could not be blinked; could not be concealed. Within a couple of years of the time I first placed the question before the public, there suddenly arose a cry of millions in central Europe; a cry of liberty; liberty to the German race! Now who is this race? Are they Scandinavians? that is, Saxons. Are they composed of two races commingled—namely, Slavonian and Saxon? or are they a third race, not yet described; not yet understood; not even yet named? One thing is certain; for fully a hundred years have some forty millions of people been in quest of a spot which they might call Germany; a central spot; a unity of race; a common flag; a political union; but above all have they sought the solution of this question—Who are the Germans, and where is Germany? And these forty millions have utterly failed in making this out, unless we accept their last solution, by means of a national song: that "all are Germans who speak the German tongue, and that Germany, Fatherland, is wherever the German tongue is spoken:" and now I ask of those who thought my views paradoxical, to answer the question in a straightforward way; politically, geographically, ethnographically.

Before entering on a description of the two great eastern races of Europe, the Slavonian and

Sarmatian, it seems right that at least an attempt should be made to analyze the word *German:* to ascertain to what race it of right belongs; and whether or not we are to include in the same category the thick-headed, pipe-clayed, and drilled automatons of "Mon maitre le Roi de Prush;" the bold and free Holsteiner and Saxon; the grasping accumulative Hollander; the versatile and puerile Austrian; the manly Norwegian; the Swede, inferior to none of his race; who, at Lutzen, stood between the continental Saxon and destruction, who saved Europe from the abhorred despotism of Austria, heading the Slavonian race; these are indeed the progenitors, not of all Englishmen, but of *the men of England who are of Saxon blood.* It was unquestionably a great error in Dr. Arnold to confound under the common name of Teutonic, races so diverse as those of whom I am now about to speak; no minds are more distinct than the Saxon and the Celtic; the Slavonian and the Sarmatian: they cannot be classed together under the name of Teuton. Does the German of South and Middle Germany, the German properly so called, belong to any of these races? are they a mixed race? or are they a distinct race not yet described?

Mind is everything: the history of man is the history of his mind. What is the quality of mind which most distinguishes one race from

another; one individual from another; man from woman; the dark from the fair portion of mankind? It is the power of generalization; of abstract thought; of rising from detail to general laws. There is a small knob of bone growing upon the inner side of the arm-bone of man, in most persons scarcely apparent. All the Saxon nations on earth could not, in twenty centuries, have explained the nature, the meaning of this nodule of bone; perhaps might never even have observed its presence. But from a race of men in Central and Southern Germany, as the countries on the Upper Rhine and Danube are sometimes called, this, and a thousand other phenomena, inexplicable by the men of material interests; the matter-of-fact men; the men of detail; the Saxon men; these met with a full and complete elucidation. They, the men of South Germany, discovered, in fact, the transcendental theory of organic bodies—the greatest discovery which has ever been made; not even excepting that law of gravitation—that theory of fluxions, a discovery shared with Newton by the German, Leibnitz.

As early, then, as 1820-21, I became convinced that the element of mind to which the German owes his vast reputation as the most philosophical of all men; the most abstract in reasoning; the most metaphysical; the most original; and, in a

word, the most transcendental; the element of mind which produced Kant, and Goethe, and Gall, Leibnitz and Oken, Carus and Spix, and a thousand others whom I could easily name, is not, cannot be Saxon—cannot be Scandinavian. The antique and primitive races who inhabited the marshy forests of ancient Germany, the Lettes, Esthonians, &c., are, it is said, still to be found by the shores of the Baltic, and extensively scattered through Prussia; but from such races nothing is to be expected. I have been assured by observers, on whom I could depend, that whilst travelling through a portion of the Black Forest, there are still to be met with villages, whose population exceed in coarseness and ugliness all that can be imagined; with enormous hands and feet, and an expression indicative of the lowest intellectual qualities. To these primitive people, who, no doubt, occupied all the so-called German territory before the advent of the Northern Scandinavian and the Southern and Eastern Slavonian, who plundered them of their lands, driving them before them into desert and woody marshes, and who still exist in the peasantry of some portions of Flanders, no one, I imagine, will conjecture that modern Germany owes any of its genius, any of its intelligence. But the Northern German or Scandinavian is not inventive; has no genius for the abstract; no love for metaphysical

speculation; cares not one straw for the transcendental; is the sceptic of nature's own making —a reasoning man, who tests all things, even his religious faith, by his reason: to such a person, and to such a race, who will pretend to trace the diablerie of Germany? the craniology of Gall? the homœopathy, the hydropathy of the same country? It is not, then, to the classic German of Livy and of Tacitus, that we can trace this element of mind? the fair-haired, large-bodied, blue-eyed classic German, is now exactly what he was two thousand years ago; he is the Saxon or North German, and occupies nearly the same ground he did when, crossing the Rhine, he was routed by Cæsar, who chased the Saxon Boor with his Vaans and Parde Vaans back again across the Rhine: there they are to this day, no doubt, unaltered and unalterable. But Central Germany furnishes another race; a darker, and a differently shaped race. Whence come they? To them, and to the pure Slavonians, belong German literature, science, and art. Two hypotheses offer an explanation—the first, perhaps, the true one.

1st. Intercalated between the true Northern German or Saxon and the Slavonian race of the Danube, intermingling deeply in Prussia with the Pruss, the Sarmatian and the Slavonian, and especially the Saxon, a seemingly distinct race

extends itself towards Flanders, mingling with the Flamand; to the South and East it encountered very early the Slavonian, who seized Bohemia, the Grand Duchy of Posen, and Poland, advanced into Finland, driving back, on one hand, the Sarmatian, on the other, the Saxon. This race called themselves Germans, and came in time to be mistaken for the classic German of Livy and Tacitus. That the greater part of this German race, so called, are not Saxon, may easily be shown from their physical and moral nature. They assisted the Houses of Hapsburgh and Brandenburgh in all their efforts to crush the liberties of the true German: they are Catholic, which no Saxon, no true German, ever is; they opposed Gustavus and his bold Swedes; they fought under Wallestein; Austrians is their proper name, not Germans. The literary world cannot, I think, but soon be disabused as to the true nature of the Middle and South German; that is, if he be a pure and original race, which I long doubted, giving a preference to the next hypothesis.

2nd. As the modern German bears no resemblance in mind or body to the pure Saxon German of Northern Europe, differing in features, in feelings, in thoughts, and actions, it has been surmised that such differences may be explained on the hypothesis of his being a mixed race; composed partly of Saxons, partly of Slavonians,

in as it might be nearly equal proportions; at the sources of the Danube and adjoining countries, the Elbe included, or on the banks of the Rhine and its tributary streams from the east and north, the two races met: the result was the modern German, unlike either, but most unlike the Saxon. I have just been favoured with a third hypothesis by a distinguished German scholar, himself a good specimen of this contested race. The modern Germans, always meaning the Germans of Middle and South Germany, are, according to his view, a mixed race, composed of Celts and Saxons.

Now, of all the hypotheses offered, this is the least tenable, for the race I speak of have none of the qualities of their supposed parentage. If we must view them as a mixed race, it is clearly to the Slavonian and Saxon we must look; or to the Slavonian, mingled with an unknown and undescribed race. But against such theories, admitting the strong admixture of Slavonian blood with the Austrians, and all the so-called South Germans, great physiological laws are opposed. No mixed races can, or ever did, exist for any length of time. The race seems to me an original race; the people whom the Romans called Goths; who overthrew the Roman empire; who lived in Austria, and in the Danubian provinces, before Rome was founded, and who live there still; who have for four or five

centuries been endeavouring to persuade the world that they are of Saxon origin; Scandinavians, in fact; who dislike their Slavonian affiliations; who stand, and always have stood, on middle ground between two races, of greater energies and larger numbers: the race to whom I shall feel disposed to think Germany owes all its intellectual superiority over the rest of mankind.

But, be this as it may, the architecture called Gothic belongs to them; to them and to the Slavonians belong the waltz and the polka, and, perhaps, the Mazourka; the music of Bohemia, soft and enchanting: they produced the Mozarts and Beethovens, and many others. They divide with the Slavonians the taste and genius of Germany. No native Pruss has ever been found fit for anything. They were described by Voltaire. But when the prince of critics lived—the founder of philosophic history — the modern German race had scarcely shown themselves. The brutalizing wars of the Imperialists and Pruss seem to have crushed the intellects of both races, Slavonian and South German. The philosophic mind shrank from contact with Spandau and Schoenbrunn, Potsdam and Ulm. Over Italy the leaden sceptre of Hapsburgh, the lineal and literal descendant of the Danubian Goth, waved ominously for man. Thus were crushed for centuries the most gifted of mankind. Then came

the career of the mighty Napoleon, who first struck down these abhorred dynasties, showing their intrinsic weakness and rottenness. That they ever recovered was simply due to England. Next came the war of race, which must continue whilst race exists, and war confined to no particular region, but extended over the earth. It has been sometimes called a war for conscience' sake —a religious war; at other times it blushes not to own its commercial character and origin; and at times the cross has been raised, and the extermination of the heathen loudly demanded. But after all, the basis is difference in race, that key-stone to all human actions and human destinies.

It seems to me, that in claiming for the German so many works of merit, the illustrious Quetelet has not drawn a clear distinction,—I had almost said, has failed to observe, that Scandinavian or true German, that is, the classic German of antiquity, has no pretensions whatever to the literature he has assigned to the people he calls German; that the whole of it is either South German or Slavonian. The same error runs through most modern writers, such as Morrell. The Scandinavian German who rallied around Gustavus at Lutzen, is a noble race; a protestant; Nature's democrat: the only free race in the world, as proved by the greatest colony ever founded—

the United States of America; but he is not philosophic nor is he transcendental. There is the less occasion then for ascribing to them qualities they never possessed. That much of these high qualities of mind, the appanage of the Middle and South German, is derived from their contact, and possibly, admixture, with the Slavonian, I am willing to concede; at one time I felt inclined to ascribe it wholly to the Slavonian, and did so in several courses of lectures. But a matured reflection compels me to leave the question still open.

Defeated in their last great effort, extending from Baden to Vienna, the fate of the German people or race I now speak of is uncertain. In their last struggle, the best Scandinavian blood stood aloof; no Gustavus appeared to lead them to victory; no such person, perhaps, ever belonged to their race. They sing songs when they should fight; these pretended Germans are not Saxons. Saxons, no doubt, abound amongst them, but the mass is not of that race. To the hypothesis, that the modern German is a hybrid between the Celt and Saxon, I reply, first, that there are no hybrid races; and, secondly, the accidental mixture of Celt and Saxon produces, for a time, a body of people of uncertain character, indefinable; they are occasionally to be met with on the eastern coasts of Scotland and of Ireland, and they may be found, no doubt, in great abundance

in the great manufacturing towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. They die out of course, or return to the pure races; but this I will say, that in no instance have I ever observed them to bear any resemblance to the modern Middle and South German.

LECTURE IX.

THE SLAVONIAN RACE.

HISTORIANS, the chroniclers of occurrences and events, of the ups and downs, the rise and fall of the political unions called nations, have not failed to record and to present to mankind as "philosophy teaching by examples," how the kingdom of Poland was once a kingdom of some consideration; how the monarchy was elective; how there was also a kingdom of Bohemia, forming a part of the German (!) empire; how, somehow or other, the German empire quarrelled with those Bohemians, and although both people were thoroughly Christian, orthodox, and up to the mark; Bohemia forming also a part and parcel of the great and united empire of Germany, the said German emperor not only quarrelled with these Germans (!) born in Bohemia, but filled the country with human cut-throats, utterly to exterminate these Bohemians; how they failed, notwithstanding, in doing so, Bohemia being still in the hands of these same Bohemians; how the said German empire changed its name, acquiring that of Austrian; at first Gothic, then holy Roman, then German, then Austrian: but

they have not told you that the whole of this was a fraud, and an imposture; they have omitted or misunderstood the essential facts of the history. They have not told you that the true Germans always rejected the head of this empire, refusing to acknowledge him or it as their head; that the political union was a jumble of heterogeneous materials, ready to fall to pieces before an invading force; and that like every fraud on sense and nature, the artificial and unnatural power would cease to be. Accordingly, the Austrian empire fell before a mere handful of men, who would no longer submit to be the most wretched of all slaves; the emperor fled from his palace; the sagacious and far-seeing Metternich had no advice to give, no aid to offer. He was the first to run: he, who for thirty years had enjoyed the plunder of a most rich and fertile territory, inhabited by more than thirty millions of industrious and most intelligent people; he, when the hour of danger came, had not a friend to strike a blow in his defence. Recovering from their panic they were next overthrown by a handful of Hungarians: all but beaten out of Italy, and finally rescued by the gold and bayonets of another race; to endure, or be endured, for a short time longer, and then to cease for ever.

I have for many years been observing with much interest, and not without some admiration, the skill with which the British press contrives to

elude the question, which, during the last two years, has shook the world. When I predicted some years ago the certain downfal of the Houses of Hapsburgh and Brandenburgh, and the approaching conflict between dynasties and races, I was told that the kingdom of Prussia was a strong and united kingdom—consolidated: that all distinction of race had long disappeared: that it was the same with Austria: that these drumhead governments were the very best in the world; the people educated and happy; models, in short, for the British people. But this profound ignorance of the actual state of Europe would now seem to have been confined to Britain, and perhaps to France: the Slavonian and German questions were perfectly well understood and acted on by the various dynasties; especially was it essential for the Houses of Hapsburgh and Brandenburgh, to prevent the agitation of these two questions—to break up these two, or, rather as they may now be viewed, three races, the Saxon or Northern German, the Southern German, and the Slavonian: it served the views of a fourth race—above all, the Sarmatian—a race grasping at the possession of the ancient world. In Britain, to suit the taste of the public, the press, from the *Quarterly* to the ephemeral daily journal, affected to wonder, how two or three different races could not live peaceably

under the same government; they forgot Ireland and Canada—but it did not matter; and they reversed, in as far as regarded the Continental nations, that term which they are fond of claiming for themselves—namely, that a government is intended to serve the people, and not the people the government.

Whilst looking at the map of Europe, some twelve or fifteen years ago, and recalling, in as far as I could, the narrative of a few centuries; the causes assigned for triple and quadruple alliances, and their probable real causes—the ostensible reasons for wars and partitions of states, the thought occurred to me, May not the question of race explain some of these, to me otherwise inexplicable, historical events? I said to myself, who are the Slavonians, the Tzeks, the Huns? What race occupies South Germany? What occasioned the thirty years' war in Bohemia? What led Gustavus Adolphus into the centre of Europe to head one portion of Germans against the other? It was in the course of this inquiry, that I ascertained that a race of men, whose history is still to write, of whom we know neither their physical structure nor mental qualities, extends from the mouth of the Danube, occupying both banks, but chiefly the southern, to the confines of Austria; that from thence, proceeding northwards and eastwards, the same race, occa-

sionally modified by unknown causes, occupy the whole of Bohemia, Poland, the wide plains of Cracovia, the grand Duchy of Posen, a portion of Lithuania, and of the southern shores of the Baltic—and lastly, extending still further to the north, they stretch into Scandinavia, peopling Finland with a race whose origin, no doubt, must be looked for in southern and eastern Europe; a Danubian race—in western Europe as in Prussia, mingling, but not uniting with the Saxons and Southern German; in northern Europe with the Sarmatian; in Hungary with the Huns; in Turkey with the Greek and Tartar; mingling, but never uniting; distinct from all these races before history began—distinct now. There are some who stickle for the fusion of races, placing them in a Utopian theory of progress: let them try the question by the Slavonian race. The Tzelks occupied, beyond all question, the same countries they do now, long before Rome was founded—they are there now: assuming the modern South German to be the Goths of Roman writers, the Slavonians joined them in the overthrow of the Roman power: with some of the Scandinavian tribes they formed the great mass of barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire; they gave rise to the dark ages, and it is not the fault of the House of Hapsburgh that these happy ages, the paradise of churchmen and barons, were

not made permanent. "I want good men, not great men," was the reply of Ferdinand to Scarpa, when the gifted Italian had shown this imbecile Goth how the reign of the Goths in Italy had destroyed the intellectual character of the Italian Peninsula, reducing all to miserable mediocrity or coarse brutality. The sticklers for the amalgamation of races had better try the question in Posen, or Finland, or Prussia, or Austria; in what number of centuries do they look for such an event? The position of the Slavonian has been known for fifteen centuries, and may be guessed at for fifteen more, yet we have no visible signs of amalgamation, nor any explanation of the fact, unless by the falsifying of historic facts.

Little seems to me to be known of this noble race, the most intellectual, probably, of all. They are said to be remarkably deficient in elegance of form; external beauty does not belong to them, according to some; they are short in stature, with dark hair and complexion—cheerful in disposition and fond of pleasure. Superior to the Saxon and Celtic races in their taste for music, architecture, and the fine arts, generally—above all gifted with high feelings, leading them to view Nature's laws abstractedly, and to see in her operations principles imperceptible to others. The element of mind which leads to transcendentalism is distinctly Slavonian—at least, so it seems to me. Call it

also German if you will, it is not Saxon—not Scandinavian. The rationalism of Strauss belongs to no Scandinavian; Oken was not a Saxon; nor Spix; nor Von Martius: Bathyani and Kossuth are not Germans: De Haen was a court physician in Vienna about a century ago; he wrote on magic! the author of the Philosophy of History, published but lately, sees evil agencies everywhere at work; the Diablerie of Faust is evidently of Slavonian origin, or at least South German, whose relation to the Slavonian is close and intimate—affiliated races not yet understood. In the desire to get at first *principles*, they overlook *manifestations;* these with their external forms, whether organic or not, are of but little moment: it is the essence, the principle, they aim at. With them originated the transcendental philosophy, claimed in part I believe, by the *South German.* I pretend not to dispute this claim, having no data to guide my opinion. In my younger days I was taught, as most have been, no doubt, that the Caucasian family was one—the Caucasian *nations,* of one race, of one mind therefore; this, I think, is a fair deduction from the premises. Now try this simple statement by an appeal to fact; explain the transcendental theory of organic life, the metaphysics of Fichte, Schelling, Hagel, to a Saxon audience; English, Dutch, North German, Swede—show them the nodule of bone I spoke of to you, found on the

arm bone of man, and ask them the meaning, the signification of it—ask them the signification of the limbs—the meaning, that is the reason, why two small additional bones are found occasionally attached to the upper part of the breast bone; the signification of two small folds of membrane traversing loosely the knee joint in man, and be assured that the mechanical race who will have a mechanical reason for all things, an intelligible utility, that is a utility intelligible to them—be assured that the race will reply, as has been done for them from Derham to Paley, from Paley to Charles Bell, "all these structures have a reference to animal mechanics—their mechanical utility is obvious, and for that were they created." Confounding the pure high-minded spiritual doctrine of the Slavonian with their Celtic modifications: mistaking their parentage, and fancying them French, a cry is raised that the doctrines are material (!) and sceptical, being French; but this great question, the results on philosophy by the introduction of the Slavonian element of mind into civilized Europe, I must not discuss here, although appropriate, until I shall have completed this brief sketch of the Slavonian race, together with a still briefer one of the Sarmatian.

The future destiny of the Slavonian race is, if possible, more problematical than any other. Like

the continental Saxon, they want a leader. About eighty millions in number, they groan under the despotisms of three dynasties or families—Hapsburgh, Brandenburgh, and the Muscovite. Part belong to the Mahomedan of Turkey, with whom it would seem that honour and humanity, and common sense, driven from civilized (!) Europe, are about to make their last stand. They want a leader. It would seem that the Ban Jellachich is their hereditary chief, but he let the golden opportunity slip through his fingers—betrayed, no doubt, by the court of Vienna. Still the Slavonians demand a political unity—the South German does the same; the North German or Scandinavian despises them both, but he also would fain be free. For union he cares nothing: it is liberty the Saxon aims at, that liberty which originally belonged to him, and to him only. They desire to shake off dynasties, which, of all races, they most abhor—to establish republics—united states, peopled not by slaves, but by free men. Liberty of conscience and of action—equality before the law—the reign of the law instead of the reign of a dynasty. The North German or Scandinavian race, then, may some day be free as they once were, but still it is doubtful. The Pruss, so admirably described by Voltaire, extinguished freedom but lately in Saxony and on the Rhine; the war of 1815

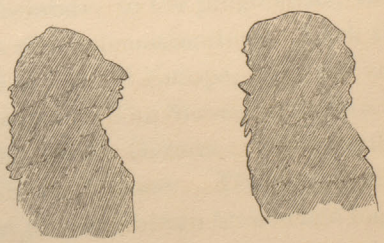
blotted the republic of Holland from the map of Europe; the best blood of the race, that is, the Swede and the Dane, and Norwegian, is overawed by Russia; the Western Saxons of Prussia, and the smaller states of the Rhine, could not resist for a day the combined attack of Sarmatian and Slavonian, led on by their respective dynasties. England, half Saxon, wholly commercial England, fancies she has a direct interest in the perpetuation of these iron dynasties of Europe. But, of the Slavonian race, it would be difficult to conjecture the future. Not so, I think, of the people called German, that is, South German, Austrian, &c.; surrounded by those purer races, their chance of independence is small; they may, assisted by the Slavonian, have founded the Gothic empire—this I pretend not to question—but neither they nor the Goths, whom Jornandes traced from, instead of to Scandinavia, ever were Saxons. Thus, I reply to Arnold and to Prichard; to the amalgamation theorists; to the progressists, the educationalists of all denominations. I ask them to look again at Central Europe, its state in 1815, its condition now. The Slavonian wants a leader; so does the South German; so does the true Saxon or North German. They are quite sensible that at present, though broken into fragments, the day may come when nature must again assert

her rights in despite of treaties and protocols, partitions and adjustments. The balance of power in Europe must ultimately rest, not with families, but with races: the question of European civilization must repose on the same basis.

LECTURE X.

OF THE SARMATIAN RACE.

THE Muscovite power, which at this moment threatens the destruction of human liberty in Europe and in Asia, is, as it were, of yesterday. To the dominant race of this political dynasty, for it rules numerous other races, to be described hereafter, I have ventured to give the name of Sarmatian, instead of Russ or Muscovite; by this I mean not to trace their history to the ancient Sarmates, but merely to designate thereby a race of men clearly distinct from all others, in physical structure and moral character. Whether they are, or are not, the lineal descendants of those



[*Modern Greek and Russian Profiles contrasted with each other.*]

who, crossing the Euxine, attempted to seize on Byzantium during the decline of the Eastern Empire, I leave to others to determine. One thing is certain, I think, the element of mind peculiar to them did not show itself in Europe until very lately. Christianity they modelled like the other races, to suit their physical and moral nature; the Greek formula of religion was that they adopted: as the Celt and Slavonian adhered to Romanism, and the Saxon nations, so soon as they dared do so, threw off the yoke of Romanism with its hideous mummeries, reducing their religion to a formula sanctioned by their reason; a protesting utilitarian race, averse to extremes, and fond of common sense; so the plastic robe was easily moulded into these three great forms, or adaptations, suited to the moral and physical structure of the European races.

We know nothing of the origin of the Sarmatians, nor of any other race. Aided by the course of events, and the gradual extinction of the Mongol, (a race evidently becoming decayed, and ultimately, perhaps, extinct,) they hold the great Steppes of Asia—a large portion of Europe. The Mongol held them in cruel slavery for nearly two hundred and fifty years, traces of which may still be seen in their institutions; they have now enslaved the Mongol; China and Thibet are at their mercy when they choose to subjugate them;

a single rail-road will do it; and with that rail, our power in Indostan ceases.

The struggle between the Muscovite and Saxon was soon over; it was decided at Pultowa; the contest with the Pruss may be said to have ended also in his favour, the dynasty of Brandenburgh being merely a tenant-at-will of the Muscovite. If you desire to see his power over the Northern Saxons or Scandinavians, attempt a constitutional monarchy or republic in Sweden or Denmark, and watch the result; he now aims at the Slavonian —this is his best game—it leads to the gates of Constantinople, and the possession of Greece.

Before Dr. Edward Clarke, of Cambridge, published his travels through some parts of Russia, the real character of the Muscovite seems to have been wholly misunderstood. He is the true



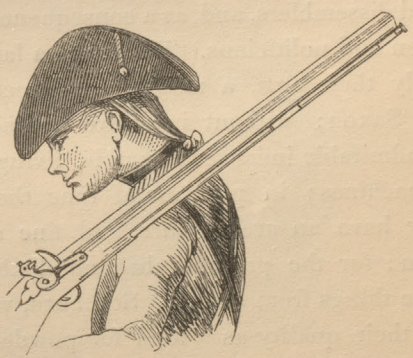
[*Calmuck Woman.*]

Zanthous race, the dark skinned, yellow bearded man: the *homo duri frontis;* hollowed out face, square shaped orbits, projecting brow and chin; apathetic; torso without shape; tall, yet not robust; strong, yet without energy. They are described by Dr. Clarke as a nation without principle; liars all. But Clarke had a heated imagination and a diseased brain, of which he died, and so great allowances must be made for him, and all his ideas must be viewed as overwrought; his colouring too high, his perception of the frail side of the Sarmatian morbidly acute.

Retzius says, that the crania of the Russ and Slavonian races are shorter than those of the Saxon and Celtic: but this most distinguished observer made but a few measurements. One thing seems certain, they are admirable linguists, profound dissemblers, and, as a consequence, good statesmen and politicians. They have a language peculiarly their own, a music also superior to Celt or Saxon; without inventive genius they are yet admirable imitators; that is, living automatic machines; in progress of time they will probably have an architecture and fine arts of their own: for the present, they no doubt borrow these things from others. Stubborn, without bravery, their quality as "food for powder" was tested at Borodino; but they ran away from Napoleon and a handful of young conscripts at Lutzen

and Batzen—their emperor and staff being the first to run. But for the gold of the Ural and Georgey, the Hungarians would have given Europe a good account of Paschievitch and his savages.

Of the literature and science of a race to whom free thought is denied, what can be said? If neither exists, it surely is not their fault. Their government has even attempted to falsify history, imitating the Stuarts in this respect. No fair race, perhaps, were ever sunk so low in the scale of humanity, and the morals often correspond to this physical degradation. Asia is their field into which they should be driven. The Turks are a highly civilized race compared with the Russ—in *morale* they cannot be compared. A Turk's word is sacred as his oath; of the value of that of the Sarmatian and modern Greek I need not say



[*Russian Soldier, in the time of Paul: from Clarke's Travels.*]

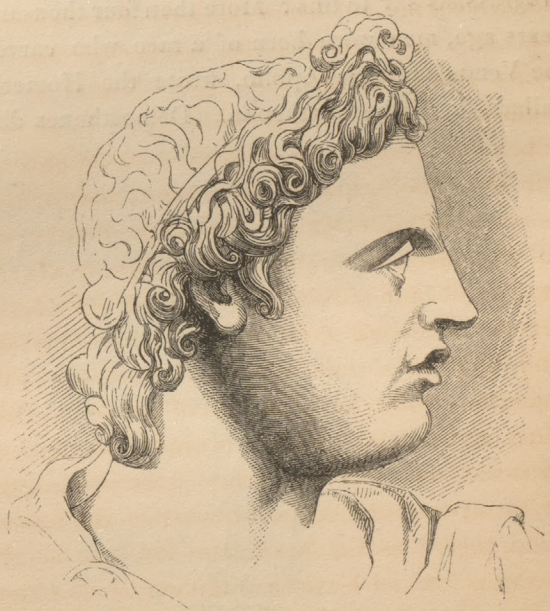
one word. They are Christians it is true, and he is Mahommedan, follower of a false light; what a pity it is that even Christianity, the everlasting truth, cannot alter humanity—cannot alter race.

It was remarked to me by Dr. Roussell of Finland, that the Russ being the latest race to appear, bade fair to become, in his turn, the dominant race: that most races have had their day, and that the tide was now with the Sarmatian. What will the progressists say to this? More than four thousand years ago, men were born of a race who carved the Venus and the Apollo, wrote the Homeric ballad—built the Parthenon. Demosthenes dis-



[*Venus.*]

coursed in Athens; Thucydides, Euclid, Aristotle, were persons who lived a very long time ago. The people who listened to them understood them perfectly; they were not, therefore, prodigies. If the Russ be the last development, human course cannot be forward, but retrograde; it is a progress backwards, tending towards some unknown goal. Why not? we know nothing of Nature's plan; the Russ may be her BEAU IDEAL—her highest



[*Apollo; the Greek Profile contrasted with the other extreme of the fair races—the Russ.*]

and last development. The world, for countless thousands of years, was inhabited only by fishes; could they have spoken, and left us records, we should have found, no doubt, that they considered themselves as the most perfect of all Nature's works, and the beings for whom the seas, at least, if not the dry land, had been made. Then came bears and hyænas, called antediluvian without the shadow of proof—and they, no doubt, could they have reasoned, would clearly have demonstrated, not only their right to the earth, but that the globe was made for them, and all that it contained, whether they made use of it or not. Then came man, and he finds everything made for his use—serpents, crocodiles, and hyænas —very useful things in their way, and, beyond all question, made exclusively and solely for his profit and advantage: without serpents in certain countries, mice would be troublesome; and crocodiles and hyænas occasionally save man the trouble and expense of funerals. The Russ, after all, may be the highest developed as he is the last. If obedience to "the powers that be," truly form the greatest quality of the human mind, then does the Russ stand as high as the Saxon is low. I leave the question to the statesman and theologian.

LECTURE XI.

QUESTION OF DOMINANCY.—ENGLAND: HER CONSTITUTION AND COLONIES.—NATIONALITIES.

I WAS, I think, the first, or amongst the first, to point out to the reading world the antagonism of the present Norman government of England to her presumed Saxon population. From "the element of race," advocated by me as a leading feature—*the leading feature* in human thoughts and actions, the deduction was direct. No right-thinking person could avoid coming to the conclusion, that, in the present dynasty and aristocracy of Britain, the descendants of William and his Norman robbers had a perfect representative. What the sword enabled him to do, the sham constitution of England qualifies the present dynasty to attempt. England is perfectly feudal: the results are not quite so apparent, it is true, in a Saxon country, in consequence of the energy of the race; but in Celtic Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, "the system" has produced its full results. I was amongst the first to point out that the land of Ireland, and of Caledonian Scotland, was in the hands of the hereditary descendants of the Norman; and that

broad England itself was daily following in the same steps: patronage, and corrupt influence, and enormous wealth, effecting now what brute violence and its armed followers accomplished in former times.

I was in Sheffield when an agitation was attempted to be got up in favour of "financial reform." Some most esteemed friends advocated this *unprincipled* (I do not use the word in the common acceptation,) — *unprincipled* measure, hoping great things from it. The opinions I gave them were the same then as now; the same as I held when the ludicrous Reform Bill came in under "our Sailor King;" you "are entirely in the hands of a Norman government—united, wealthy, all-powerful; your Church is rampant, Norman, and bloated with wealth—corrupt beyond imagination; your population priest-ridden. *The land of England is not in your hands. Go at the land in preference to every other measure.*"

And now it appears that these great and vital truths, based on the simple fact—namely, the existence of a feudal Norman government, in semi-Saxon England, antagonistic to the majority of its inhabitants—is beginning to be understood by all ranks; the expressions then used spread, and are coming into daily use.

M. Guizot has written a work on the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution; he

must mean "the failure:" for never was a failure more complete. Church and State remain as they were; nay, they are worse than prior to 1688. The military force at the disposal of the government for the crushing down and intimidating the freemen of England is more effective, more insulated from the people, than in the most despotic European state. The wealth, patronage, and power of the country, are concentrated in the dynasty and its supporters.

In the so-called colonies, matters are still worse: the sham is greater: the officials more insolent; occasionally imbecile, at others insane. The Smiths, the Wards, the Torringtons, the O'Ferrals, carry out the views of the Norman government of England in distant lands.

Had a statesman of Rome been told that a small nation would one day arise on the confines of Europe, secured by its insular position from the rude grasp of continental tyrannies; that this nation, after founding the greatest colony (North-American Union) the world ever saw, should, through the folly and tyranny of its government, antagonistic of its race, aided by the brutal ignorance and intolerable selfishness of its own people, lose that colony for ever; be driven from it with ignominy, leaving in the minds of a growing population of millions and millions a rancorous and eternal hatred for the parent king-

dom; an abhorrence of her, and her rotten institutions; that statesman would have declared at once, that no country could survive the shock of such an event. Yet England has stood it.

All men love liberty, in one sense or another; but all do not attach to the term the same ideas. Each race interprets the expression differently. Four times, I think, within the memory of man, has the Celtic race of men in France achieved their absolute freedom — their entire liberty to form whatever government they might choose. Four times they have betrayed the hopes of mankind. No trust can any longer be put in them. Look at the Celtic man in Canada, Wales, Scotland, United States, Paris—it is always the same: he does not know the meaning of rational liberty. Look at Paris, after a revolution the most complete, the most successful, the most daring the world ever beheld: the dynasties of Europe, from St. James's to Moscow, struck dumb; aware of their extreme danger, but afraid to move; the very "*Times*" itself shrinking into nothing with alarm and fear. Now visit Paris! A fortified camp, espionage, police, gens-d'armes, passports, all in full force: the reign of Napoleon was a farce to this terrible mockery.

A rumour prevails at this moment that it is intended to abate one of these alarming nuisances, by abolishing the passport system. It may be so,

but I for one do not believe it. Come when it will, it will take the whole race as much by surprise as it will do me. Even then, let it be remembered, that it is not the act of the Celtic French themselves, but of *a foreigner*. A Celtic man, even the most furious democrat, cannot be made to understand how the system of passports is incompatible with human liberty.

Each race has its own ideas of liberty. There is but *one race* whose ideas on this point are sound; that race is the Saxon. He is the only real democrat on the earth, who combines obedience to the law with liberty. But the law must be made by himself, and not forced on him by another; hence the successive revolutions in England to overturn the Norman law and the Norman government; hence the struggle now approaching, which will not be the last.

If we now inquire into the history of the Anglo-Saxon colonies, keeping in view the element of race, we shall find that on quitting his native soil the Saxon loses all respect for it. He is totally devoid of the weakness called patriotism. His adopted land becomes his fatherland. With the first opportunity he shakes off the despotism of England and sets up for himself: hence, in time, England must lose all her colonies. It is a singular event in history that she has not lost Ireland; but that is no colony as yet: it is a

conquered country, where the Norman is in full force, where he rules with the sword, and into which Saxon laws were never introduced. The occupant race is Celtic. Under a bold military leader they might have driven out the Norman ruler and recovered their freedom, for the English are quite aware that Ireland is not a colony, but merely a country held by force of arms, like India; a country inhabited by another race. They are aware, too, that, in point of fact, it is merely a fief of the reigning dynasty and a few of the *noblesse;* they would not, *for them*, support a long and *unprofitable* war; so that Celtic Ireland might have recovered her *nationality* by a single well-fought action. But she could not have recovered *her liberty:* Rome was there, and O'Connell, and a thousand influential haters of true liberty. Allowing, which was probable enough, that, carrying out the destinies of their race, after driving the Norman oppressor from their soil, young Ireland had risen, and, imitating their brethren in France, they had pushed at the point of the bayonet from out the soil of Ireland the abhorred demagogue and his fiend-like church, still, as a Celtic race, they must either have fallen into the hands of a military leader, or relapsed into a state of barbarism similar to the Caledonian Celt prior to 1745.

All races of men equal to a social condition,

which in courtesy we may call civilization, will, I think, obey *the law*, if made *by themselves;* law and government are identical and nearly synonymous terms. If in accordance with *their race*, the law is obeyed cheerfully; the ruffian populace, who do not constitute the people in any country, but a turbulent section, were mercilessly shot down on the streets by the mayor of New York, and a handful of *citizens*, armed merely for the occasion; it was an ominous event for the Norman and other dynasties of Europe, showing them *what the Saxon becomes* when *the law* is of his own making: a Saxon republic: unconquerable Holland, as a republic, might, with the aid of England, have defied Europe, but for Napoleon; as a kingdom! even the Belgians beat her on her own frontier.

If there be one feature more remarkable than another in the history of the existing dynasties of Europe, it is their general imbecility; the Norman government of England is no exception to this. Let us look at its policy with regard to her colonies.

That Saxon men will on leaving England become furious democrats, I admit; nothing will ever satisfy them but self-government. Adopting, moreover, the land of selection for their own, *the English* become Canadians, Americans, &c., as the case may be; the Dutch assume the name of

Africaniers; the English, Australians: always Saxon, they view *nationality* as a thing of no moment, unless it refer to the community of which at the moment they happen to form a part. Hence no government can long hold a *Saxon* colony, do what it will, because their insolence and demands will always rise with their numbers and wealth.

But this great lesson, taught the Norman government of England by the American revolution, was lost on the dynasty; and they pursue, true to their nature, the same course with respect to the few *real colonies* England yet has: Canada, the Cape, Australia, Tasmania; the rest scarcely merit notice, as yet: India is merely a conquered territory. The *system* followed out leads almost uniformly to the employment of officials, *whose rise in life were impossible*, under any other circumstances, but in the atmosphere of a court. Owing everything to *patronage*, *they despise every other human qualification.* All places of trust and profit thus, in time, become filled with *placemen;* of the character of these persons I need not here speak. The results show themselves most strongly abroad: Malta, Corfu, New Zealand, Tasmania, Canada, the Cape. A mere handful of Saxons, disunited on most points, scattered, unarmed, poor, have beaten our flunky official, with six regiments at his back, to the wall. It is a lesson not merely

for England, but for the world: a subject of amusement and ridicule to those who know the country, its resources in able hands, and the ease with which an able man could have set the Boor at defiance. I have examined this question in a note, to which I beg leave to refer the reader.

The really momentous question for England, as a *nation*, is the presence of three sections of the Celtic race still on her soil: the Caledonian, or Gael; the Cymbri, or Welsh; and the Irish, or Erse; and how to dispose of them. The Caledonian Celt touches the end of his career: they are reduced to about one hundred and fifty thousand; the Welsh Celts are not troublesome, but might easily become so; the Irish Celt is the most to be dreaded.

It was natural for an amiable man, of a vigorous understanding, great energy and courage (I allude to Mr. John Bright), to ascribe Irish misery to the misrule of her race; and to trace this misrule not to the English people, but to the imbecile, treacherous, and disastrous government of her Norman dynasty and Norman nobility: of a corporate body of foreigners, who would still fain look on England as *theirs by right of conquest*, and on the soil of Ireland as a mere hunting-ground for the recreation and profit of the mighty barons. But Mr. Bright is, in the main, in error. The Norman government of England has, it is true,

done its best and its worst in Ireland. If you wish to see what such a dynasty can do, go to Ireland; still, the source of all evil lies in *the race*, the Celtic race of Ireland. There is no getting over *historical facts*. Look at Wales, look at Caledonia; it is ever the same. The race must be forced from the soil; by fair means, if possible; still they must leave. England's safety requires it. I speak not of the justice of the cause; nations must ever act as Machiavelli advised: look to yourself. The Orange club of Ireland is a Saxon confederation for the clearing the land of all papists and jacobites; this means Celts. If left to themselves, they would clear them out, as Cromwell proposed, by the sword; it would not require six weeks to accomplish the work. But the Encumbered Estates Relief Bill will do it better.

Then will come, a hundred years hence, a more momentous question for England: a *Saxon population* in Ireland will assuredly forget that they ever came from England; at all events, they will be *born* in *Ireland*, and their property is there, and that will be enough for them. Then will come the struggle of self; the Saxon against Saxon. A Saxon colony in Ireland! But long before that, the tri-colour flag may wave over the United States of Great Britain and Ireland. This is the march of the Saxon onwards to democracy; self-government, self-rule: with him, self is everything.

LECTURE XII.

SOME REMARKS ON JEWISH CHRONOLOGY.

SECTION I.—In drawing up this brief sketch of the history of these three remarkable races of men, the Copt, Jew, and Gipsies, my attention has been forcibly attracted to two points; first, to the absence of sound historical data in respect of all three; secondly, to the extraordinary proofs they offer of the incorrectness of that view which would assign to an ideal family of men, called Caucasian, not merely those elements of mind which belong to other races, and which no one of these three seem ever to have possessed, but by a still grosser error, would ascribe to this ideal Caucasian race mental qualifications and physical structure excelling all others; superior to all; not to be surpassed. From these abstractions of Blumenbach, Prichard, and the English school, although they scarcely merit the name, have flowed other serious mistakes and incongruities, depriving the view of all title to the term philosophic; the singular spectacle of a wandering race living in the midst of civilization, of conventionalism, of restraint, yet refusing for centuries to recognise

these adjuncts to humanity, preferring the life of the beasts of the field, has never been fairly met. Yet this, the Gipsy, is called a Caucasian race, and by some thought to be beautiful and of the highest order. Another *dispersed race*, for it would seem I must not call them *wanderers*, remain dispersed for some thousand years: till not, fabricate nothing, create nothing, live in a seeming vision of the past, a host without a leader. Adopting in part the civilization of the surrounding races, they yet themselves have neither literature, science, nor art; nor wish to create them, nor power to invent them, nor ability to perform. Yet here is another of the said Caucasian family of Prichard; the oldest, as is said—the best—beaten by the rough energy of the rude Scandinavian. Loftiest of the Caucasian family! show me your doings, your labours. In energy and industry you are inferior to the Negro; in muscular frame, mechanical skill, and accumulative power, overmatched by the Saxon; in taste and elegance, in war and peace, the Celt leaves you immeasurably behind; last and greatest, the Slavonian and South German, or Goth, transcend you in that very philosophy called transcendental, considered by many as the great peculiarity of your race. Yet Blumenbach, Prichard, and their followers, call you Caucasian!

A third race, also called Caucasian, erect

monuments of surpassing grandeur; attain seemingly the highest civilization at a period when the Scandinavian, Celtic, and Slavonian lay grovelling, and but little raised above the beasts of the field. Yet where are they now, these companions of Sesostris? Your Coptic civilization has passed away seemingly with the race; and so has the Arabic or Saracenic also with the races. A ruffianly mixed population of blacks and browns occupy your fields, to become extinct in time, as all mixed races must. But are your Copts of antiquity extinct? Here is a question for the physiologist; and if so, how came it to pass? Do races of men become extinct, like the beasts of the field?

To this question I shall soon turn; but before discussing it, let me direct your attention to the present position and past history of the Jew.

SECTION I. *The Jewish and Coptic Chronology.*

The chronicle of the events which have happened to races, nations, and remarkable individuals, has been, with few exceptions, so imperfectly written as to render human chronology nearly worthless. It solves no great questions in a complete manner. The monumental records themselves of Egypt, the most valuable and probably the most ancient, explain but little; each successive discovery adding ænigma to ænigma,

doubt to doubt, merely. I have always, therefore, avoided, without, however, overlooking or despising, discussions on chronological questions, generally speaking, and excepting in a very few instances, I attach no importance to them: human history, whether recorded or monumental, I esteem but a drop in the ocean of time and of events. The greatest of all questions, in one sense, is no doubt a chronological one. Its adjustment would form a new æra in human history. Give us the precise date of the building of the Great Pyramid—the name of the dynasty of the period—the relation of the Egyptians of that period to the surrounding nations. Show us the exact condition of the Esquimaux, or yellow races of Africa, 3000 years ago. Nay, inform us rigorously of the nature of the race inhabiting South Britain when Cæsar landed. Give us any fixed starting point in history. But there is no such point; all is surmise and conjecture, contradiction and ænigma. No one could have felt this more than the celebrated historian Niebuhr. It was incomprehensible to him how "the Germans," as he called the middle and South Germans of his day, were dark-complexioned men, with dark hair and eyes; whilst in the time of Marius, of Livy, and of Tacitus, *the Germans* were a fair-haired, blue-eyed race. Niebuhr neglected the element of race, and hence his difficulty. The present or

modern South German does not belong to the race described in classic Roman history; they are *not Scandinavians or true Germans, and never were a fair race.*

Long prior to the appearance in an English dress of the immortal historian's works, I had arrived, after much anxious thought, at the conclusion that Jewish chronology was worthless; that Coptic written history could not be trusted; and that Coptic monumental history—the most valuable, I admit, existing—with its inexhaustible but mysterious hieroglyphics, had added hitherto no substantial, no decisive fact to human history, saving one, that civilization, and arts, and mankind generally, were of a much more ancient date than was generally supposed.

These opinions I have always expressed cautiously before public audiences, knowing the deep prejudices existing throughout Europe generally on all these questions, and the determination of the mass, not merely of theologians, but of the world generally, to assign a historic character to the Mosaic record, and to take for a chronological history of mankind that history, which, if complete and understood, would no doubt have explained all things, but which, as it now stands, is no more a history than it is a work of science.

My present remarks will be very brief. Literary men and theologians dispute for victory: I

aim merely at truth. To me it is a matter of the most perfect indifference whether the Jews ever were in the land we call Egypt, or not. The Rev. Mr. Beke, who, I believe, is an orthodox divine, says that they never lived in the land we call Egypt, but in the now wild and desolate region between the River of Egypt (which I need not say is not the Nile) and Syria. Be it so; I leave this matter entirely to theologians. Let me return to the history of the Jew and the Copt, adhering strictly to what has a reference to the element of race.

Niebuhr observes, in a note to the first edition of his great work, that the chronology of the Jews of the Mosaic record is beneath all notice, and merits merely contempt. These too strong expres sions theologians have generally and prudently overlooked, contenting themselves, I think, with expunging the exceptionable passages from subsequent editions. Dr. Arnold, whose works are a mere copy of Niebuhr's, takes no notice, I think, of these and similar passages. Bishop Usher's views on chronology have been stereotyped in England by clergy and laity. In Catholic countries there is no occasion to reconcile any contradictions, however monstrous: the Church is infallible. To minds so constituted, a difference amounting to a trifling 1600 years or so is nothing. To such minds, truth in history is of no

value; science they detest; all scientific men they place in one category.

I may hereafter discuss the influence which discoveries in physical science have exercised over chronology. My present object is with the verification of certain events connected with Jewish and Coptic history, keeping ever in view the question of race.

It is and always has been the practice of every race and nation, whose intellectual faculties were sufficiently elevated, to connect their history with the origin of all time, and, under one denomination or another, to identify themselves with the great creative Power. This practice seems not to have been confined to the fair races *exclusively*; for the Chinese, Mongolians by race, Japanese, Hindoo, Copt, are all more or less dark-coloured races, have, notwithstanding this, traced their origin to the gods, and their priests made "common cause" with the Creator of all things. This practice prevailed to such an extent, becoming so deep-rooted in human minds, that to this day stealing from a building called a church is termed sacrilege, as if any one building made by human hands could be more sacred than any other; and millions of educated and superior men still think it necessary that some mummery be repeated over a portion of the earth's surface before that earth can be fit to receive those frail

and rotten remains, which mythology and philosophy alike inform us, sprung originally from it.

Whilst the human mind remains in this degraded condition, truth is not wanted. Millions and millions of brave men, Romans, believed that a priest did divide a whetstone with a razor. The same race (Italian) have superstitions still more numerous, offensive, and degrading to humanity. They believe in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and in the efficacy of "the red tunic." We hear kind-hearted men speak of the progress of mankind! What progress do they mean?

The Jews are said to be descended from one family, one man: I speak of the so-called historic period. This expression is really devoid of any meaning; for his descendants returned on all and every occasion to Chaldea, if he was really a Chaldean, for wives from other families of the race. Lot, not a remarkably over-scrupulous or tight-laced man, was his kinsman—I think his brother. His heir-male of entail lived in Damascus. Nineteen hundred years, then, before our æra, there was a town, a city at Damascus; the Syrian plains were fully occupied—so also, no doubt, was Lebanon. Thus mingling with a section of the Chaldean or Babylonish race, the Jews progressed in numbers and wealth: the Abrahamidæ were a section of a *wandering race* who had already wandered into

Syria before the appearance of Abraham in that country—wanderers over the earth from their earliest records to the present day; a scattered race by the nature of their instincts.

The race whence the Abrahamidæ sprung was left somewhere in Chaldea: travellers ought to find them there to this day. They are the *origin* of the race of Israel—the *original stock;* the purest blood must be there, and also the most numerous tribe; for the offset which wandered into Egypt was a branch, sure to perish but for fusion with other races. This accordingly happened; and in Egypt the race assumed that Coptic physiognomy and form, unalterably stamped on the family, now visible everywhere, under all climates, under all circumstances. As the modern Jew, then, is chiefly Egyptian, a question arises as to the real character of the primitive race, their physiognomy, and form, and mental disposition. This, I think, must be sought for in Chaldea, from whence we are told they came. It is a subject worthy the inquiry of a Lepsius or a Humboldt.

The race, now remodelled, leave Egypt with a view to the extermination of the Syrian inhabitants of the country, the utter extermination of the race or races of Palestine, and the substitution of themselves for all others. Their utter failure was complete; but still not more so than that of all other races under similar circumstances. That

they should fail in the extermination of another race; that, after the lapse of many centuries, they should find themselves in their first position, scattered over the earth, few in number, without a rallying point, has nothing in it wonderful. Equally so is their distinctness from all other races: I have shown the fusion of race, or amalgamation of races, to be a theory refuted by all history.

In briefly reviewing these two great facts, let me supply the physical evidence deduced from the theory of race to which I venture to lay claim. 1st, By his *nature*, the Jew, or Chaldee, is a wanderer over the earth; like the Gipsy, whom he greatly resembles, he has no settled home; the restoration of Palestine to the Jew would not in the least degree render the Jew less a wanderer. From Chaldea he wandered into Egypt; from Egypt again to Palestine. Famine could not have been the sole cause of this; a pastoral people, as they are stated to have been at the time, could suffer nothing by a scarcity of *grain*. If all the wheat in South Africa were destroyed for seven years, the people would suffer not in the least, so long as pasture remained sufficient for their flocks and herds. The inhabitants of South America live on animal food, caring nothing for grain. 2nd, Originally Chaldee, they acquired the Coptic cast of features in

Egypt; this was quite natural. In Persia they got Persian blood; in other countries they received from time to time accessions of foreign blood; hence their numbers, which would otherwise dwindle away to a mere handful, are partly maintained. But the leading part of the Jewish physiognomy naturally remains. That physiognomy was probably Chaldee; it differed somewhat from the Copt, who caricatured it on his monuments. 3rd, Phœnician or Syrian blood mingled largely with the original race; even their capital, Jerusalem, remained in the hands of the Jebusites. David's conquest was merely nominal, or at least a compromise with the original inhabitants of the city of Jebus.

That they should have failed in exterminating the Syrian race or races, and taking their place, is simply what has happened to all other races. The Turkish empire withers and declines, as I have shown elsewhere, from the same causes: its population is becoming extinct; the country will return into the possession of its original inhabitants, whoever they were. Ireland, Caledonia, are even yet in the hands of the Celtic race—hence their terrible condition. Charlemagne and his bold Franks have ceased to live—France is Celtic to the core. It is the same all over the world. Why should the Jews form an exception to nature's great law? South England is far from

being Saxon; neither Holland nor Flanders show much Spanish blood; the South German has made little or no progress against the Slavonian and Hunnish races; and a mere accident prevented these two races from again crushing the German, as they had done before. Their want of union saved the dynasty of Hapsburgh.

I find it difficult to obtain from the literary man, theological or otherwise, a clear statement as to his views on another point of Jewish history; some maintaining the doctrine, 1st, That, under all climates the Jew continues the same; or 2ndly, That he differs under every climate, but remains steady to his race. Both opinions cannot be true; nevertheless they are alternately maintained by the same class of writers. The relation of the Arab to the Jew is not merely doubtful, but it does not exist: I speak of them as races.

In the successive devastations of Syria by various conquering people, from the Persian to the Turk, the Jews were not the only race who suffered; all must have suffered equally. But these races, being aboriginal, recovered their population: the Jew, a foreigner, did not.

The story of the Jew, as told by himself, is a plain and simple story enough: in the hands of the writers of other races it becomes a rhapsody. That of the Copt is really wonderful; their monumental history surpasses all on earth besides

The Jew has no monumental history. He never had any literature, science, or art: he has none yet. "Their completeness and wonderfully preserved individuality"* has nothing in it in the slightest degree curious. All other races are in precisely the same position; and, in this respect, also, the Gipsy is superior to them.

It is admitted that the Jews have no rural population at present in Judea: it seems to me that they never had a rural population anywhere. In all Syria they are supposed to amount to 30,000.

But I admit it to be singular enough that they should still maintain their handful of a population on the earth; explicable only on the ground of the race receiving occasionally supplies of fresh blood from other sources. A recent traveller† informs us that the Jews do not multiply "in the capital of their race;" the writer should have said, "in the city of Jebus," which was not their native city, but one which they had long occupied in common with the aboriginal inhabitants. This correction of an otherwise important passage is essential to truth and science. "Jew children," it is added, "seldom attain to puberty; and the mortality is altogether so great that the constant reinforcements from Europe scarcely

* The Cross and the Crescent, 187.

† Warburton.

maintain the average population."* I submit these curious facts without comment to the scientific reader.

When I first delivered these lectures, orally, to the public, the investigations of Bunsen and Lepsius had not appeared. Nor yet have I had an opportunity of perusing their works. But, from various scattered notices, I believe that nothing has been made out to invalidate my first impressions in regard to Coptic history. The opinion I had formed was unfavourable to the accuracy of Herodotus; and this view is now, I believe, admitted to be the correct one. It was from the Coptic monumental history that Cuvier drew the result, that no animal had sensibly altered its character; that no ancient species had been metamorphosed; no new species had arisen since the historic period—that period being as yet undetermined, but marked by records respecting which there could be no mistake. The illustrious anatomist forgot to mention *man*—forgot to include him in the list of unchanged and seemingly unchangeable species of animals: I add him now; requesting my reader to remember that the term "historic period" denotes a mere speck in the ocean of time. The persistence of species can be admitted now as extending merely through limited

* Warburton, p. 196.

periods of time; the discoveries of De Blainville seem likely to settle this great question. There has been, there can only be, "one creation;" all successive forms must proceed from others preceding them. Life on the globe is but one, not many. Forms vary agreeably to the eternal laws of development regulating these forms. They appear in succession, but they are still one. To living forms there can be no limit, saving "the essential conditions of their existence."

Coptic chronology is still to write; the hieroglyphics have taught little or nothing—the explanations hitherto offered are extremely doubtful.

CONCLUDING LECTURE.

ANCIENT GREECE—THE FINE ARTS—THE PERFECT AND THE BEAUTIFUL—RELATION OF PHILOSOPHY TO "THE PERFECT AND THE BEAUTIFUL"—THEORY OF SPECIES, OR INDIVIDUALISM—THEORY OF UNITY, OR UNIVERSALISM—APPLICATION OF THE LAWS OF TRANSCENDENTAL ANATOMY TO THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE OF THE ORGANIC WORLD—UNITY AND VARIETY.

WHEN the world was yet, as it were, in its infancy, a race of men appeared in the stream of human history, with intellects and frames so glorious, that no parallel to them was ever found in history. That race was the ancient Greek. The precise period of their appearance on the earth is, of course, not known; I say of course; for if there be one fact better made out in all history than another, it is this—that human chronology, as it now stands, is all but worthless. Of Homer and Troy we know nothing; the precise date when the noblest of all statues were carved is equally a mystery. One thing is certain—the statues remain; the ruins of the Parthenon may yet be found; the Homeric ballad, the grandest of all human works, is still extant; and Plato and Socrates, Iskander and Aristotle,

Euclid and Herodotus, are names as familiar to the men now living as household words.

Wonderful and most mysterious race! divinest chapter in human history! unparalleled, unequalled, whence came ye? Whither have ye gone, fading away into the mists of the past? What is Parthian, or Mongolian, or Roman, or Germanic glory, compared with yours? And even now, whilst I write, reducing to some sort of order the thoughts and reflections of many years, a trafficking, commercial, strong-armed, buy-and-



[*The Parthenon.*]

sell race beset your Piræus; a coarse, barbarous, vulgar crew, point their artillery at Athens. It is a *money question* seemingly—a commercial *question* really; the savage Russ claims you for his brethren on the score of the gross and idolatrous worship which disgraces you as men, and renders you contemptible in the eyes of the rest of the world; the "grande nation," whose claims to the term "great" repose mainly on the merit of having plundered the Romans of those monuments they stole from you, affect to sympathize with you. But you are not the descendants of the ancient Greek; and this is the point I mean first to moot.

It is a fact, in as far as so ancient a historic recollection may be esteemed a fact, that the northern nations as they are called, the Scandinavian, the Celtic, Germanic (South German or Goth), Slavonian, and Sarmatian, existed not merely as they now are, physically and morally, from the most ancient times; but that they were ever formidable and troublesome to the Peninsulas of Italy and Greece before the real historic period. Unequal to originate within themselves any form of civilization; deficient in originality or genius; strong-armed, common-sense barbarians, many of them, they knew that in the south were sunny climes, and rich wines, and wealth. In the time of Marius, some 2,200 years ago, they plundered Italy and Greece; but they had been there as

victors a thousand years before that; masses of barbarians, a moving nation, a swarm in search of a new habitat. Devastating Greece and Italy and Asia Minor, they still founded no new states, but mingling with the existing population of a land, and a clime, and a centre of life which was not their focus of origin, and in which, therefore, they could not continue to exist, they merged in the original population, finally to disappear as a race; leaving vestiges of their being, of their qualities, good and bad—thus modifying for centuries the destinies of these lands. In the meantime, cut off from the parent line, these northern aborigines fail to continue their own race. Confronted with a more numerous one, the aboriginal inhabitants of Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, they naturally yield and disappear; their blood is merged in a wider stream; it mingles, and is lost. The purest stock, left in Northern Europe and Asia, remains barbarous as it was; unequal to the invention of any literature, science, or art, beyond the common household wants, the exigencies of war, the inflictions of climate, the northern hives remain as they were—wonderful spectacles of barbarism, to which Kentucky, Canada, Florida, would soon return, were they cut off for two or three generations from the rest of mankind; to which England itself would return; to which the greater part of Ireland has returned, and from which, to this day,

the Sarmatian or Russ has never emerged. Look at the condition of the Saxon boor as he herds his flocks on the vast plains of Southern Africa; read the history of those Englishmen, who have re-peopled Tasmania and Australia; of the Celt-Iberian and Lusitanian, hunting as guanches the pampas of South America. A professing Christian is not necessarily a civilized man. Civilization and Christianity are identical, it is true; but then it must be real, and not sham Christianity—the actual, not the shadow.

And thus did the northern hives, as they are called, pour masses of men and women from their woods towards the south, without, however, really founding any new states. Even in Cæsar's time, Gallia Cisalpina had lost its sympathies with Gallia Transalpina. Separated from each other by the great central chain of the Alps, the Celtic colony which had seized on Northern Italy had already lost a portion, and a great one too, of its Celtic character. That race, the Celtic, if I mistake not, is now nearly extinct in Northern Italy, the population having, no doubt, returned to that race which preceded the Gallic invasion: that invasion also, be it remembered, is much beyond all human history. As it was with Italy, so it was with Greece, using the term in its widest sense, and therefore including a great part of Asia Minor. Three, or more likely four thousand years

ago, the Celtic and Scandinavian, and Gothic or Germanic blood, perhaps even the Slavonian, was mingled deeply with the aboriginal inhabitants of Greece and Macedonia; the peninsula and its isles; with their colonies everywhere; with the original race, which I shall venture to call Pelasgic; they mingled, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. Hence arose a new race of men, destined to cease at a given period; a race which could not stand their ground against Nature's laws; a *mixed race*, an anomaly on earth; a thing repudiated by the organic laws of man and animals; a race of men, if it merits the name, whose possible existence depended on an annual influx into Greece of Scandinavian and Celtic hordes; that is, of an order of things which never yet happened to mankind.

This, then, is the theory I offer. There never existed *a race* of men and women formed like the Apollo, the Venus, the Dian, the Hercules, the Niobe, the Bacchus; but there existed a combination of circumstances in the Peninsulas of Italy (Southern), Greece and her Isles, and Asia Minor, which gave rise to the production of numerous persons, of whom some equalled, still more approached these glorious figures I speak of. Matchless and perfectly beautiful, they had only to be seen to be immediately understood; genius —lofty genius abounded everywhere. The robust

energy, the vivacity and vigour of the Scandinavian and Celtic races, came to be mingled with an Oriental race or races, of which we know nothing, but of whose sublimity of mind the Cyclopean walls leave unmistakable indications. Oriental minds, allied to Copt and Chaldee; monuments analogous, but not identical, with Egyptian Thebes and Asiatic Nimroud and Babylon; with men who lived beyond the Babylonish and Coptic period. The Italian Peninsula no doubt was once also theirs, as well as Greece, and, it may be, the Lusitanian. These fine and



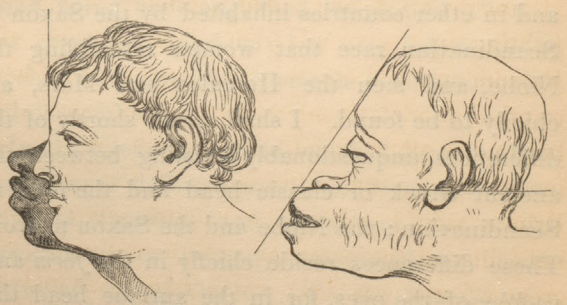
[*Bust of the Venus.*]

classic regions, the northern, that is, Saxon, Celtic, and Gothic barbarians, have constantly invaded, hoping to make them their own; they have as constantly failed; for no race can permanently locate itself in a continent in which it had not been placed by Nature. And now, the populations of Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, having returned pretty nearly to their aboriginal condition in respect of race, are as they were before, timid, cowardly, unwarlike; serfs by nature; slaves of the horrible and brutal superstitions of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches. An idiot, vulgar Goth reigns in Greece: the imbecile House of Hapsburgh lords it in Italy; the savage Turkoman scourges Asia Minor. From the people themselves all traces of the men who form the glory of this world have disappeared, leaving behind them, in their nearly aboriginal condition, that population on which the Scandinavian and Celtic and Gothic blood being once engrafted, originated all that was great and glorious; but now, left to itself, exhibits to the world a spectacle most lamentable and deplorable.

In the circumstances of which I have spoken, the union of different races, and its result on the physical structure and moral qualities of the descendants or progeny, originated the classic days and age of Greece. To the Scandinavian blood the aboriginal Pelasgic hordes, whether

European or Asiatic, Greek or Italian, owed the occasional beauty of their complexion; that matchless hue which Homer compares to the colour of "the elephantine bone, fresh from the hands of the turner." The Maid of Athens had blue eyes, a divine and matchless colour, bestowing on woman's looks an expression above all earthly passions; fair and flowing locks, full bosomed, fleshy, and large-limbed, seem to have been the character of Grecian women: look at the Niobe, the Venus of Gnidos, and a hundred others. All these show Scandinavian blood, for no such persons are to be found anywhere else. It was Sir Charles Bell, I think, who said that the grand facial line or angle of the antique Greek cannot now be found! Never, I think, was so great an error of observation committed, for the streets of London abound with persons having this identical facial angle; and it is in England and in other countries inhabited by the Saxon or Scandinavian race that women resembling the Niobe, and men the Hercules and Mars, are chiefly to be found. I shall speak shortly of the differences unquestionably existing between the ancient Greek or classic head and the modern Scandinavian; the Niobe and the Saxon matron. These differences reside chiefly in the *form* and *position* of the eyes, for in the antique head the eyes are deeply set; but they are not confined to

these organs, as we shall afterwards find. To the Scandinavian, then, Greece owed her grandeur of forms, especially in woman; her disunions, obstinacy of character, common sense, mechanical genius, large-limbed men, athletæ, matchless perseverance. To the admixture of Celtic blood may be traced her warlike disposition, energy, vivacity, wit; and to Slavonian and Gothic we must trace, I think, the transcendental qualities of her philosophy and morals; the substratum was an Oriental mind, not Coptic, least of all Jewish; but these latter elements now prevail, I believe. The grand classic face has all but disappeared, and in its place comes out a people with a rounded profile; the nose large and running into the cheeks, like the Jew; the chin receding; the eyebrows arched. Anti-classic in all things, how Greece has fallen! Yet this was the country which produced the men who fought



[*Profile of Negro, European, and Oran Outan.*]

at Marathon and conquered on the banks of the Granicus; Pyrrhus belonged to them and Pericles; Aristotle and Plato; Socrates, Demosthenes; Iskander, equal to Napoleon; Archimedes, Euclid, Thucydides, Herodotus, Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, Phidias, and they who carved the immortal and transcendant Venus and Niobe! Where shall we commence, or where end? If many brave and good men lived before Agamemnon and Achilles, when did classic Greece commence? Homer was not, could not be the first: before Homer there were others. Homer could not invent a civilization which did not exist; Shakespeare described Nature as he saw her. He invented nothing. Great minds see truth, and truth only; they have no fancies; legends and miracles are out of their sphere; St. George and the Dragon; mountains skipping like lambs; Bel and the Dragon; the eleven thousand virgins drowned at Cologne; armies of martyrs fighting in the clouds; St. Jago charging the Paynim on a white horse; these inventions belong to other minds and other races. They exist still, but under other names; a volcanic fire kindled in Snowdon; the subsidence of the centre of Britain would reduce the English mind to the imbecility of the tenth or twelfth centuries. No greater error was ever committed than that of supposing that *the mass* of men change or pro-

gress: *Le peuple n'est rien*, was the expressive but satirical expression of Voltaire. No greater truth was ever uttered. How was it, then, with the Grecian people in the classic days I speak of? Just as now; they were nobody; they merited no particular notice, further than that they produced men, such as have never been seen since. A higher taste also than is common they must have had; yet philosophy in Athens was of course confined to the schools, and the council or senate of Athens, the working, state-corporation of Athens, gave it as their opinion that Aristophanes, the poet and comic writer, was wrong in taking so much notice in one of his comedies of *an unknown person like Socrates*. But they, the people, knew enough of him as the representative of philosophy and of truth to dislike him mortally; their animal instincts told them that he and they were of different natures. Truth and science, which is, or ought to be truth, are ever disliked by the mass.

In Galen's time, if I mistake not, gladiatorial scenes were of almost daily occurrence. Hundreds and thousands of human beings were butchered in cold blood in presence of Roman audiences; of a people abandoned in vice below imagination; but Galen dared not allow it to be known that he had examined for the purposes of science some human bones, which he did by stealth,

and secretly. This is man. But to return to Greece.

Against her schools of philosophy and science Greece ever waged war. Yet art and science stood their ground. The civilization of mankind is based on what it received from Greece; whilst in respect of the fine arts, more especially the modelling and drawing the human figure, which forms the only basis of all art, it is not possible to imagine what might now have been the actual state of the fine arts but for the discovery of those wonderful remains, the antique marbles. These revealed to the world wonders at least as great as the telescopes of Galileo; they revealed the beautiful, the perfect, the matchless, the highest and noblest physical manifestation of nature; consequently, the only being corresponding to the highest gift of the mind; in these, then, the moral or metaphysical world, the world of mind, found at last that which it must ever aim at—"the perfect."

How they rose and fell, as a nation, belongs to the chroniclers of events. I have traced their progress as a race; a race which is gone, which cannot re-appear; climate aided them. They never, properly speaking, formed *a distinct race of men*, and hence could not stand their ground, any more than the Romans. The physiological laws of the species were against them. But I pretend not to trace their history. Some curious

points of resemblance between the women of classic Greece and the thorough-bred Saxon women of England, or Holland, or Sweden, might here be pointed out; but this I must leave, for the present, at least, to some "Historian of Manners,"* not forgetful of the element of race, like Guizot and the Thiers school. There are curious points of resemblance, independent of the Amazons; bacchanals and festivals, not altogether unlike scenes at Wapping and Portsmouth Point in the glorious old times, the good old times of George the Third. A hint, I presume, is enough. It was Hippocrates who said that the Greek women could drink deeper than the men; and that they were somewhat liberal of their charms all history, I think, maintains. The whole reminds me much of Holland and of the Saxon generally; beautiful women who sold their favours for money were much esteemed in Athens; the same class meets with all respect in most Saxon countries. In republican Holland they were not merely tolerated, they were protected, the state deriving an income from them.

But we now return to consider the Greek mind solely under one point of view—its relation to art. It is to this relation I mean now to direct your attention, for it is in this that we purpose tracing

* Histoire des Mœurs.

the germs of all that is great, because all that is human in the human mind. All nature's works, we have seen, are wonderful; but it is man alone who can reason about them; understand them, at least to a certain extent; view them in relation to himself, and himself in relation to them: man is the problem to solve; his presence here, his origin, his purpose or end. I do not mean that the Greeks were the first to moot these great questions; neither did they, perhaps, solve them; but their arts showed that amongst them existed minds which understood and comprehended the universal, the transcendental, which can alone be truth.

THEORY OF "THE BEAUTIFUL," AS DEVELOPED IN THE ANTIQUE STATUES OF GREECE.

As I stood by the banks of the Koonap, gazing eastward over the grassy plains which lay between me and the Indian Ocean, alone, unattended, a stranger in the land on which I stood—an alien by my race to all that was around me—I sought in vain to connect myself with that landscape, *by theory*, yet I felt myself identified with it; I said to myself, this park-like scenery, resembling beautiful England, but still more beautiful; grander, more vast, more romantic, more perfect; that transparent and deep blue sky—glorious light and shade; deep gloomy

ravines of the Anatolo and Winter Bergen; bulbous flowers of all hues and fragrance; delicate mimosa and fantastic aloe; these are not European—these belong not to the land of my birth—to the continent from which I sprung, yet the *wilde* (for man had done nothing here since man was on the earth) was beautiful, tender, melancholy, romantic. Why then, if the landscape before me be *beautiful* and *perfect*, do I gaze at these Anatolo mountains, scanning with a strong glass each ravine and bushy dell? Is not the scenery exquisite? What more can be desired? Why look beyond it? I will tell you.

Man alone is beautiful; the human *form* alone satisfies the *human mind*. Other objects have their attractions—we admire them and are pleased, but they do not solve the problem of "the beautiful," which must be sought for in man alone.

Whilst meditating on these abstract yet pleasing topics for thought, I naturally asked myself the source of pleasure derived in the contemplation of the landscape before me. The term *picturesque* rose on my memory, and all but startled me from my reverie—deep-felt reverie, absorbing my whole soul with thoughts and meditations for which language had no expression. The word *picturesque* all but banished from my mind the solemn scene before me; it recalled to me the nonsense I had read about the fine arts: it placed

before me the artificial man,—the Cit, the Cockney, the model man, "trying the pittoresque,"—"coming the picturesque" near London or Amsterdam; the artificial man—the would-be civilized man—cribbed, trammelled, and confined; the thing in harness—the state flunkey; the biped in harness; the clock-regulated animal; the creature with a soul composed of associations of ideas.*

But before I consider why even then so young I rejected the flimsy theories of the civilized hack, be he churchman† or layman,‡ orthodox,§ or sceptic,‖ all tending as they do in one direction, let me first submit to you a brief analysis of "the beautiful;" the To Kalon of the Greeks; "the sought-after" of all high minds, of every age and race.

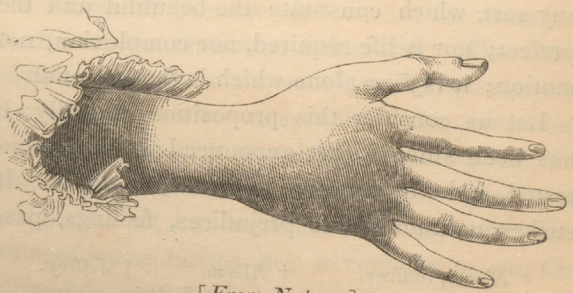
The human *form* alone is beautiful; *woman* presents the perfection of that *form*, and, therefore, alone constitutes "the perfect." It is not youth, nor intellect, nor moral worth, nor associations of any sort, which constitute the beautiful and the perfect; nor is life required, nor complexion, nor motion; it is *form* alone which is the essential.

Let us consider this proposition carefully; it has been since I first announced it much contested, and will continue to be so, no doubt. It strikes at innumerable prejudices, feelings, pas-

* Alison, Jeffrey. † Alison. ‡ Jeffrey.
§ Paley. ‖ Voltaire.

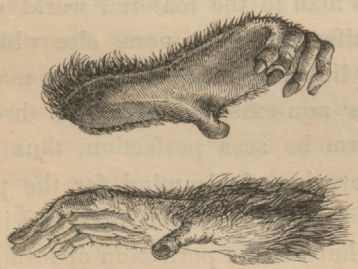
sions—above all, it limits and defines the term beauty, that happy field for interminable dispute since Socrates to the present day. From a race, the Saxon, to whom utility is as a deity; who admire in general, as a race, only what is useful, I naturally expect every opposition. It will not be easy to persuade a race of utilitarians that anything can be beautiful but in the ratio of its fitness, its utility; then, why may not a wheelbarrow lay claim to the title of beautiful? or a pigsty? or a pair of Jack-boots? and as the large, firm, hard, spatular-fingered hand must clearly be the most useful, so a preference ought to be given to it over the slender, taper-fingered, jointless looking hand of the Venus.

But what say men of taste? What say those who love *form* for the sake of the form itself? Do you select a person devoid of a musical ear to sit in judgment over Mozart's thrilling notes? Would you give a preference in the matter of



[*From Nature.*]

colours to those who think any one colour as good as another? who paint landscapes all blue or all green, or all red or brick-dust colour, as the case may be? Why then take the opinion in respect of *form* of those to whom all forms are nearly indifferent? But perhaps I debate a matter which will be conceded me even by a utilitarian race; grant that all forms are not of equal beauty; that some are confessedly beautiful, others not; that when divested of prejudices of education, and of prejudices of ignorance, all the world admits certain forms to be at the least much more beautiful than others; let us consider then,—1st. What are these incontestably beautiful forms? 2nd. Why are they beautiful? in other words, What is your theory of high art—of the beautiful—of the perfect?



[*Oran Outan.*]

Place before you an antique statue of Venus—the youngest daughter of Niobe—the Venus of

Gnidos; look carefully at the proportions and forms—if you have the least doubt, compare them with the living, or with modern sculptures; do this repeatedly, and I think you will be inclined to arrive at the following conclusions:—1st. That the figure before you is perfect, transcending all other material objects; that its forms and proportions are perfect, since the slightest alteration of them by the substitution of others, deranges the effect and destroys the beauty of the part—that the figure satisfies *the eye for form*, and by so doing the highest and deepest of all human feelings; for on form depends the living world in as far as we are concerned. The material world itself—the stellar universe itself—all is *form;* without it, Nature can have no existence *to us.* This is the first link, the first sympathetic cord which ties man to the material world or to material manifestations—to none else whilst mortal can he be linked. What exists not materially is to him as non-existing. Finally, through this human form he sees perfection, thus satisfying the deep craving of his mind for the perfect; it is, moreover, in the ancient Greek, and in no other race, that he sees the perfection of form, and this links him to eternity.

2nd. If you now examine this figure still more carefully, you will discover a mysterious and wonderful secret, hitherto, I think, unobserved; or if observed, not fully appreciated. A living

being is composed of an interior and an exterior: the latter alone is visible, and intended to be so; the former, Nature carefully conceals when she aims at the perfect and the beautiful. In the exterior, beauty resides—that alone she decorates—all within is frightful and appalling to human sense—never beautiful, but the reverse; always horrible. In proportion as any figure, whether human or bestial, displays through the exterior, that unseemly interior, which has no form that sense comprehends, or desires, so in the same proportion is that figure beautiful or the opposite. Why are the forms of age displeasing? Why of extreme youth? Why do we place under the same category those whom disease or penury have withered and deformed? It is this—it is not age, nor extreme youth (new-born children;) nor disease, nor poverty, which bring out the feeling I now speak of—it is the exposure of *the interior;* that dreaded interior, sure emblem of dissolution and death. It is the feeling of dissolution, of annihilation, which instantly seizes unconsciously on the mind of the spectator: an unknown dread of a something which must happen to him, although he were never told it—a dread of dissolution, that most dreaded of all events. Thus, already do we see what Nature has done for the beautiful figure, it being her highest material manifestation in the existing order of things. She has fitted it to satisfy the craving for perfec-

tion and for form, thus calling forth two of the grandest and deepest sympathies of our nature: she has concealed beyond all possibility of detection or even suspicion, the emblems of mortality* —that is, *the interior*, thus carrying the mind furthest away from the most dreaded of all events, dissolution: nay, more—by this concealment of the interior, and those beautiful and perfect forms, she has called forth in the human mind that other grand feeling of the soul—the contemplation of eternal ever-reviving, ever-returning youth—the youth of the universe; the bright gleam of hope; of a to-morrow and a future; of a nature that will never die.

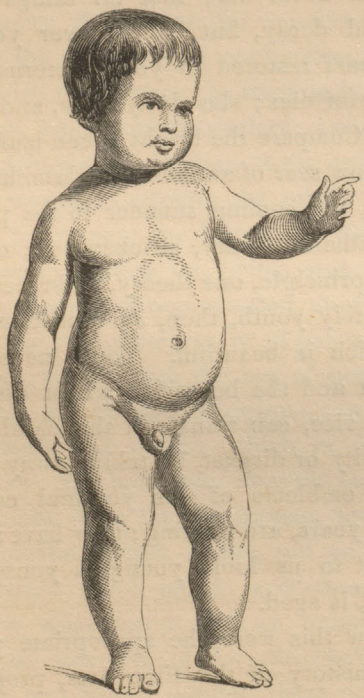
The object of art is to call forth the grand sentiments, feelings, and passions of the soul—the tender, the pathetic. When it fails in this, it is no art. The works of ingenious industry, of luxury, must not be confounded with the fine arts. All the diamonds in the Tower are not worthy a moment's gaze, when compared with the hand or foot of a beautiful woman. I speak not of the head or of the torso—nature's masterpiece.

But this is not a work on art, nor intended to be so; and I shall therefore bring these remarks to a conclusion.

The beauty of children is proverbial—of their

* See drawing of Human Skull, p. 427.

hands and feet especially — yet they are deficient in proportions and forms; the torso is shapeless; and the statuary should know this, and avoid as much as possible carving the nude child. What, then, is it we admire so much in children; and why is their company so sought after in preference to the aged; the young ever courted,



[*The Infantile Form, loved not for its form, but as an emblem of youth.*]

ever admired? Is it their ingenuity, their complaisance, their simplicity, their innocent curiosity, even their listlessness, their complaints, their tears? All these add, no doubt, to the deep attraction man feels for them, but they do not explain it. To him they present those *emblems of youth* which call forth in his mind the hopes that nature will never die; that all things will not wither and decay, but be for ever young, for ever at least restored to youth—eternal youth. Nature never dies; she always was, and for ever will be. Compare the bright green leaf of May to the yellow sear of autumn; the lambkin to the aged ewe; the coming summer to the past; the child to withered, hoary, stricken age; one category, one principle, one theory, embraces all. It is not merely youth, then, as Winckelman supposed, which is beautiful. Youth never attains the perfect and the beautiful, whilst disease, or penury, or vice, can transform the child into an object of pity or disgust, by taking away the characteristic emblems of his youthful condition. Age, time, years, are nothing; they have no existence; what to us looks young is young; what looks aged, is aged.

And now this were the appropriate place to trace the history of the Fine Arts, properly so called, which no doubt emanated from Greece; to show how all races—I mean all civilizable

races—have their fine arts peculiar to themselves; to trace the source of pleasure we derive from the fine arts, and their utility to a nation; but this I must not think of here. In speaking of the various races, I have already glanced at these topics; and in my notes appended to these lectures, I may again return to this subject in a more practical manner; but the introduction of the disquisition into a theory of the beautiful was forced upon me here by the necessity of connecting the history of race with the perfect; to trace to it the laws of formation, leading to the perfect; and from it the laws of deformation, leading to the imperfect; or, in other words, to explain the origin of race, or at least to connect the history of race with the great laws regulating the living organic world—the laws of unity of organization, another expression for the law of variety, or of imperfect formation; and, finally, with the law of perfect formation—that is, of specialization—towards which nature aims and tends; which is, in fact, her *ultimatum*. We have seen what the law of specialization has done for the human form—it has produced the Venus, a real, not an ideal form. The correct mind rejects everything which is ideal, or what never had an existence. The monstrous creations of the disordered Hindoo, Chinese, and Saxon minds; these are ideal, fictitious, false; the Venus is real. Let us now

attend to the universal law of nature, the law of unity of the organization; that universal principle —identity of life, identity of structure, identity of result for all living things, at their origin, in space and in time. For all individuals are connected, as we shall find, with space and time; specializations have only their day; they form a part, no doubt, of nature's great plan; they are, in fact, the result. It is the laws of development we are now to trace—the history of the gradual and successive development of living beings—of progress also, as it may be, although I doubt the theory of progress as now offered. It smacks of utilitarianism—of the Paley school—of final causes, which are no causes, but effects. It is presumptuous and anti-philosophic, and, as applied to the great mass of the organic world, positively untrue. All that can be said in its favour is, that man appeared last on the surface of this world. But even this has not been proved. He may have come first. Let us attend first to the facts, and next to the arguments.

We have seen that the exterior alone was decorated by nature; in it resides chiefly her specializations; species, distinct races and kinds, forbidding all error or mistake, all confusion. But rightly to understand this exterior, we must also examine the interior, seeking for truth with the torch of science.

What does that interior reveal to the scientific inquirer, to him whose temper leads to the search after the unknown, in the present, in the past, in the future? it reveals to him that man and all the organic world is linked to the past, seemingly without break or interruption; that the organic world, of which he forms a part, has obeyed for ever two great laws (like the inorganic), the law of specialization, or of perfect formation; the law of unity, or of imperfect formation: Formation and Deformation. Between these two laws is balanced the living world since the earth was, since, as a sphere of various dimensions, it has rolled through space.

This great fact is proved, then, 1st, from an examination of animal bodies—of animal bodies, as they now exist, and compared with each other; 2nd, from an examination of the embryo, or young of man or of any of the higher animals. This inspection tells us, that, from the moment of conception or of independence, that living point, that embryo, passes through a succession of *forms*, shadowing forth the organic world as it now exists, from the highest to the lowest; shadowing forth the organic world as it has existed from the dawn of creation to the present day—this is proved by geology; and shadowing forth the organic world, or worlds, no doubt, which are yet to come. For there was but one creation—

there could not be two, or three, or twenty, as Cuvier has it, or rather his followers, for he himself never maintained such opinions. Unity of idea, unity of result—life once created, once called into play, could never cease: it appeared, no doubt, with the globe itself—contemporaneous, coeval. Its primitive form, that is, the form it first assumes, is conjectured to be a cell—a sphere or globe—minute, microscopic. This at least seems probable; but it must always be remembered that *we* merely see the *material* manifestation of *life*, and not life itself; not the living particle, the living essence, which must also be material.

It has been finely remarked by Humboldt, that when we look at the stars through the telescope, we discover a past and a present, and we conjecture a future; and when we look into the structure of the globe, the solid strata of its surface, the fossil world which lies imbedded reveals to us also a distinct past and a probable future. So we have seen it with the embryo of man; it also reveals a past; the present is before us; a probable future may be surmised. What is the result of these three observations, seemingly distinct? It is, that *unity* pervades all living things—the past, the present, and the future—unity of structure, unity of life, unity of purpose. What that purpose is we know *not*. Some will have it that it is

progress. Progress towards what? The idea has been thrown out by a utilitarian mind,* an unconscious disciple of Paley; a nibbler at philosophy, who scarcely understood the thing. He wished to give *a reason* for everything: a Saxon, no doubt, and so he thrusts himself unwittingly into the councils of the Great First Cause. And so it ever is with the half-educated; the utterly ignorant, the *canaille,* flee at once in all arguments to a first cause. They know no other, and can understand no other. With them all is mystery, a *lusus naturæ,* a visitation of Providence, a direct interference; with them the Deity is ever present; he has no power to bestow secondary laws on matter; with them attraction has no real meaning; every animal required a distinct creation. A material Jove still thunders.

That all animals are formed on one great plan, that a unity of *plan* at least exists, is supposed to have been first announced by Newton. This is not the place to inquire into a historic point like this; such also, no doubt, was the view of Leibnitz, and of many others before their time. But unity of plan scarcely implies unity of structure, as M. Geoffroy (St. Hilaire) seems to have thought. That unity of structure also existed, was most probable; but what was the structure?

* Vestiges of Creation.

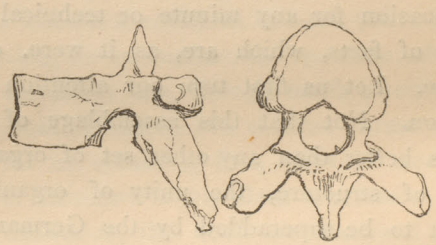
Independent of all other considerations, it had been made evident, even to the "mere formulist," "the external character" man, that in the animal kingdom two distinct forms of structure prevailed, or, in other words, that life clothed itself with two great forms, seemingly distinct, and widely apart from each other; and fossil remains of previously existing worlds proved that these two forms had existed from the remotest of periods. The names of vertebrate and invertebrate had been given by the philosophic Lamark to these two kingdoms of nature, as they were called; animals with, and animals without a vertebral column (back-bone). But waving, for an instant, the question, after all but a secondary one, though much dwelt on by Cuvier, that in reality two distinct forms of life exist, let us consider, first, what is meant by Unity of Structure in any class of animals.

By dissection, the dead are analyzed or reduced to certain assemblages of organs, holding relations, often mechanical, to each other. They all perform certain functions, some of which have been imperfectly guessed at; made out in a coarse way: organs of locomotion exist—bones, ligaments, joints, muscles, or flesh; organs of sensation, and thought, and will; the brain and spinal marrow; the nerves; organs of digestion and assimilation, the stomach and digestive tube, and their appendages; lastly, organs of breathing,

essential to life; the lungs, by which we draw from the air the breath of life. Blood-vessels acted on by a heart carry the blood through the frame. Out of this vital fluid the body is constructed, repaired, formed. Now if we select any one of these organs, or sets of organs, we shall find that, in one shape or another, it extends through the whole range of vertebrate animals, most probably through the entire range of animal life, but under a shape or form no longer recognisable by our senses. A few instances will suffice to explain this to my audience. There is no occasion for any minute or technical exposition of facts, which are, as it were, on the surface. Let us first turn our attention to the skeleton. Not that this assemblage of levers proves better than any other set of organs the unity of structure, the unity of organization sought to be superadded by the German (and Slavonian) philosophy, to the unity of plan laid down by Newton; I do not even think so well; but it presents materials easier to be handled, easier to be inspected, obtained, and understood.

The basis of the skeleton before you, whether mere animal or man, is a series of bones jointed or articulated with each other. In common language it is called the back bone. You see how violently inaccurate such a term is, when

applied to a series of bones perfectly distinct from each other, possessing most of them a distinct mobility. These bones we call *vertebræ;* here is one of them. When studied by the surgeon or medical man, it is viewed by him merely as a portion of the skeleton; to the philosophic anatomist it becomes the type of all vertebrate animals, of the entire skeleton, limbs and head included; of the organic world, vertebrate and invertebrate. Carried further, it possesses the form of the primitive cell; of the sphere; of the universe.

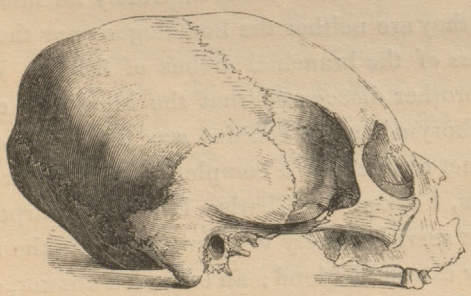


[*The human vertebra.*]

Now look at this bone in man—it appears simple, but it is not so. Originally, that is, in the young, composed of many distinct portions, which afterwards unite with each other, but which remaining distinct in many animals, as in fishes, proves to us, that throughout the whole range of animals so formed, the vertebræ do not really differ so much from each other as might at first

appear: that, in fact, the elements forming them seem the same almost numerically, giving rise to the well grounded belief, that, in the embryo, the elements of the skeleton may be, after all, the same in every animal. From man to the whale, all is alike; one theory explains all; one idea or plan pervades all.

Let us trace this chain of bones upwards and downwards; see how downwards (coccygeal vertebræ) certain elements cease to be developed, or do not grow: still the plan is the same; identical; analogous, as regards the individual, that is, repeated; homologous or identical, as regards one animal compared with another. Look to this section of the skeleton, called the head; the bones seem widely different from the vertebræ; but it is not so. They are merely vertebræ, repeated, upon a larger scale as may be required: a chain of vertebræ form, then, the head or cranium.



[*Cranium.*]

These great truths we owe exclusively to the illustrious South German and Slavonian schools of transcendental anatomy; to Oken and Spix, Autenrieth, Frank, Goethe, and a host of others. Resisted to the last by Cuvier, they were looked on with strong feelings of alarm in England; to this day rejected by most, a garbled view is now admitted by some, merely to save appearances, and to make it appear that a something is known of these doctrines on this side the channel. A school of *low transcendentalists* has arisen (I use their own phrase), who think that a portion of Goethe's and Oken's views may be admitted without causing scandal, or risking their positions with orthodoxy and Oxford. Others, and they are by far the most numerous, stand out for the good old Galenic nonsense, that every animal has its own plan, and every part was formed for itself. That ribs are ribs, and nothing else; that the hyoid bones of man were made expressly for him, and that they are neither the homologues nor the analogues of the branchial arches of fishes. When my brother discovered that the knee-joint of the ornithorynchus and echidna was divided into two distinct cavities, by a completing of the alar ligaments, I asked Sir Charles Bell what purpose it might serve? Merely to strengthen, was the reply of my esteemed friend; an orthodox answer, quite safe, and entirely mechanical.

But to return.

A vertebra must have a type; that is, a plan, sufficiently comprehensive to include all forms of vertebræ. Now where is this to be found? Is it an ideal type not yet discovered? Or is it to be found in any extinct or living animal? I apprehend that it may or it may not have been found, but this in no way interferes with the principle that there must be a type laid down by nature; eternal; equal to all manifestations of form, extinct or living, or to come.

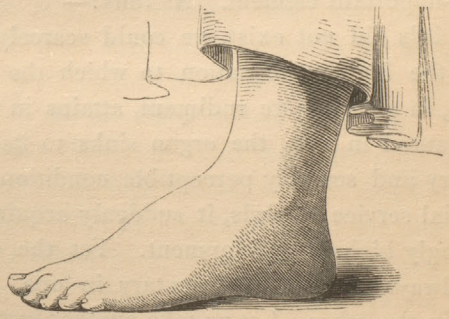
But the discovery of such a type could only be made were the anatomy of all animals that ever lived known to us; perhaps not even then; for the future must be wrapt up in the past; and what seems to us now a mere speck of bone, a nucleus, a point unimportant, nay, scarcely discernible, may, in a future order of things, become an all-important element. As thus:—

If birds did not exist, we could scarcely conceive the high organization to which the third eyelid, in man a mere rudiment, attains in them. Not wanted in man, the organ sinks to its rudimentary and scarcely perceptible condition. Of essential service in birds, it suddenly acquires its seemingly highest development. Yet the organ was always present, rudimentary in one, developed in the other. Let us take another instance.

The adult, or grown-up man, has, as you all

no doubt know, three bones to each toe, with the exception of the first; these three bones are connected to each other, and to the metatarsal bone, their supporters, by three joints. In the feet of birds you meet with four or five bones in certain of the toes; and it might seem to you that the feet of birds were formed on a different numerical plan, at least; but it is not so: for in man, as in birds, each digital bone is formed of two elements, or distinct bones, at first, that is, in the young of each: as the bird grows up, they remain distinct —in man, on the contrary, they unite—that is all. The arrangement is not only analogous, but homologous or identical, in the strictest sense of the terms.

Again, remember that a thousand similar instances might be given: I merely select a few of the easiest understood.



[*The European foot.*]

In man there is a little cartilage, scarcely perceptible, connected to one of those bones occupying the nostrils, called turbinated bones. It may or it may not in him serve any purpose; that is a matter of pure indifference. It is a rudimentary and a useless organ seemingly. Now, mark the extension and development of this cartilage or organ in the horse—still more in the whale. In the horse, where it most admirably serves to shut off the great cavities of the nostrils from the vestibular cavities in front—thus protecting them from foreign bodies: in the whale, acquiring their presumed highest development, these living cartilages, now grown to the size of bolsters, return after breathing into the vast nostrils of the whale from which they had been momentarily withdrawn, filling them up, sealing them hermetically against the pressure of a thousand fathoms deep of water, which they sustain with ease, when, plunging into the vast abyss of the ocean, the giant of nature seeks to avoid his enemies.

Let us now briefly review the progress we have made in this the highest of all analyses: deepest of all theories: most important to man. Man, we have seen, stands not alone, he is one of many; a part and parcel of the organic world, from all eternity. That organic world is the product of secondary causes. During his growth he undergoes

numerous metamorphoses, too numerous even for the human imagination. These have a relation to the organic world. They embrace the entire range of organic life, from the beginning to the end of time. Nature can have no double systems; no amendments or second thoughts; no exceptional laws. Eternal and unchanging, the orbs move in their spheres precisely as they did millions of years ago. Proceeding, as it were, from an invisible point endowed with life, he passes rapidly, at first, through many forms, all resembling, more or less, either different races of men from his own, or animals lower in the scale of being; or beings which do not now exist, though they probably *once* did, or may at some future time. When his development is imperfect, it represents then some form, resembling the inferior races of men, or animals still lower in the scale of being. Moreover, what is irregular in him is the regular structure in some other class of animals. Take for example the webbed hand or foot occasionally found in man, constant in certain animals,—as in the Otter and Beaver; constant also in the human fœtus, that is, the child before birth. Take for example the cuticular fold at the inner angle of the eye, so common with the Esquimaux and Bosjeman or Hottentot, (the corresponding yellow races of the northern and southern hemispheres,) so rare in the European, but existing in every fœtus of every

race. Nor let it be forgotten that forms exist in the human fœtus which have nothing human in them in the strictest sense of the term; that the fœtus of the Negro does not, as has been stated, resemble the fœtus of the European, but that the latter resembles the former, all the more resembling the nearer they are to the embryonic condition. Unity of structure, unity of organization, unity of life, at the commencement of time, whether measured by the organic world or by the duration of individual life. Lastly:—

Whence then arise those varied forms of man and beasts, plants, and living things, which now clothe the earth, giving to it the sole interest we possess in its existence; without which it were, in our conceptions, a barren waste, an immeasurable wilderness, a world without an object—what sympathies could we have with it, though its strata were gold and silver, alternating with rubies and emeralds? What signifies to us the stellar universe? The earth we inhabit is the field for the immediate inquiry of man. That inquiry, stifled for thousands of years, reopens from time to time; checked by fraud and force, it cannot be put down. A chapter on its history ought to form my concluding lecture.

Section I.

What a pitiful thing is human history! Up to the period of my own existence it was a current matter of belief with all nations, all creeds, the learned and the unlearned, that the earth, as it now exists, was some 5641 years or so old; some felt disposed, though with great caution, to venture, in a humble and beseeching way, to add 1600 to these 5641, making a good round total of 7200 years since man and plants, birds and beasts, appeared on the earth; since the orb commenced its wild path through space. By this it was hoped to "reconcile" all things sacred and profane; to give a concordance to the writings of a race, to whom truth in chronology was a farce;* a race without science, literature, or art; a race who never originated a single discovery calculated to benefit mankind—to advance civilization, to humanize the animal part of the human kind. One discovery upset this quiet dream; one man taking up the views of others, and *carrying them out to their legitimate length*, upset all existing ideas as to the history of the earth and its organic inhabitants. That man was George Cuvier; his biography is well worth writing, that is, his true biography; what has been done in

* Prideaux's Concordance.

this way is below criticism—I mean to glance at it here merely in a scientific point of view, with a reference to the aid and to the resistance he offered to the progress of science; the solid aid he gave in disabusing the mind of a system of the grossest delusion and falsehood which had prevailed for at least four thousand years; the resistance he offered to the spread of those doctrines which, not appertaining to him, nor to his era, not French, not Celtic, nor Saxon, but Slavonian and South German, he dreamed as calculated to terminate his own era before his own extinction; the opposition, in fact, he offered to the extension into the schools of France of the doctrines of transcendental anatomy. Of the English schools I speak not—they took no part in the struggle at first; to these followers of Paley, nearly to a man, the philosophy of nature, as expounded by the laws of transcendentalism, could have no meaning. Within these two or three years, a few persons, for the credit of the country, have ventured to attempt the formation of a school of low transcendentalists, (I use their own phrase,) nibbling, but with great and becoming caution, at the transcendental doctrines. The school, if it can be so called, is beneath all notice in the history of science.

SECTION II.—*Discovery of the real antiquity of*

the earth and of the organic kingdom—era of Cuvier. The publication of the "Ossemens Fossiles" by M. George Cuvier forms an era in the history of the human mind. It set aside for ever all existing chronologies of the organic and inorganic world, its duration and formation. It revealed in a way not to be called in question any more, the astounding fact, that for millions of years the earth had been inhabited by plants and animals of races now (*seemingly*) extinct. He declared them to be extinct, and so in one sense they are. He showed, what others had indeed done before his day, but neither so fully nor so clearly as he did, that the existing continents had been under water, not for forty days, but for ten times forty thousand years. That they had risen and been immersed repeatedly; life, in the meantime, varying with each elevation and submersion; that the now living forms do not resemble the ancient forms: that *they could not be their direct* descendants; that a new Fauna and a new Flora had appeared and reappeared repeatedly on the earth's surface. There ended the dreams of all previous scientific (!) men, geologists, historians, theologians. And had the remains of *man* been found coeval with some of these fossil remains, the human mind would have been set free at once, and by one mighty effort from a chronological incubus which still oppresses it. Scientific men all over the world

saw this; the pseudo-scientific, whose chief habitat is England, availed themselves to the full of the curious anomaly: man, they observed, came last, late, but yesterday; Cuvier supported this view himself, in an elaborate preliminary discourse, in which he wandered far from the matter in hand. He showed that human fossil bones could nowhere be found; that the most ancient of human labours dated but a few years back; that the Pyramids themselves were but of yesterday, compared with the antiquity of the Anaplotherian and Plethiosaurian remains; that the *homo dilixvii testis* of Schultzer was merely a fossil salamander; that the bones of the *giants* preserved in Germany belonged to the fossil mammoth. What a mass of hideous ignorance has not anatomy removed from the human mind; anatomy and a *geology based* upon it; twin brothers, which cannot and ought not to be disunited.

Reflecting on the wonderful step in advance of preceding ages, our wonder ceases that Rome and Oxford should have felt alarmed; but the flood could not be arrested, and each took its own way to meet it. The former, truculent to the last, never ceased its hostility. Ever-watchful, it instructed the greatest of all Irish impostors, and that is saying much, to offer an uncompromising resistance to the establishment of colleges in that happy and enlightened country, in which colleges

or schools *Anatomy* and *Geology* should be taught by any one *not appointed by the Roman See!* By the hierarchy drawing its inspirations from the Catholic unity of Rome! *This* failed, no doubt, but they will try again. The object of the Romish Church was to teach falsehoods instead of truths; to suppress the facts of anatomy and geology; to explain away, to expound, to twist and contort; to jesuitize all human knowledge.

Of the tactics "of the Great Dissent"* I mean to say little here. Finding the stream too strong to be resisted, they threw themselves into it with the utmost energy and vehemence; stereotyped Cuvier's imperfect researches; made them orthodox, and, as is their wont, prohibited all further inquiry. Cuvier was to be to them in the place of Aristotle, and to endure for as many centuries.

In the meantime, the stream of science could not be arrested. A bold attempt was made to stereotype Paley's coarse, mechanical views upon the schools of philosophy;† it also must fail; *final causes* are not causes, but *effects;* all philosophers ‡ admit this. Let us return to Cuvier and to his æra.

Prior to the publication of the "Ossemens Fossiles," the instinctive desire for accurate anatomical

* English Church. † Bridgewater Treatises. ‡ Fontana.

knowledge had led Cuvier to undertake the most extended researches into the anatomy of the actual existing order of living animals. His beautiful work on this subject is classical, and cannot be excelled. Such researches he mistook for philosophical anatomy; these comparative examinations of the special anatomy of various natural families and species of animals he mistook for comparative anatomy; the results, for comparative physiology. His subsequent inquiries into the fossil remains of previous worlds should have taught him otherwise. But he had established a reputation, an æra, and that was enough. Accordingly, he watched, evidently with gloomy apprehensions, all attempts to alter or extend his views. He had proved, as he thought satisfactorily, the existing, living races of animals to be totally, and specifically, and generically, distinct from their predecessors; his views warranted the doctrine of successive generations of plants and animals, although I am not sure that he ever said so; but if he did not, it was said for him, in England and in France. He had proved, moreover, as he thought, that the existing order of animal life had not changed since its appearance on the earth; that neither plants nor animals had changed their forms, at least since the building of Carnac and the Pyramids; but he avoided speaking of man. Cautious to an extreme, he failed to remark that

the same observation applied strictly to man himself; that he, also, had not changed during the lapse of time alluded to. Thus he was using a double-edged weapon without being, perhaps, aware of it.

I first saw Cuvier and his illustrious opponent, Geoffroy, in 1821; Oken was in Paris, and many others. It was easy for me, intimate with both, in almost daily conference with Geoffroy—aware of the views of my illustrious friend, De Blainville, the first of all living anatomists—it was easy for me, so situated, to foresee a coming storm. "It is to be regretted," said Cuvier to me, "that our friend Geoffroy is not an anatomist." Now, that was no doubt strictly true: he was no anatomist, in any sense, but he was an observer of nature, of lofty transcendental views; a man of genius and original powers of thought, beyond the logical mind of the celebrated author of the "Ossemens Fossiles." The result was briefly this. Strongly impressed with the ideas of the unity of the organization, unity of structure, unity of plan in nature's works, a portion of the great transcendentalism taught him and Europe, by the master minds of Slavonia and South Germany, he made an effort to introduce them into France, and even into the bosom of that Academy where Cuvier reigned triumphant. A failure was the certain result. Cuvier easily withstood the attack,

and returned it with great advantage; ridiculed, as they deserved, the illogical views of my esteemed friend in respect of analogous and homologous structures, and succeeded, for a time, in suppressing the transcendental doctrines in France. So early as 1821, I had pointed out to my most esteemed friend Geoffroy, that he must not play fast and loose with analogy and homology; that organs were not convertible, as he thought; that the branchial cartilages could not be converted into ribs, nor ribs into branchial cartilages; that nature had laid down certain types or plans which it was our business to investigate and, if possible, to discover, but not to determine *à priori*. I could easily see that my illustrious friends were both partly in the wrong; Cuvier most. The event has proved it. Let us consider how this was brought about.

The immortal discoveries of the South German and Slavonian Schools in respect of Embryology, the doctrine of the skeleton, of unity of the organization, and of a universal type or plan, had by this time, in despite of Cuvier and his school, made a progress scarcely to be resisted. It is true that Geoffroy's loose views, based on analogies and homologies alternately, could not be sustained; no more could the formula of Meckel and the North German school be admitted as true theories; they had discovered the source of

all human aberrations of form to consist in an arrest of development; this I showed could not be true of all; not, for example, of that most remarkable perhaps of all deviations in human structure, which I had the good fortune to discover—the structure of the arm of the tiger found in man. I had shown, moreover, with others, although few took the same views, that lungs and gills were not convertible into each other in the vertebrata; that every vertebrate animal seemed to possess both, whilst in the embryonic state, and that this extended to man himself; that the same doctrine applied to the generative system; and that Meckel's views and formula were wholly untenable. Still, this did not affect, in the main, the soundness of the transcendental theories; it merely showed that false applications had been made of them. As early as 1827, I proposed a modification of the views, substituting the doctrine of type for the then existing theories. But, foreseeing the differences certain to arise between my illustrious friends, and sure of being referred to as witness of Geoffroy's earliest researches; satisfied that in the coming struggle there was one anatomist at least*—one, too, of the highest reputation, who could, as a right-hand friend, have preserved M. Geoffroy from all

* M. Serres.

serious anatomical errors, I ceased all correspondence with these illustrious men for many years. But I have promised the result as regards this dispute ; it may be stated in a few words.

In his place in the Academy of Sciences, M. Geoffroy, at last made the following bold proposition; long had he meditated it, but had not the moral courage to do so; he foresaw that it must disunite him with Cuvier, and, in some measure, with the Academy. The proposition may be thus summed up:—"The existing animals and plants—the Fauna and Flora of the present world —are connected with the past by direct descent; generation following generation uninterruptedly. There never was but one creation. Time, the laws of development, changes in the external and circumambient atmosphere of the globe, in the frame of the globe itself, effected all the rest. In the structure of one animal all the forms are included; the embryo proves this; so also do the phenomena which fossil anatomy has already unfolded. There is then, after all, but one living principle, one animal, one eternal law. Forms of animal life, forms of vegetable life are, to a certain extent, unimportant. Matter assumes, no doubt, certain definite forms; naturally, nothing exists by chance, all is in harmony with the great First Cause—the end or object no man can foresee, no man can foretel. Meantime, let us

investigate truth; the opposite course has led to tragedies of an appalling nature."

Thus did Geoffroy, foremost in France, but last in Germany,* bring forward and advocate the views of the illustrious Oken and Göethe, Leibnitz, and a host of others; applying the doctrines of transcendental anatomy to the past and present and to the future. Much requires to be done to give to these doctrines all the accuracy of a finished inquiry; the whole subject is but yet in its infancy.

"There is but *one animal*," said Geoffroy, "not many," and to this vast and philosophic view, the mind of Cuvier himself, towards the close of life, gradually approached. It is, no doubt, the correct one. Applied to man, the doctrine amounts to this,—Mankind is of one family, one origin. In every embryo is the type of all the races of men; the circumstances determining these various races of men, as they now, and have existed, are as yet unknown; but they exist, no doubt, and must be physical; regulated by secondary laws, changing, slowly or suddenly, the existing order of things. The idea of new creations, or of any creation saving that of living matter, is wholly inadmissible. The world is composed of matter, not of mind. The circumstances giving rise, then,

* See note on the views of Spix and Von Martius—the human skeleton.

to the specializations of animal and vegetable forms, giving them a permanency of some thousand years, are as yet unknown to us, and may for ever remain so; but that is no reason why they should not be inquired into. Some speculations into this, the most important of all human inquiries, will be found in the notes appended to this lecture.

In conclusion: the permanent varieties of men, permanent at least seemingly during the historic period, originate in laws elucidated in part by embryology, by the laws of unity of the organization, in a word, by the great laws of transcendental anatomy. Variety is deformity; deviation from one grand type towards which Nature, by her laws of specialization, constantly aims: those laws which, once established, terminated the reign of chaos. To every living thing they give a specific character, enduring at least for a time; man also has his specific character to endure for a time. Certain forms, certain deviations, in obedience to the great and universal law of unity, are not viable in the existing order of things; but they may become so. If the deformity, that is, a return more or less to unity, be too great, too antagonistic of her specific laws, the individual, whether man or mere animal or plant, ceases to be, and thus the extension of variety of forms, which we call "deformations," ceases.

The perfect type of man was discovered by the ancient sculptors of Greece: it cannot be surpassed; all attempts to improve on it have failed. Towards this, nature constantly tends. Certain races seem to be approaching the condition of non-viable races; it would seem as if their course was run: they hold the same position to mankind as the individual or family in whom the laws of unity, superseding in part the laws of specialization, have given rise to deformations, monstrosities, incompatible with reproduction, or with individual life. These races may then probably disappear, and this may be the fate of man himself under every form, his intellectual nature notwithstanding. For millions and millions of years the world rolled through space without him; his absence was not felt; he hopes his presence to be now eterne: Creature of yesterday! Such would have been the language of the ancient saurians, could they have spoken —"Look at our might, our strength; look at the glorious world around; the vast and beauteous forms which everywhere decorate the earth. This can never come to a close." But it did, and that frequently too: from the past, judge of the future.

APPENDIX.

Section I.—*Origin, Civilization, Extinction of the Dark Races of Men.*

In the history of the Jewish, Coptic, and Gipsy races, the great question of the extinction of race has been considered. These races, placed by theorists with the so-called Caucasian race, and at the head of the Caucasian family, I consider as belonging to the dark races of men. They are African and Asiatic, not European. The purest of the Jewish race is a dark tawny, yellow-coloured person, with jet-black hair and eyes seemingly coloured: there is no mistaking the race when pure:* it is Egyptian—that is, African. The same remarks apply to the gipsy, who is of Asiatic origin. A series of incorrect observations, commencing with Blumenbach, but not terminating with Prichard, led to errors which no doubt will hold their ground for centuries. For this reason I have, in a preceding lecture, reviewed the history of these three races, the Copt, the

* See Engraving, p. 193.

Gipsy, and the Jew, and in so doing, briefly examined the question of the extinction of race, as applicable to all. Of the destiny of the dark races it is not my intention to say much. Originating from the same stock with their fellow men of all colours; formed into distinct groups by the laws of development, obeying geological æras; these groups or natural families preserve, as in the case of all other animals, their specific forms and mental qualities, for at least a term of years which history does not yet enable us to determine, but of sufficient duration to convey to the limited mind of man the idea of eternal. Thus it was that Cuvier, assuming the brief span of man's written history, and of man's pictorial history, as shown on the monuments of Egypt, to be the beginning and end of man's history, leaped to the conclusion that animals (he avoided speaking of man *on this point*,) had not altered their forms in *the slightest degree* since the historic period commenced; as if that historic period were anything but a day in the history of the globe, and of life. Thus it was that his followers, denying the slightest change to any other animal for thousands of years, though exposed in every possible way to climatic influences, claimed for man the privilege of everlasting change, though protected from these influences by his inventive genius, mental faculties, and powers of combination; of changes in

form and exterior, so great that in any other animal they would of necessity form groups which science could not permit to be confounded with each other.*

And now, inquiry shows us, that these groups of the darker races of men I have just spoken of, touch, by diverging rings, all other races; showing the deep affiliations depending on the unity of human life—of all life: of the great laws of unity of organization, suspended merely for a time by those specific laws which give to life its forms and order in space and time. By the Central American† they seemed to have touched the ancient Euxine race described by Hippocrates; by the Hottentot and Bosjeman they touch the Mongol and Tartar; by the Nubian and Abyssinian they approached the Copt and Jew; and through them, Asiatic, Greek, Syrian, Armenians. Furthest removed by nature from the Saxon race, the antipathy between these races is greater than between any other: in each other they perceive their direct antagonists. The wild and savage South African; the Tasmanian, the uncultivated Negro, merely feel the instinct; the semi-civilized Chinaman, Malay, Negro, Afghan, both feel and understand the results. The mandarin sees, in the contest with a Saxon race, the extinction of his own; he acts

* See Engraving, p. 224.

† See Drawing of Cherokee, p. 246.

accordingly. Could he be taught; could he read and understand the rise and progress of the Anglo-Saxon in America, then war to the knife would be the first and last words of a Chinaman, a Kaffre, a Red Indian, a New Zealander. But they cannot be taught: history has no examples for them. Animals of to-day, they look not for a to-morrow; the present is theirs. Destined by the nature of their race to run, like all other animals, a certain limited course of existence, it matters little how their extinction is brought about. Starting from a stronger stock at first; fresh and energetic, like the young oak, their forms of civilization, peculiar, of course, to themselves, preceded that of their fairer brethren. This is at least my present opinion, from historic data, I admit, of doubtful authority. In their progress, each group showed its own tendencies towards the civilized, or rather towards the human condition; towards a show, at least, of humanity, and the decencies and order of human existence. The Central Asiatic race, the Mongol, the Tartar, when pure, revelled in tents and arms; plunder and the pomp of war was their whole aim. The other group, the Chinaman, proceeded somewhat further; his tendencies were domestic and trading: his taste for pagodas and lanterns is characteristic; his notions of beauty of form peculiar; in all things peculiar; in architecture, literature, fine (?) arts, peculiar; and having car-

ried out his destiny, attained the maximum of his civilization, and being unequal to the full adoption of any other, he progresses not, standing on the verge of that destruction awaiting him, when Saxon and Sarmatian will contend with each other for the plunder of Nangasaki and Pekin, with high hopes, no doubt, of supplanting the Asiatic race, or at the least, of converting China and Japan into another Hindostan. This I doubt; not the attempt, but the result. But to this, also, I have already devoted a few remarks.

On the American continent, the central group of the aboriginal coloured races was running their narrow course when the Celtiberian and Lusitanian races burst in upon them; upsetting their idols and temples; their pyramids and obelisks; as the semi-barbarous Saxon and Celt and Goth burst on Rome; with the same results; the substitution of one form of civilization for another; of one race for another; none to hold their ground, but all to dwindle into a mere shadow. Look at modern Rome and modern Mexico; Jerusalem as it is, and as it was; Babylon as it is, and as it was; Karnac; Egyptian Thebes with its hundred gates; immortal.

The Southern Asiatic also had his day; his rise and fall. In ancient times he built structures in Hindostan, which his pitiful descendants look at with awe and wonder, but attempt neither to

repair nor renew. In Central Africa the true black or negro race seems to have attained his ultimatum centuries ago. He has his own form of civilization, but, unfortunately, it includes neither literature, art, nor science. Yet he is industrious, good tempered, energetic, accumulative, a lover of order and of finery; a fatalist and a worshipper of Fetisches. The stronger-headed men of his race dispense with their respect for the Fetisch as Aristides and Cæsar did with the heathen gods of Rome, leaving all such frivolities to the "rascal multitude." * Yet from that mass they spring, and to it they return. When the race attempts the civilization of another, Celtic or Saxon, for example, the whole affair becomes a ludicrous farce, and even grave men laugh at it. The afterpiece is being played in St. Domingo, where they have elected a black emperor! In Liberia they will elect a sham president. It can come to nothing in either case. Each race must act for itself, and work out its own destiny; display its own tendencies; be the maker of its own fortunes, be they good or evil. A foreign civilization they cannot adopt; borrow they may, and cunningly adapt, calling it national, native; but the imposture, like all impostures, becomes manifest in time, whether practised by the negro or the Saxon.

* The appellation usually applied to "the million" by my great ancestor, John Knox.

They elect a president in Hayti; in recollection of Napoleon; he declares himself emperor; standing in the same relation to that name which the oran-outan does to the Apollo. He even sets an example to the President of the backward republic of Celtic-Gaul; See, he says, how forward *we are*. He founds a dynasty; black Thiers and swarthy Guizots cluster around to establish the dynasty and maintain the "juste milieu;" they spout philosophy, and praise the virtues of the reigning dynasty; the majesty of the law; the divine rights of kings and emperors; the sacred rights of property and privilege, however acquired. The whole is a farce when acted in Hayti; a melo-drame with tragic episodes when Gaul is the stage; and so it is ever with the most skilful and able of impostors, that is, of imitators; sooner or later the trick comes out. A noble mind builds St. Paul's! a copy, it is true, and an imitation of a greater; but a noble imitation, satisfying all minds. The thing is vaunted as national! native! straightway, as if to unmask the imposture, a certain building appears in Trafalgar-square; a hideous bronze or two show themselves about Hyde-park; natives, no doubt; quite original. But I forget that my present chapter is on the dark races, or rather the darker groups of the dark or coloured races. I have already spoken of their affiliated races, the Gipsy, Copt, and Jew; and of that

race which far excelled all others,—the ancient Greek.

I have sometimes thought, that even the yellow race of Africa, the degraded Hottentot and Bosjeman, the Quaquoes and the Antniquas, must have had their æra; their attempt at civilization and its failure; instead of being a recent oppressed race, they are perhaps a most ancient and fallen race; fallen, never to rise again, not merely by having come into contact with more powerful races, but simply as a result of the history of development and progress. In ancient times the race seems to have extended throughout all Africa; I have alluded to this in my history of the Troglodytes of Homer; the desert or dry places of the earth seem always to have been their dwelling-place. Where placed near stronger races, they would imitate their civilization in as far as their physical organization admitted; just as the Hottentot of the Cape does, or would do if left to himself. The towns he would build would not be strictly European towns, but clusters of mud closets, raised on each other, should necessity, that is, a want of room or a common danger, compel them to live huddled together in groups. They would occupy, in a half civilized condition, some insulated hill or rock, driving their flocks and herds to the plains during the day-time, and retiring to their fastnesses on the approach of

night or of an enemy, thus leading a dreamy, dreary, life, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The history of a day is the history of their lives. Such were the Namaquas when first visited and described by Kolben and Le Vaillant, bating the fastnesses and densely populated hill town, to which no necessity had ever given rise. Gradually diminishing and fading away, prior even to the advent of the Saxon-Boor in Southern Africa, they seem to have never attained any higher condition of civilization there; but could we suppose for an instant, that the peculiar and almost indescribable race of men whom Mr. St. John found in the Oases of Northern Africa, and especially in that of Jupiter Ammon, are the descendants of the Troglodytes of Homer, then we have a solution of the question as regards the yellow race or races of Africa. In Northern Africa they had attained their highest element of civilization possibly even before Egyptian Thebes was built; or wandering over the deserts, they imitated, in their own fashion, the doings of stronger races; built their hovels on a hill, and for self-defence lived together. But they had run their course before Carthage appeared; then came the Roman, dispossessing, as to power, Juba and Masanissa; then the Saracen and the Moor; they too, sink before the climate and the returning dark races; returning to the land from which they were often

expelled; themselves gradually fading away, to be replaced by the *wilde* and the desert, perhaps the ocean. The Arab and the Turkoman supplanted the Copt in Egypt; but will they hold their ground? observing travellers seem to think that they cannot; the Coptic face is still to be seen on the banks of the Nile; the Negro gives ground; the desert also progresses; and thus may the motley population of Egypt perish, failing to represent its ancient inhabitants.

If there be a dark race destined to contend with the fair races of men for a portion of the earth, given to man as an inheritance, it is the Negro. The tropical regions of the earth seem peculiarly to belong to him; his energy is considerable: aided by a tropical sun, he repels the white invader. From St. Domingo he drove out the Celt; from Jamaica he will expel the Saxon; and the expulsion of the Lusitanian from Brazil, by the Negro, is merely an affair of time.

Section II.—*The Antagonism of Man to Nature's Works.*

The citizen—the man of to-day—the formulist—the being whose mind has been clept and fashioned from its earliest dawn, as his garments; forced to adopt the "spirit of his times," taught to talk largely of the rapid progress of man—of

his civilization, meaning the form which society has assumed in the warren-looking row of dwellings, in No. 4, or 6, of which he is for a brief space located; to this trammelled and harnessed animal, "the wilde" is a mere plaything, an unintelligible freak of creation. Having no occasion for thought, it occupies no part of his attention; and should so idle a question arise in his mind as "the object of its creation," his remaining special and specific instincts which the artificial existence he chooses to call "civilization" has failed quite to extinguish, teach him that to it his nature is antagonistic. Thus be he savage or boor, citizen or man, coloured or fair, war to the knife is the cry with Nature's Fauna and Nature's Flora; destroy and live, spare and perish, is the stern law of man's destiny. Whence this antagonism? and why? To the profound philosophers of the Bridgewater school, to the sturdy Utilitarian, the dogmatic Jew, to the man of happy self-conceit, who in all things sees two sides of a question, of which the one of his adoption must be the best, who thinks that two and two make four, or five, or one, according as the matter is viewed; who sees in the enormous destruction and seeming waste of life—of early infant life—innocent, pale-faced, sweet and beauteous youth, struck at by stern, remorseless, pitiless death, "a wise dispensation of Providence

for the multiplying of pleasure:"* to him, or to them, for they are a school, I leave the jesuitical task of discovering in physical and moral suffering a benefit and a pleasure, and proceed, disclaiming all knowledge of "the why" and "the wherefore," pretending not to an initiation into the mysterious ways of the Creative Power—its intentions, its plans, its views, its theory—but merely to inquire into the reality of the fact and its consequences.

That animal and vegetable life is produced in an abundance exceeding all belief; that a half, at least, of everything born, perishes from unknown causes when young; that another section or division afterwards perish, being destined as food for others; that man himself, an animal mortal and frail like others, is included to the full in this stern category; that there would even seem for him a worse fate than for the others, is simply a fact undeniable, explain it as you may. Mental and bodily diseases of all hues, harassing pestilence and famine; wars of opinion! war to the knife! promising utter destruction and final extermination to those who prefer the evidence of sense to the erring reason of man, stupidly maintaining that bread is not flesh, and that wine cannot be turned into blood until

* Buckland, Bridgewater Treatise.

digested and assimilated. Man's fate, then, is severer than that of the lower animals; they have no aristocracy, no priests, no kings; they are spared this triple curse; nor can a dark and fearful future be depicted on their brains, in terms so strong as to make them believe that millions of invisible beings walk the lower regions of the atmosphere, wholly occupied in leading him to destruction.*

Whatever, then, be the cause, life is produced on the globe in extravagant and unintelligible abundance—life clothed in forms, some simple, others more complex. To this life, as produced by nature, clothed with the forms necessitated by development in time, or by time (for this has not yet been fully resolved) man, also a part of Nature's plan, else he could not be present, is the perpetual antagonist. Against the floral and faunal *wilde* he carries on perpetual war; if civilized, even the natural herbage does not escape him; for it he substitutes an artificial crop. His domestic animals, as he calls them, seem never to have been really wild. They are not, nor ever were, found in a natural state; it is the same with vegetable productions; his destiny is, multiply sheep and oxen, and wheat and cabbages, until the earth be filled therewith; to extrude and destroy, if he can, all that is wonderful

* Modern Theology.

and beautiful on the globe as it came from Nature's hands. In dealing with this astounding, yet certain truth, let us be cautious how we apply the word man. Are all the races of men antagonistic of Nature's work? Probably they are, but differ in this antagonistic power immeasurably from each other; nor is it improbable that, with certain races, the amount of antagonism would in no conceivable period of time have reached the point of extermination. But for the rifle, the American bison might for thousands of years have maintained his ground against the feebly armed Indian; the grizzly bear might have become in time the assailant; the wolf have forced the copper-coloured Indian to fortify his camp against a midnight attack; and the jaguar and alligator and boa reigned masters of the wooded banks of the Maranon and Orinoco. I know not of any means possessed by the Circumpolar races for the extermination of the seal and walrus, the polar bear, the whale; no powers of combination, no powers of invention equal to the task. For how many ages to come might not the ponderous elephant and unwieldy hippopotamus have grazed by the banks of the remote Kei, or harmlessly gambolled in the Keis Kamma or Gariepine streams? For how many centuries yet to come, but for the interposition of the Saxon and the rifle, might not the

stately giraffe, with the gazelle eye, have adorned the southern edge of the Calihari, by your beauteous reaches, clear and crystal Gariep? Who shall say? The wild man was obviously unequal to their destruction; even the baboon he dared not attack in troops; the buffalo and the rhinoceros he could scarcely encounter under any circumstances; and, in despite of Bosjeman and Hottentot, and Kaffir, the lion stalked at mid-day on the open plains. This have I seen whilst wandering in South Africa, traversing slowly the Bosjeman land, or wistfully gazing over that beauteous field, looking from the Koonap eastward, then calm and peaceful, now marked by scenes of pillage, plunder, and relentless massacre. On this field the naked savage met the disciplined savage, the semi-barbarian met nature's man.

In my early days, and whilst still a youth, a friend placed in my hands five enchanting volumes, full of nature and of truth, "The Adventures of Le Vaillant." Ten years afterwards I stood on the spot where, crossing the Groote Visch Rivière, he ascended the slope leading to the undulating Table-land, through which the Koonap and the Chumie, the Keis Kamma, and many other streams make their way, directly or indirectly, to join the Indian Ocean. Wandering alone on the afternoon of a bright sunshiny day, such a day as can be seen

only in Southern Africa, and ascending the long and gentle slope, thus reaching the level of the grassy plains stretching eastward towards the Koonap, the neutral ground lay before me. To the north and east might be traced the wooded range of the Kaha and Anattola mountain range, part and parcel of the lofty Winterbergen; and as I stood musing on the scene before me, the past and the future rose on my imagination like a dream. What was the living scene before me? Nature in all her wondrous beauty and variety; the dark-eyed antelope, of nearly all varieties, covered the plain; in the distance, stalked slowly the majestic ostrich; over head soared, silent and sad, the vulture; bustards of all sizes; harmless, peaceful, grain and insect-loving animals; the zebra and the quagga; the acacia, the strelitzia, the evergreens, the pasture and the bush, planted by nature; the field which plough or spade had never turned up, on which the cerealia had never been grown. And what is this scene to me, I said? Beautiful though it be, where is man? It seemed, in my sight, a vast stage, decorated, picturesque, lovely, but the actors were wanting; it was a panorama, a picture—a living picture, yet desert and without that life to which man ever looks. But now the glass discovers on the wooded slopes of the Chumie mountains the curling smoke, telling of the presence of man. Now who is the

man who watches that fire? It is the savage Bosjeman, or still fiercer Kaffir; the race looked for by Le Vaillant many years before, from the same spot on which I now stood. Nature, then, had stood its ground in that lapse of time; she had remained seemingly unaltered for countless ages up to the moment I then noted her; Why should not this continue? I will tell you: a new element had appeared, the Dutch-Saxon and the Anglo-Saxon were now hanging on the skirts of the old African world. A new element of mind had appeared about to create a new South African æra: the Saxon or Celtic element, bringing with it the semi-civilized notions of Europe—the power of combination, fire-arms, discipline, laws. Before this new element, antagonistic of nature, her works are doomed to destruction, in as far as man can destroy. The wild acacia he wastes as firewood; the Chumie forests he utterly destroys, converting the timbers thereof into rafters for barracks and other hovels, for men to congregate in like pigs. Over nature's pastures, over the iris, bulbous plants of surpassing beauty, over the strelitzia, and a thousand other wild flowers, he passes the ruthless plough. The antelope is exterminated or disappears; the zebra, the gnoo, the ostrich, the bustard, escape from the land, or are shot down; the mighty onslaught of an antagonistic element, seemingly too strong for nature,

defeats even the rhinoceros, the elephant, the lion, so that their skins are become rare, so rare as to be prized for European museums. Last comes man himself—the coloured man—the man placed there by nature; he also must of necessity give way; his destiny apparently is sealed, and extinction in presence of a stronger race seems inevitable. The yellow race, the feebler, will naturally yield first; then the Kaffir—he also must yield to the Saxon Boor, on whose side is right, that is, might; for, humanly speaking, might is the sole right. Retiring northwards towards the Calihari, and perhaps crossing it, he and the wilde with him may gain Central Africa, and so escape for a time the destruction threatening them. But is this destruction certain? In front of the Saxon Boor stands the desert; that he cannot conquer. As he advances northward and eastward, he encounters the tropical line, within which generally he cannot live. Thus, after all, his dominion may be limited to Southern extra-tropical Africa; nor is it quite certain that he may always stand his ground in that healthiest of all countries. He has not yet *laboured* there as a cultivator; he has not yet been left to his own resources. But this question I have already discussed—I mean the destruction of one race by another, and the substitution of one race by another. Man's gift is to

destroy, not to create; he cannot even produce and maintain a new and permanent variety of a barn-door fowl, of a pheasant, of a sheep or horse. This, then, is the antagonism of man, of certain races of men, to nature's works — of those races, at least, in whose minds civilization forms a natural element — natural or acquired; of men educable and progressive, at least to a certain point. With other races it seems different. That the Saxon and Celtic races may maintain their ground in Southern Africa is possible, but not proved. The history of man, as I have already shown, is against the theory, which indeed is mainly maintained by the arrogance and self-sufficiency of the race. But this great question I have already discussed: let me therefore conclude by rapidly surveying the opposing obstacles to the identification of the Saxon and Celtic races with the soil of Southern Africa.

There is first the Kalihari or Southern Sahara; the Karroo, not yet cultivated; the labour question he has not yet met; to the northward, the tropic he dare not enter as a cultivator; the dark and more numerous races he must there encounter. To these the Saxon bears an eternal, deep-rooted hatred; but not so other races — the Celt, for example, and the Celtiberian. As he proceeds towards Central and Eastern Africa, he will encounter the Arab and the Moor: by these he has

hitherto been kept in check. But it is the tropic which must protect the dark races ultimately against the antagonism of the fair. With the *wilde* it is otherwise. There man may destroy—this is, indeed, his aim—progressing onwards, as he thinks, when the earth shall support only oxen and sheep, and cabbages and man,* and Saxons, of course; adopting the theory that the Saxon race is the highest development. Pleasant theory! So would have reasoned the saurians, could they have reasoned—the sivatherium and the dinotherium! Contemplating their gigantic, and, it may be, splendid forms, with the great and sublime around him: tortoises that might sustain an elephant on their backs; bears the size of horses; tigers and oxen of gigantic stature, and robes at least as beautiful as those of the present day; was it not natural for the man of that day, as no doubt there was such a man, to have said to himself, "This is the last development, the highest effort of nature! She can produce nothing more sublime than the world now before me!" But now the aim of the Saxon man is the extermination of the dark races of men—the aborigines—the men of the desert and of the forest. I have shown you the obstacles to his progress—the forest, the growing desert, the overwhelming sands of the

* Mulder, the chemist.

sea-shore; the terrible results of earthquakes and of volcanoes; the subsidence of land under the ocean; the advance of the bog and the heath. These affect all races, more or less; so does climate—more powerful than all—the present climate of the earth as it is known to us. Extend the phrase climate to times past, and to times to come; ask yourselves what climatic changes destroyed the mammoth, the aneplotherium, the dinotherium, the sivatherium? the fishes of the ancient world? the saurians? Man destroyed them not; yet their race is run. Why dies out, almost before our eyes, the apteryx? The Irish elk, the gigantic fossil ox, the dodo, have not long ceased to exist. The destroying angel walks abroad unseen, striking even at the races of men. But nature dies not; ever young; ever returning; ever reviving; she is eternal. The form is immaterial; the essence is the same; first and last.

NOTES.

Note 1.

NATIONALITY *versus* RACE.

In despite of the lesson taught the Saxon race by the United States of America, a lesson without a parallel in the world, the Norman government of England persists in the same colonial policy which caused her the loss of America. Whilst I now write there is a scheme to found a *British colony*, with true *British* feelings, in New Zealand. It is to be called New Canterbury. Nothing can teach certain men. The promoters fancy that they can alter human nature; the Saxon nature: that *British feelings* or *nationality* is to prevail over the eternal qualities of race. So little do they seem to know of human nature, that they fancy it possible to extend British nationality to the descendants of a race, coming from England no doubt, but born and brought up in New Zealand. They actually deny to the Saxon his greatest quality, self-esteem, self-dependence. Scarcely will *these* New Zealanders have seen the fourth or fifth generation, before they will set Britain, with all its mock institutions, at defiance. They are Saxon men; that is, democrats, by their nature; and they will throw off the Norman rule the instant they can. They did this in the United States; the Cape will follow next; then Australia. Looking at the present condition of Britain, it were grievous to think otherwise.

Note 2.

About fifteen years ago, the Prussian system of education, as it was called, came into notice in England. Interested greatly in everything pertaining to the education of man, I carefully weighed its probable results on any people who unhappily might adopt it. The conclusions I then formed, and of which I made no secret, were, 1st, that the Prussian system was not intended to educate, but to destroy the human mind. 2nd, that as nothing good could come from the House of Brandenburg and its drum-head government, it ought to be at once refused admittance into Britain. At that time I could get none to agree with me on these points: to-day, however, I find that even in the House of Commons, where truth penetrates latest, the execrable scheme has been exposed. This really infamous plan to destroy by misdirected State education the mind of the rising generation, was not confined to Prussia; it extended all over Austria.

Note 3.

I have introduced into the text a woodcut of the head of one of those races supposed to have cannibal propensities: but I have always doubted the fact of cannibalism having ever existed. A patient inquiry into the history of the American race satisfied me that the cannibalism of the New World was the pure invention of the Catholic missionaries: the cannibalism of the East may, I think, be traced to a similar source. I never met with any one who had been present at such a banquet. In Africa no such practice exists. The whole affair is, I think, a romance, but it has served its purpose with those who think that the end vindicates the means.

Note 4.

No mixed race can stand their ground for any long period of years. The Danish (Scandinavian or Saxon) blood, which must have existed in sufficient abundance in

South England during and subsequent to Canute's time, has given way before the Flemish races, which preceded the Saxon, and now prevails everywhere. All traces of the Scandinavian and Celtic seem to have left Greece. The mingled Italian races, the product of so many others, seem fast reverting to a primitive race, which occupied Italy before Rome was founded. A mixed race may then be produced, but it cannot be supported by its own resources, but by continual draughts from the two pure races which originally gave origin to it.

The character of such a race may be judged of by what ancient historians say of the Sybarites, even before the time of Pyrrhus, and by the accounts which some modern travellers give us of the present Neapolitans and South Italians, including the Sicilian. For the sake of humanity I should hope that these accounts are exaggerated; it has been said, that after thirty years of age all the characters of the vilest passions appear strongly on the South Italian countenance, in an unmistakable way. There must still be a good deal of Pelasgic blood in Campania and Sicily.

Note 5.

No existing race is equal to the colonization of the whole earth. They cannot even extend themselves from one continent to another. Already the Anglo-Saxon rears with difficulty his offspring in Australia: it is the same in most parts of America. But for the supplies they receive from Europe the race would perish, even in these most healthy climates. We have the authority of Mr. Warburton for a fact I long suspected, but could not fully ascertain. Jewish children cannot live in Jerusalem; and the whole race would die out in a few years in the promised land, but for the influx of stranger Jews from other countries. A great section of the Jewish race was probably Chaldean; for on the Nimrod monuments the Jewish cast of features is quite discernible. Another great section was Coptic. A Syrian section must have existed or grown up by intermarriage. No Jew lived in

Jerusalem until after David's time, and even then the original inhabitants, the Jebusites (Syrians), continued peaceably to occupy the city. It is probable, then, that in time the race may return to the original Chaldean; but in England the Coptic features show remarkably in some families.

Note 6.

The *Saxon race*, as a race, is the tallest in the world, but, *cæteris paribus*, they are not the strongest. The Celt is stronger, and so, probably, is the Arab: the Congo black, Molyneux, was much stronger than any Englishman of his day. But in this climate, tall men frequently die early, of pulmonary consumption; and hence the greater mortality of the Foot-guards, and the difficulty of maintaining the standard of recruitment. They enter the service, moreover, too young. When sent to fine climates, as the Cape and Australia, such persons live readily; they escape consumption. The descendants also of the Saxon race seem to become a taller race in these latter countries; but this arises merely from the circumstance that the tall children, who would die in Europe, survive at the Cape, and in Australia.

The Saxon despises soldiering, so that his armies generally are heavy, cumbrous, and expensive. He is trained or disciplined with great difficulty. The *pure English peasantry* make wretched soldiers: they have neither the shape nor the qualities fitting them for war. The proper field for action of the Saxon is the ocean.

The Saxon, then, is not warlike, and he hates unprofitable wars; but he is as brave as any man, and his strength and obstinacy make him a formidable enemy. As the Saxon by becoming a soldier loses the esteem of his fellow Saxons, so the status of the English soldier in society can never be raised; the meanest *independent* labourer despises him; he has sold his independence, the natural birthright of the Saxon. The Celtic race, destitute of all self-esteem, does not understand this: the Celt makes the best of soldiers: at sea he is all but worthless.

Note 7.

Homer must have seen a Scandinavian woman, else he could not so have described Penelope. The complexion he assigns to her exists in no other race.

Climate alters not complexion permanently: individual alterations never become hereditary. My esteemed friend, Dr. Andrew Smith, informs me, that, curious to know the truth on this point, he attentively looked at a family descended from forefathers who came to South Africa with the first settlers. Three hundred years, then, had elapsed since their first arrival. Their descendants at this moment are as fair as the fairest of Europeans.

The Dutch at the Cape (Saxons) have a perfect horror for the coloured races; it extends to the Mulatto, whom they absolutely despise. The placing a coloured man in an important official situation in South Africa, has caused to Britain the loss of some millions, and laid the basis for the ultimate separation of that colony from Britain.

Note 8.

Nationalities are always odious. Of all *nations* the English, in consequence of their nationalities, are the most disliked by the rest of mankind. They owe this in a great measure to the large admixture of Saxon blood which prevails throughout England. The Saxon portion of the United States men carry these bad qualities to the utmost extent; the press must, of necessity, support the nationalities, however odious and disgusting they may be. A most amusing paragraph in an American newspaper was shown to me lately, written, I think, at a place called Buffalo—a beautiful name for a city. The writer, like modern Saxons, tries his hand at statistics. "Sixty years ago, there were only six millions of Saxons in America; now there are twenty-six. In another century they will be sixty millions; and they will spread over the earth until the globe be theirs!" Admirable statistician! Effective writer of common-place! How coolly and softly you dis-

pose of the other races of men! But perhaps I do wrong in noticing such nonsense.

Note 9.

Many are disposed to think that England is becoming everyday more and more Saxon; I am not of this opinion since residing in the South of England, where the population is mostly Flemish. Dynastic influence—Church and State—and an executive backed wholly by a strong military force, never were more rampant in Britain than at the present moment.

Note 10.

Since this work has gone to the press, I have been informed by a military friend, an excellent observer, that the Saxon-Dutch at the Cape have seldom numerous families. I entertained myself at one time the opposite opinion, but I feel now convinced of the correctness of my friend's remarks. This explains the slow increase of population in Southern Africa, and is another confirmation of the great physiological law I have been the first to propose—namely, that no *race*, be they who they may, can appropriate to themselves any other continent than the one to which they are indigenous. The ultimate extension, then, of the Saxon, or of any other race, to other continents than their own, is a dream or vision, opposed to all previous history. What Providence may do for that, or for any other race, I do not pretend to know. Under Providence we were driven shamefully out of Affghanistan; and at Buenos Ayres, and at Rosetta; dispossessed of the United States; Walcheren tells a sad tale; and always under Providence the amount of juvenile delinquency and crime exceeds in England probably all that at present exists on the globe. I leave the matter in the hands of the theologian, who, whether he be Lutheran or Catholic, Greek or Mahometan, will, no doubt, reconcile all contradictions. I pretend to nothing, but, simply inquire.

The Huns are interlopers from Asia; their fate seems

certain. It is the same with the Turcoman. The Jew never could make good his ground in Syria, nor the true Arab in Africa. The Celts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, are just where they were a thousand years before Cæsar landed. So are the Normans or Flemings of South England before William landed: so are the Saxons of Eastern England and Scotland. Spain seems returning to a single primitive race, existing there long before the Phœnicians landed in the Peninsula. Italy seems to be undergoing the same process.

Note 11.

It was, I think, in the spring of 1821, that I met the celebrated French traveller, Le Vaillant, in Paris. He was no traveller, nor was he a scientific man in any sense of the term. But he was a good naturalist, a collector of specimens, and a simple, honest, public-minded man. His description of South Africa was most accurate, so far as he went; but he forgot to say that the country was in the hands of the Dutch Boors. To have said so would have destroyed all the delightful romance of his inimitable work. Barrow hints that the Abbe Phillipon wrote Le Vaillant's works; now this is absolutely impossible. Retouched they may have been in Paris I admit, but that is all. Every word bears the impress of the mind of the man I met in Paris. Not one word of what Barrow said against Le Vaillant is strictly correct. No two men differed more widely than Barrow and Le Vaillant: the latter, a simple-minded naturalist, a lover of truth, a good observer, with some genius or originality: the former, destitute of all powers of original observation; a hard, cast-metal, cold-blooded, hack official, a model clerk of a model board; the mouth-piece of a Bureaux, the English Admiralty, in which it would be difficult to say whether incapacity or dishonesty most prevail.

Note 12.

Humboldt remarks in his "Kosmos," that the ancient mind (Greek and Roman) differed from the modern or that

now existing, in nothing more remarkably than in the view each took of external nature; the landscape; the forest; the ocean; the solemn grandeur of mountain groups, touching by their granitic pinnacles the clouds themselves. Of all these the ancient mind took little or no notice; the modern dwells on them even to nausea. This is not the place to explain the cause of so wide a difference: this work already exceeds greatly the extent which I promised my publisher. I may therefore merely observe, that in contemplating the external world and its material manifestations, man and his instinctive and intellectual results; his physical structure and his mind are really the only objects in this world which touch the human feelings deeply. All else is desert: all else is surface: there exists no corresponding sympathies *but* with *one*, primitive and elementary; it is the aspect of the earth in a state of nature (South Africa), or in a state resembling nature (South England), which speaks directly to the soul, reminding us of our condition as man, our real relation to the globe as opposed to conventionalities of civilization. But a glance at the Parthenon, at the Venus, at the smooth brow and sparkling eye of beauteous woman, when just entering womanhood; a few moments passed in presence of the frescos of Angelo and of Raffaelle, or of the ruins of Karnac, will, I feel assured, convince any correct mind, that these are the objects calculated to bring out our noblest sympathies; to elevate the mind, and to raise us immeasurably above the rest of the animal creation. With these, that is, with man and his works, the elevated sympathizes; not with the unseen powers of nature; not with the secondary laws, as they are called, which destroy and reconstruct planets. With these we have no sympathies, and cannot have; their manifestations have forms, but not our forms; to us they must ever appear as abstractions, though real.

Note 13.

There are persons who must for ever, and on all occasions, thrust themselves into the counsels of the Creative

Power; guessing at its plans and schemes—the grand scheme of nature.

They are generally persons who, not having received a regular education in science, employ the same terms sometimes literally, sometimes metaphorically. Some fossil remains of a former organic world, they call "Foot-prints of the Creator," as if the creative Power had feet and hands. With them all is miracle; all is final cause, though profoundly ignorant of what that cause (which is an effect, and not a cause) may prove to be. The universal system of nature must have been formed by fixed, unalterable, eternal laws; it is still regulated by them. The globe we inhabit, and all that it contains, forms no exception to this: in it rather we find the proofs that such laws have always existed. Nor does the creation and maintenance of the organic or living world form any exception to this statement; the organic and inorganic worlds have coexisted, no doubt, from all eternity. Perhaps they form but one. But be this as it may, of one thing we are sure—the antiquity of the organic world is immeasurable. The Hindoo theory, then, on this point is more minute in its details, if not more philosophic than the Hebrew. The latter has the advantage in simplicity and grandeur, the former in scientific truths.

The creation of the organic world by fixed laws, was the discovery of the South German and Slavonian schools; it is due mainly to Oken, Humboldt, Spix, and Von Martius, with some others. St. Hilaire was also explicit enough many years ago. "There is but one animal, not many," was the remarkable expression of Geoffroy; it contains the whole question. What was, now is, under other forms; but the essence is still the same. So long as this great truth was announced in merely scientific language, the schools of Britain took no notice of it; when clothed by a plagiarist in plain language, it burst on the English utilitarians like a thunderbolt.

In some minor points the theory of Oken differs from Geoffroy's; but they are not of great importance. That nothing was created as it is, is the common theory of both;

all is development from a microscopic point. But Geoffroy endeavouring to become intelligible in France, where the development theory was never well understood, added the further statement, that one genus or species of animal might produce another; "that the present saurians are the direct descendants of the ancient or extinct saurians." He went further; he said that, *in time*, by the force of external circumstances, an animal of a totally different group of life, might assume a new form: his views were based on the unity of life. The difference, if any exist, and this I doubt, simply amounts to this: 1. From the first, the germs of life differed specifically from each other; or, 2nd. At first, they were precisely the same, the subsequent specializations being the result of external circumstances. In either case, nothing was ever formed or created as it is.

Out of elemental bodies all living forms arise. Their course and existence are fixed and determined. In time they are developed, having special forms which endure for a time. The law of this progression has not been discovered; but man plays a part in it. What that part is cannot even be guessed at, in consequence of the failure of civilization to better man's condition on the globe.

Those who look for intermediate forms of life being produced, as it were, under our own eye, or rather during the present geological period, err, I think,—1st. In their estimation of the antiquity of the globe; 2nd. In their estimate of the characteristic differences marking all external circumstances during successive geological periods. The developing powers are not the same. The salmo estuarius (estuary trout) differs specifically from the fresh-water trout, and from the sea trout; but this specialization was not caused by his living in brackish waters. He forms part and parcel of the existing order of things formed at the last geological æra. The dark, circumpolar races of men were not darkened by the snows of the Arctic circle: they belong to an anterior geological period. Some writers have confounded the theory of development with the theory of progress. They are quite distinct.

Note 14.

The origin of man is a myth, which each race interprets in its own way, formules after the fashion of its own intellectual bearing; retouches as it makes progress in arts, literature, and science; that is, in civilization.

I mean not here to discuss these myths. The Jewish myth seems to have been a purely material one; philosophic, and sublimely simple, it offers no details. The Coptic and Hindoo was spiritual and lofty, but debased by shocking obscenities; the minds of the races were not equal to the perception of the perfect and the beautiful. The Scandinavian myth was coarse and brutal; material in its essence: the hideous representations of the Deity in India, China, Mongolia, and Polynesia, indicate the sad character of the minds of these races.

The precise geological period when man appeared on the earth, has not been determined; nor what race appeared first; nor under what form. But it is evident, that man has survived several geological æras. On these points all is at present conjecture; but as man merely forms a portion of the material world, he must of necessity be subject to all the physiological and physical laws affecting life on the globe. His pretensions to place himself above nature's laws, assume a variety of shapes: sometimes he affects mystery; at other times he is grandly mechanical. Now, all is to be done through the workshop; in a little while, the ultimatum (what is the ultimatum aimed at?) is to be gained through religion: and thus man frets his hour upon the stage of life, fancying himself something whilst he is absolutely nothing. For him worlds were made millions of years ago, and yet according to his own account he appeared, as it were, but yesterday. Let us leave human chronology to the chronicler of events; it turned the brain of Newton.

THE END.

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